

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

VOL. IV.

FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 6.

THE BALLET IN PARIS.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

I.



AMONGST the amateurs of dancing the story is told that one day the mother of Mlle. Emma Livry, happening to enter the dining-room unex-

pectedly, surprised her daughter, then aged six years, busily engaged in eating jam out of a pot placed on the top shelf of the sideboard. To reach this paradise of sweetness the child had to strain her legs immeasurably, and stood balanced on extreme tiptoe, her muscular, slender, and steadfast feet being stiffened like the steel branches of a compass.

"What are you doing, Emma?" asked her mother, who was a retired dancer.

"Mamma, I am learning my geography lesson," replied the little girl, without losing either her balance or her presence of mind.

"Diplomacy and *pointes*," thought the mother to herself. "Her vocation is complete. Emma will become a great *danseuse*."

The prediction was realized amply. Emma Livry became very famous as a dancer in the style of Taglioni, a diaphanous airy vision traversing space with silent flight and im-

ponderable lightness. But her career was very short, for the poor girl was burned on the stage in 1863, and died of her injuries, at the age of twenty-one. At the funeral, which was attended by many thousands of Parisians, it was remarked that two white butterflies fluttered over the bier all the way to the cemetery, a circumstance in which ancient Greece would have seen a symbol. Emma Livry's epitaph was furnished by two lines from the Greek anthology: "Earth, weigh lightly upon me, I weighed so lightly upon thee."

"Diplomacy and *pointes*." In this double specialty lies the whole secret of success. Girls who desire to become the madonnas of choregraphic art must achieve a certain degree of elasticity of muscles and even of morals, and the latter is easier of acquisition than the former.

First of all let us speak of *pointes*, and of the origin and training of the ballet-girl. Few dancers were born, like Emma Livry above mentioned, of the loves of a rose of the Opera and a butterfly of the Jockey Club. Most of them are of very humble origin, daughters of little shop-keepers, of green-grocers at Montmartre or Belleville, of janitors, whom the French call *concierges*, of little tailors, little milliners, *petites gens* of all kinds. A good many, too, are children of theatrical employees, scene-shifters, dressers, box-openers. In some families, again, dancing is the hereditary profession; thus the Vestris formed a whole dynasty; so too the Méranthes, and the Stilbs. One day, at a rehearsal of "Freyschütz," M. Perrin,

then manager of the Opera, remarked a little bit of a chit of a boy who played admirably the part of a gnome.

"Who are you?" asked the manager.

"*Moi, m'sieu, je suis un Stilb,*" replied the boy proudly. (I'm a Stilb, sir.) A dynasty indeed!

By some accident or another, we will suppose, Monsieur and Madame Pipelet have decided that their little Adèle shall become a dancer, and so the little dear is brought to Mme. Théodore, the professor of the Opera, who examines her, and passes her on to the doctor, who in his turn examines and pronounces her to be fit or unfit for the profession. The verdict being favorable, little Adèle henceforward belongs to the Opera; she is now aged seven or eight years, and if she works hard she will become a passable *danseuse* in about ten or twelve years. The first stage is the little girls' class, *la classe des petites*. Winter and summer, day after day, every morning at ten o'clock, Mme. Théodore awaits her pupils, who come accompanied by their mothers, each one carrying a little bag that contains a regular Noah's ark full of miscellaneous objects necessary for the studies or the happiness of a pupil of the *petite classe*, such as stockings, dancing shoes, a box of *poudre de riz*, a comb, a button-hook, some bread, a bottle of



GRAND DÉVELOPPÉ À LA BARRE.

wine and water, some cold veal, hard-boiled eggs, sardines, apples, and what not.

In the twinkling of an eye the little ones undress, put on their working costume, and come rushing up-stairs pell-mell into the class-room, bounding round the professor and kissing her; and often this preliminary preamble and morning greeting become so boisterous that the professor has to appeal to the mothers, who interfere majestically and efficaciously with a general distribution of slaps and boxes. At last order is established. The mothers take their seats on benches at one end of the room and begin knitting, or dozing, or reading the *Petit Journal*. Let us look at the room: It is a large bare room with bars fixed parallel to the walls on three sides and a sloping floor, to accustom the pupil to the sloping stage of the theater. Along the free wall are benches, and two cane-seated chairs accommodate the professor and her assistant, who plays a fiddle, or sometimes a sort of harmonium. The girls, of whom the oldest is perhaps thirteen, wear low-necked corsets leaving their arms bare, white muslin skirts, broad sashes of blue or red ribbon, pink tights, and gray canvas shoes. They are a lean, scraggy lot, not lovely to look upon individually, but full of good humor and vivacity, for all these little people are



DÉVELOPPÉ À LA QUATRIÈME DEVANT.



DÉVELOPPÉ SUR LA BARRE.

conscious of the glory of belonging to the Opera, and they adore that grand abstraction, which is at once an art, a career, and an institution, namely *la danse*.

"*Allons, mesdemoiselles, à vos places!*" cries the professor, and the girls run to the bars, and the fiddle gives the word of command, just as the bugle-calls direct the soldier. There is no melody, but simply a series of andante, allegro, pizzicato, and trill movements, each followed by a tremolo, so that to the untutored ear the sounds suggest the confusion of the tuning of an orchestra. But the dancers understand that such and such notes indicate such and such a posture at the bar, which must be held as long as the professor keeps up the tremolo; other notes followed by a tremolo indicate another posture. Such are the general exercises, the object of which is to dislocate the dancers, namely, the *développé sur la barre*, the *développé à la quatrième devant*, the *grand développé à la barre*, the *petits battements à terre*, and the *pointes*, gymnastic exercises that can better be understood from M. Paul Renouard's sketches than from verbal description. And at every moment during the lesson the professor intersperses her remarks with the words: "*Souriez! Souriez! Mais souriez donc!*" (Smile! Won't you smile?) For in

the midst of the most difficult and torturing dislocations the ballet-girl must smile, and the art of smiling has to be learned just like a step or a *développé*.

After half an hour of these general exercises at the bar there comes a rest, and the little girls begin once more to chatter and flutter, while the professor lays the dust by watering the floor in geometrical interlacements. Then follows the *adage*, or second part of the lesson, which consists of an *ensemble* and composed steps. The dancers take place in the middle of the room in rows; Mme. Théodore holds up her skirts and indicates the step, and the little ones begin to bound, whirl, pirouette, form groups by twos, and smile in unison, while the fiddle scrapes queer tunes and the professor cries in strange terms: "*Ballonné, fondu, assemblez, soutenez, souriez. Mais souriez donc!*" Always that smile! And remark that the professor is never satisfied. Either "The measure is not marked," or "The movements are jerky," or "What will the manager think at the next examination?" "Verily the class will be dishonored." And meanwhile the little ones go on working and trying.

The experience of almost all observers that have had the privilege of seeing the dancing class at work is the same. At first you feel inclined to laugh. Almost all these children



PETITS BATTEMENTS À TERRE.

are ugly or common-looking. The visitor remarks their turn-up noses, their slender stature, their spindle legs. But the moment the group is formed for the *ensemble*, the moment the professor gives the word of command, all that is vulgar vanishes; the discipline of the movements communicates to the whole quadrille a certain air of nobleness and majesty; the result is something poetic, rhythmic, harmonious, and unexpected; the feet touch the floor with one and the same sound; the blue and rose ribbons of the sashes float in the same breath of air; the arms describe an identical curve, and the legs swing and spring in synchronous unison. The ugly individuals are metamorphosed by the grace of movement.

At intervals there are moments of rest; but the zealous pupils do not rest; they run to the bar and work their knees and loins, multiplying their efforts to gain the suppleness and lightness that the public often seem to regard as natural and innate. It is during these intervals that one remarks the temperament and precocious nature of the *dansuses*, but amongst the *petites* one can never predict that this or that one will become famous, for so many of them, when they have reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, allow themselves to be diverted from their art by the first banker who offers his assistance.

The third part of the lesson is the variation. The pupils gather in a group around the professor, who with her fingers dictates the steps that are to be executed, one finger of each hand representing the two legs of the dancer. "*Attitude, pas de bourrée, glissade, entrechat, temps de cuisse,*" etc., says the pro-

fessor in her wonderful language, as she expounds the variation that she dances with her fingers. So, too, in fencing one indicates the play of the foils with the index of each hand. Meanwhile the pupils carefully watch the professor's fingers, and imitate with their own, their bodies oscillating and undulating, and as it were feeling the steps. "*Est-ce compris?*" (Do you understand?) "Yes, madame." "Very good. In position then." And they all promptly take their places once more in the middle of the room, and, with the professor, dance the variation



THE DUNCE'S CAP IN THE OPERA CLASS.

while the fiddle plays a more rapid measure.

Suddenly the fiddle stops. There is a rest and then the girls go through another course of dislocation at the bar, and then, as we see in Paul Renouard's drawing, with their sweetest smiles they salute first to the right and then to the left, as if thanking an idolizing public for a deserved ovation. Then "*Au revoir, Mme. Théodore. A demain.*" In a second the classroom is empty; the little girls, panting and worn out, don their paltry robes of poverty and return under their mothers' wings to Montmartre or Belleville. The afternoon is well advanced; the lesson is over; and the little ones are free, unless by chance their services are needed in the *figuration*, or groups, at the

Opera that night, in which case they receive a gratification of thirty or forty cents, and some "good advice" from their mothers before the curtain rises.

Such is in outline a sketch of the daily work of the *petite classe* and of the apprentice dancer in the first stage of the career. The higher the dancer mounts the greater are her labors and fatigues. In the upper class, the *classe des grandes*, the dancer, in addition to



ROSITA MAURI

the fatigue of the daily lessons, which are the same for all, has to dance at the Opera at night, or at least to take part in the processions and groups, and of course to work in rehearsals. On representation nights the dancer must be at the Opera at eight o'clock; in the morning her lessons begin at half-past nine or ten; in the afternoon she is rarely free before five o'clock; so that it may be easily imagined that she has not much

time left for getting into mischief. And yet many of them do get into all sorts of mischief, and in spite of all the physical torture that they constantly undergo the young dancers seem always happy and chatty. One thing to be remarked is that, as a rule, a *danseuse* does not waste much energy on brain work; but of the intellectual aspect of the ballet-girl I shall have more to say anon.

So then for the work of the *grande classe* we shall not need to go into detailed description. The big girls, like the little girls, all come to the Opera with bags, in which you will invariably find, amongst other things, a piece of cold veal and a pack of cards for the purpose of fortune-telling. Like the little girls, the big ones work at the bar, execute at the word of command various steps, such as *jetés*, *balancés*, *pirouettes*, *gargouillades*, *entrechats*, *fouettés*, *ronds de jambe*, *assemblés*, *pointes*, *parcours*, *petits temps*. Like the little ones, too, they learn variations on their fingers. However great a dancer may be, she must go through her lesson; not even a Taglioni is exempt from the torture of the bar; nay, more, above all a Taglioni can not escape it, for a *danseuse* must always remain in training. A week's rest for a dancer implies a month's extra hard training to recover her limberness and agility.



ON TIP-TOE.



A DUET.

The *corps de ballet* of the Opera is composed in all of more than a hundred dancers, who are divided into "stars," of whom there ought to be six, but of whom there are at present only two, namely, Rosita Mauri and Julia Subra, *premiers sujets*, *deuxièmes sujets*, two divisions of coryphées, comprising each two sections of six dancers, a third division of eight coryphées, two quadrilles divided each into two sections, the *petites classes* and the *marcheuses*, which latter are supernumeraries, whose business it is to look well rather than dance well. The pupils of the *petites classes* receive each time they figure on the stage or at a rehearsal a fee of thirty to forty cents; the ladies of the two quadrilles are paid from twenty to forty dollars a month; the coryphées, from fifty to sixty dollars a month; the *deuxièmes sujets*, from sixty to one hundred and twenty dollars; the *premiers sujets*, from one hundred and twenty to three hundred dollars; the "stars," from five thousand to six thousand dollars a year. Let it be noted incidentally that the stars are paid less than in bygone days. For instance, Taglioni was paid at the Opera seven thousand two hundred dollars a year; Fanny Elssler, nine thousand two hundred dollars; Carlotta Grisi, eight thousand four hundred dollars; La Cerrito, nine thousand dollars; and La Rosati, twelve thousand dollars. Remark also that the "stars" are nearly always

foreigners, a fact that rankles in the hearts of the *premiers sujets* and of their mothers too; for when once, after passing through years of labor and countless examinations, a French dancer has arrived at the rank below that of a "star" she must stop. Exceptions like that of Leontine Beaugrand, who entered the *petite classe* at the age of eight and retired a few years ago with the rank of "star" at a salary of six thousand dollars, are very rare indeed.

II.

THE examinations are naturally great days in the existence of the aspiring ballet-girls. Let us sketch briefly one of the ordinary examinations, which take place on the stage of the Opera. We will suppose that it is an examination in pantomime; for a ballet, I need not remind the reader, is composed of two elements, dancing and pantomime, the latter being the mute expression of feelings, passions, ideas, intentions, and both elements being sustained by music, either rhythmic or explanatory. The auditorium is lighted up, but the holland covers remain over the velvet of the boxes; the theater is empty; in the stalls alone in the middle sit the jury,



AFTER AN EXERCISE.

composed of the manager and of the heads of the services of the stage and of *la danse*. In a corner of the stalls to the right is a group of mothers anxiously awaiting the result of those *mères de danseuses* whom Ludovic Halévy has so wonderfully portrayed in "*Les Petites Cardinal*," and who have a footing in all social strata, for while they may be only washerwomen or greengrocers in the daytime, at night they chat familiarly at the Opera with the most distinguished gentlemen in France. On the stage there is no scenery planted; nothing but an old "drop" at the back; on each side of the stage a fireman with his shining brass helmet. In the middle of the stage is a group composed of the professor of pantomime and of seven dancers in rehearsing costume, arms bare, puffy skirts of tarlatan, silk tights, and broad sashes of ribbon round their waists. The professor, fiddle in hand, gives his orders. Each dancer is to mimic a scene of coquetry and a scene of despair, comedy and drama. But first of all there must be an *ensemble*.

"*Commençons!*" (Let us begin) says the manager from the stalls. The professor takes up his stand near the footlights on the left; the seven dancers stand in line a little way up the stage. Then the professor scrapes on his fiddle and accompanies the musical phrases with strange words and still stranger gestures. The professor indicates the scenario, sets the example of the attitude to be taken, of the looks to be mimicked, of the seductive graces to be displayed. And the professor, be it remarked, is generally a tall, lean old man of at least sixty years of age; it is he who teaches grace and elegance to the young creatures. And so the seven dancers repeat the attitudes and smiles and oglings of the professor, dancing all over the stage in pursuit of or in flight from an imaginary shepherd. Then after the *ensemble*, each of the seven dancers performs her tragic and her comic scene with all the conventional gestures and incidents peculiar to ballet.

A stage rehearsal of a ballet is less ceremonious than an examination. The dancers wear flannel or *piqué* corsages, low necked and without sleeves, drawers coming down to the knees, long stockings, tarlatan skirts, and dirty old dancing shoes. On either side of the stage every available projection is



JULIA SUBRA

utilized as a peg, whereon are hung in the most democratic promiscuity the richest mantles and furs with the cheapest poverty-hiding waterproofs, hats that have cost one hundred dollars at the swell milliners, and hats that have been bought second hand in the old-clothes shops—the insignia and trappings of luxury and the soiled and crumpled vestures of poverty. In the orchestra are two fiddlers. Near the prompter's box is an electric lamp, and a reflector that glares in the pale daylight, streaming in from the *foyer* and the openings on the sides and over the stage. To the right are several gentlemen—author, composer, manager, and one holding a heavy staff, M. Pluque, *régisseur de la danse*, who, when the chattering of the ballet-girls becomes overpoweringly loud, exclaims with violence: “*Allons! Voyons, mesdemoiselles, un peu de silence! Allons!*” And silence being established business begins, and M. Pluque continues:

“Now we go on with the second tableau. Attention. The prison scene. *Mérante* enters. You are in chains. You wait till he comes half way—three parts of the way down the stage; then you beseech him. Now. Turn your eyes up. *Mlle. Princeier*, show the whites of your eyes. Show the whites! *Mlle. Stilb* 2d, please stop laughing

and show the whites of your eyes. You are beseeching *Mérante*. You are in chains. Come! Come! Execute the movement all together. Cross your hands and right foot forward. Deliver us from our chains. Uncross your hands. Sharp! Sharp! There! Uncross your hands and right foot backward. Now look tenderly at *Mérante* and wait.”

Thus posture by posture, and step by step, the details and *ensemble* of a ballet are drilled with the limbs of the dancers by dint of incessant daily labor.

III.

HAVING NOW seen something of the dancers in training and in the undress, let us take a glimpse of a ballet as seen at night from behind the scenes. But before looking at the dancer on the stage, let us pay a discreet visit to a dressing-room. At the Opera the *divertissements* and ballets rarely begin before ten, but the dancer must be at the theater at eight o'clock in order to prepare her person. The dressing-rooms of the Opera are airy and commodious, abundantly provided with gas, hot and cold water, looking-glasses, and other civilized conveniences. After passing through the hands of the *coiffeur*, the dancer performs one of the most important operations in her toilet, namely, her make-up, or *mastic*, to use the slang term. The *danseuse* who is about to *faire son mastic* sits before her looking-glass, and over face, arms, neck, shoulders and bosom she spreads a coat of liquid white which dries and forms a sort of varnish. In plain words, she, as it were, kalsomines herself. This first coat she greases with a little cold cream, and perfumes it with a dash of *poudre de riz*. Then she touches up her cheeks with vermillion; heightens the red of her lips with carmine; magnifies the contour of the eyes with kohl; paints her eyebrows with Indian ink; picks out a few veins, and the *mastic* is complete. This operation requires at least half an hour. Next the dancer draws on her silk tights and next she dons her underskirt; then follow the corsage, the five or ten gauze skirts, or whatever more or less succinct costume may be worn; and finally the bracelets, ear-rings and miscellaneous jewelry which these young ladies will insist on wearing. Her toilet finished thus far, the dancer puts on her newest

shoes, which are furnished by the administration and form a heavy item in the expenses, for of the three kinds of shoes—puce, white, and flesh-color—the puce serve only three times for *premiers sujets* and eight times for *figurantes*.

Now here in a parenthesis let me protest against the popular belief that dancers' feet are deformed or hardened by their profession so as to be covered with corns and callosities. The fatigue of dancing hardens the heel, the sole, and the great toe, but that is all. Taglioni's foot was as white as milk and the nails of her toes were rose-colored, polished, and transparent, and so beautiful that they have become legendary in the annals of *la danse*.

Her toilet at last completed, the dancer is as pretty as she can be, and she is pretty for only about one hour out of the twenty-four, the hour during which she appears in the *foyer* before executing her steps on the stage. The spectator in the stalls, especially if he possess the artless enthusiasm of inexperience, forms strange ideas about ballet-dancers, especially about the "stars." Seeing them only in the brilliancy of the footlights, fresh, ardent, exuberant with apparent youth and pleasure, he is inclined to imagine that their destiny is romantic and facile, and that they continue in real life the factitious splendor of their stage existence. The suavity, the elasticity, the sureness, the skill, the celerity of their evolutions, that firm limberness that makes of their body an instrument at once sculptural and mobile, that infinite wealth of gesture, of physiognomic expression, of caressing and sprightly undulations, seem to him to be innate. Do these enchanting creatures awaken any thoughts of labor? Can toil and hard work give the lightness of the peri to the mortal weighed down with the heaviness of matter?

Now let us view the ballet from behind the scenes. Here is a *danseuse* who, with radiant smiles, passes from the *foyer*, dashes on to the stage, which she traverses in four revolving leaps, executes a *pas* before the footlights, salutes the public most win-



TAGLIONI.

ningly amidst a thunder of applause, and turns to walk up the stage toward the "wings." And the moment that her back is turned to the public the smile vanishes, her face becomes serious, her features are grimacing and drawn with fatigue, and as she passes us we see that she is panting for breath and bathed in perspiration. And by the time she has finished dancing she will be so worn out that she will scarcely have strength enough left to crawl up-stairs to her dressing-room, where she will need to be rubbed down and tended like an overtaxed race-horse. This is the reality, the reverse of the medal.

It will be remarked that we speak only of female dancers. The days are past when male dancers vied on the stage with *danseuses*, in smiles and graces, looking upon themselves as the high-priests of an art that in their eyes was the chiefest of the arts.



Drawn by Paul Renouard.

DANCING CLASS AT THE OPERA.

The great Gaëtan Vestris in his day acknowledged only three great men amongst his contemporaries; he himself was the greatest, and the other two were Frederick the Great and Voltaire. Perrot, the master of Carlotta Grisi, and the son of the great Vestris, Auguste, were the last of the famous male dancers, and Auguste Vestris died, not of old age, or of fever, as history says, but of grief at the proof that his art was no longer respected. For authentic tradition tells us that having one day read in a newspaper the following advertisement, "Wanted, a professor of dancing at Calcutta. Applicants must know how to cut corns," Auguste Vestris took to his bed and died. Nowadays the male dancer is a professor, a *mime*, a ballet-master, or a living catapult whose business it is to fling the *danseuses* into the air and catch them as they fly. Strength and ugliness are the needful qualities for a male dancer. The female dancers, it may also be said, are not remarkable for their beauty, but I would here beg leave to remark that in general beautiful actresses are ugly, and that if it were not for the pedestal

of the stage on which they are perched people would pay little attention to them.

It has been observed, if I am not mistaken, by Théophile Gautier, that critics do not concern themselves sufficiently with the analysis of the beauty of actresses; they discuss indeed their talent and their manner, but rarely ever consider them from a purely plastic point of view. And yet an actress is a statue or a picture who poses before us, and whom we may criticise as we would criticise a painting or a marble image. It is owing to this negligence on the part of the critics that stage reputations for beauty grow up by chance uncontrolled as they generally are undeserved. Amongst dancing women in particular beauty is certainly rare. In the first place, the stock from which they come is poor and plebeian, and in the second place, the training develops to excess the legs and the calves while the arms remain thin, the breast flat, and the shoulder-blades often stick out like the stumps of torn-off wings. Fanny Elssler was a rare exception, and others might be cited, but it may be



Drawn by Paul Renouard.

GOOD ADVICE.

laid down as an axiom that plumpness is out of the question in the profession of ballet-dancing. I speak, of course, of the real dancers and not of the mere *figurantes* and *marcheuses*.

IV.

Now, although I have laid much stress on the severe gymnastic training which is required to make a good dancer, do not sup-

pose that I regard dancing as a branch of gymnastics. The general public is certainly inclined to applaud mere difficulty, marvelous material execution, *tours de force*, novelty and singularity of combinations, that have no relation with our passions or emotions. The overcoming of difficulty in the choregraphic art is simply a question of practice and patience, and this is not what makes the artist. The ideal is to seize and render in the liveliest and truest manner the mute expression of the passions. All arts have two distinct parts—the imitation of the human passions and sentiments which constitute their foundation, and the peculiar mechanism or processes of each of them which give the form, and of which the artist must be master. The dancer must know how to execute perfectly postures, steps, and *battements*; and it is this that distinguishes her from the simple amateur. But if her efforts stop there, and if she does not seek to speak to the soul at the same time as to the eyes, she will remain a simple gymnast, an acrobat, a rope-dancer. The peculiarity of dancing, it has been said, is to evoke souls by means of bodies, to create the spiritual and the ideal by means of the material and the real. At the same time, dancing is the plastic art *par excellence*, because it combines majesty of lines with variety of movements. And these two points of view will lead me to the division of the art of dancing into two manifestations or manners, the *ballonné* and the *tacqueté*. The first is the grand and chaste dance of Taglioni, the dance that bounds and rebounds, and flies, aerial and poetic and appealing to the soul. The second is the dance of Fanny Elssler, the school of finish and execution, of vivacity, of rapidity, of voluptuous grace, the dance whose triumph is in *petits temps sur les pointes*, delicate toe-dancing, eloquence of corporal gestures, and attitudes that speak to the senses. In theory, we might perhaps lay down the axiom that the *danseuse* is

an emblem and not a person; she is poetry expressing itself without the apparatus of the writer, without words, without rhyme, without conventional signs in black and white. After all, what is a ballet? It is an action represented by means of pantomime and dancing, each supported by music. Generally the subject is borrowed from history, mythology, fairy tales, or le-



FANNY ELSSLER.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

gend, the whole having a plan, a plot, and a *dénouement*, and represented by means of sensible images, instead of by words or by painting. The moment there is no plot, no unity, no *dénouement* in a ballet, it becomes a mere *divertissement*, which may be a very charming spectacle, but which is still a work of inferior art, and in which detached *tours de force* may have their excuse and their charm. Now, it has always been the ideal of French dancing to be expressive, and to be full of modest grace and rhythmic elegance. *La danse française* never allows sentiment to be outdone by *virtuosité*, or the essential to be eclipsed by the accessory: it is always expressive, nicely cadenced, musical and plastically irreproachable; at any

moment of the dance, and in each and all of her attitudes, the dancer is a fit subject for the statuary. The French dancer does not astonish you; she charms you. For those who can appreciate it there is wit in her *pointes*, and exquisite delicacies of expression in her mimicry.

Indeed, if we go back to the origin of things, the French ballet, like the tragedies of Racine and the gardens of Le Notre, bears the stamp of the age in which it was created. Heine went so far as to say that the French ballet smells of Jansenism. At any rate, it certainly retains many traits of the artistic productions of the reign of Louis XIV., a formalness, a measured etiquette, a courtly coldness, and above all, chastity; that is to say, in the French ballet the form and essence are chaste, but the eyes of the dancers are at liberty to make a licentious commentary on the modesty of their steps, while their smile is in permanent contradiction with their feet. But this sensual element is doubtless an aftergrowth, a concession to a less virtuous age than that of the Grand Monarch.

In comparison with the *danse française*, especially suited to ballets where the subject is sentimental or anacreontic, may be placed the Italian dancing, and the grand historical ballets that have of late years been imported from the Scala, at Milan, to the Eden Theater at Paris, and have not been without influence on the more recent ballets produced at the Grand Opera. Indeed, the two great "stars" of the Eden Theater—Virginia Zucchi and La Cornalba—at one time eclipsed even the glory of Rosita Mauri and Rita Sangalli. In reality, all four of these *ballerines* were pupils of the Regia Scuola di Ballo of La Scala at Milan, which has produced more *premières danseuses* than any school in Europe. But to return to La Zucchi, who was and still is



THE SALUTE.

Drawn by Paul Renard.

a very personal and fascinating dancer, a sort of dark-haired Sarah Bernhardt: her dancing is not of the chaste, immaterial school of Taglioni, nor yet of the sensual school of Fanny Elssler; La Zucchi dances neither exclusively on earth, nor exclusively in Elysium; her art hovers between the two extremes. An excellent musician, too, and having an ear of exquisite precision—a most valuable quality in a dancer—La Zucchi is one of the rare dancers who can improvise as the inspiration moves her; but above all she is an incomparable mimic. Her whole body laughs, or prays, or sings, or sobs. Her dancing is essentially joyous, and she follows to the letter Taglioni's great precept: "Let there be no effort. Effort is allowed only to male dancers." La Zucchi's dancing is easy and facile in appearance; a strange grace hides the effort which really exists. To my mind, as a *mime*, as a fascinating and always womanly dancer, La Zucchi is unrivaled among living artists, and she has that rare advantage of being very intelligent, and of being formed like a beautiful woman, slender, but perfectly proportioned, and exempt from the anatomical leanness that is too common in the members of the *corps de ballet*.

This matter of personal beauty can not be too strongly insisted upon, for a ballet is

nothing if it is not charming; it must captivate the eye beyond all possible resistance; and more especially when the number of *ballerines* is limited, it is desirable that none of them should exceed a certain degree of slenderness or amplitude of form, for otherwise the eye is shocked, and the intelligence can not abstract from the whole that vision of consummate feminine grace which the ballet ought to suggest apart from any poetic ideal which it may serve to interpret. For, after all, in spite of what may be said of spiritualism in dancing by those who admire exclusively the style of Taglioni, we must make certain concessions to materialism.

The modern Italian ballet of the style of "Excelsior" and "Sieba," is a splendid spectacle where the dancing and the general aspect are everything, and where the music serves only to link together the choreographic developments, and to sustain, by a strong rhythm, the brilliant evolutions of the dancers. It is a ballet that brings three or four hundred persons on the stage at one time, and maneuvers *ballabiles* of fifty dancers abreast in figures that are as ingenious as they are striking in their grouping and precision. Evidently it is not an art so refined, so correct, and so polished, or in such perfect taste, as the French ballet; but still it is by no means to be disdained, and certainly it is

not to be disdained because it is Italian. The French dance has always retained a distinction of its own since King Louis XIV. combined in his august person the functions of grand monarch and national ballet-master of France and Navarre; but, as we have already intimated, France has produced very few great dancers. La Camargo was a Spaniard, Taglioni was an Italian, so was Grisi. Paris produces excellent dancers of the third and fourth grade, but very few "stars;" and this fact is to be attributed not so much to want of national choregraphic genius, but to want of discipline in the Paris school, and to want of application on the part of the pupils. The Parisian dancers are all more or less allied to the Cardinal family, which has been immortalized by Ludovic Halévy in his amusing novelettes; and, as the reader need not be reminded, the young ladies of this noble family have more taste for gallant adventures than for pirouettes and hard work in the dancing school. But dancing is the most severe and jealous of all the arts, and those who have been truly great dancers have served a terrible and endless apprenticeship, and allowed themselves but few and brief excursions into the domains of frivolous pleasure.

V.

THE modern French dance, as I have just imperfectly sketched it, has existed since the time of Taglioni. Before she made her *début* at the Paris Opera in 1827, French dancing, as far as we can make out, was a business rather than an art. An excellence in it consisted mainly in jumping and pirouetting; in short, it was a sort of dancing that appealed not to the soul, or even to the senses, but only to the eyes. But this is a statement that must be made with some hesitation, for how can we compare the dancers of the past with those of the present? How did La Camargo dance and how Mlle. Sallé and how Mlle. Guimard? We may indeed truly say that the life of a dancer is like the fleeting shadow cast on a wall by a flying bird; before we can fix with rapid pencil the capricious arabesque the bird has passed away forever. How difficult then it will be to write the history of dancing itself. The technical details that we find in the archives of dancing are few; details of another kind are more abundant but not always edifying. Indeed,

one is surprised, in reading the biographies of the early "stars" of the French ballet, to find how rapidly the traditions of the profession were established, and how much the *danseuses* of the eighteenth century surpassed those of the nineteenth in their triumphs and romantic adventures. The first professional female dancer who appeared on the boards of the French Opera, which was founded by letters-patent of Louis XVI. in 1669, was Mlle. La Fontaine, who danced in hoops and long dresses such as the court ladies wore. Nevertheless her *début* in 1681 in the "*Triomphe de l'Amour*" was almost a revolution. Before Mlle. La Fontaine, some ladies had figured in the court ballets, notably the Dauphine, the Princess de Conti, Mlle. de Nantes; but their *rôles* consisted merely in reciting verses, though more often a professional actor spoke these verses in their place. Hitherto, in public, the spectator had been satisfied with masked men disguised in feminine costume. Mlle. La Fontaine was therefore really the first *première danseuse*. She was, however, accompanied by three coryphées—Mlle. Lepointre, Mlle. Ferron, and Mlle. Roland—who in her turn became *premier sujet*, and set the excellent example of marrying out of her profession, for she became Marquise de Saint-Geniès.

Many dancers in the seventeenth century had brilliant, if somewhat scandalous fortunes. Thus Mlles. d'Uzée and Florence were both mistresses of the Regent, and the latter became mother of the Archbishop of Cambrai, the Abbé de St. Albin. Mlle. Mazé, a charming *figurante*, became famous by her suicide. When ruined by Law's system, she dressed herself in her best, not forgetting either powder, rouge, or patches, and threw herself into the Seine. Mlle. Emile Dupré was another mistress of the Regent. Mlle. Quinault-Dufresne, successively enriched by Samuel Bernard and the Marquis de Nesle, was finally married by the Duc de Nevers. Mlle. Guyot, after having been queen of the ballet at the Opera, retired to a convent and died a nun. Other dancers of the last century who had brilliant successes were Mlle. Defresne who became Marquise de Fleury, Mlle. Le Duc who became Princess de Clermont, Mlle. Grandpré who became Marquise de Senneville, Mlle. Liancourt who became Baronne d'Anguy, Mlle. Chouchou who ex-

changed her silly name for that of *Presidente de Menières*, Mlle. Mazarelli who married the Marquis de Saint-Chamond, Mlle. Lolotte who married the Comte d'Hérouville. Others who were talked about for the splendor and luxury of their lives were Mlle. Cleophile who drove a coach and six, Mlle. Dervieux whose house was a model of architecture of the time of the Directory, Mlle. Guimard who had a private theater in her mansion in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, and who was immensely rich.

But the two most famous dancers of the eighteenth century were Marie Anne Cupis de Camargo and Mlle. Sallé, whose portraits, by the way, are amongst the most remarkable pastils of that wonderful limner, La Tour. We may perhaps form some negative idea of the old ballet when we learn that La Camargo was the first to wear *caleçons*, which preceded tights, and that she was the first to execute *entrechats à quatre*, that is to say, an upward spring during which the feet are struck together four times in rapid succession. Mlle. Sallé, on the other hand, was the first to dance without hoops and paniers, and both she and her rival were considered to be mighty reformers, and the great Voltaire himself did not know which to prefer, for while Camargo was brilliant, Sallé was ravishing. One was inimitable and the other was novel. The nymphs jumped like Camargo and the graces danced like Sallé.

"Ah! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante!
Mais que Sallé, gras. à Dieu, est ravissante!
Que vos pas sont légers et que les siens sont doux!
Elle est inimitable, et vous êtes nouvelle!
Les nymphes sautent comme vous,
Et les grâces dansent comme elle."

La Camargo executed the first *entrechat à quatre* in 1730. In 1760 Mlle. Lany succeeded in an *entrechats à six*, and subsequently other dancers struck the feet together as many as sixteen times during a single spring. As for the pirouette, history says that it was introduced on the French stage in 1766 by Mlle. Heinel of Stuttgart, who became Madame Gaëtan Vestris and mother of Auguste, the "*Dieu de la danse*," as his father called him.

In the present century, during the First Empire, a dancer, Mlle. Clotilde Mafleuroy, was the personification of beauty at the Opera, and the splendor of the life eclipsed even that of La Guinard. Mlle. Bigottini be-

came as rich as she was talented, and after her we come to Marie Taglioni, who was for some years the legitimate Comtesse Gilbert des Voisins. Afterward we note on the golden book of the Opera the names of the Sisters Fanny and Thérèse Ellsler, who appeared in 1834, and, after six years' service, migrated to America, where they remained for a time until Fanny married a Prussian banker, while Thérèse became the wife of the brother of the King of Prussia. Next comes Carlotta Grisi, who made her *début* in *La Favorita* in 1841 and remained at the Opera until 1848. Next came Fanny Cerrito, Mme. Rosati, Amalia Ferraris, who revived the grand aerial dance of Taglioni, and Emma Livry, whose tragic death in 1863 has been already mentioned. At the end of the Empire the "stars" at the Opera were Russians, who have left no very lively souvenirs—Mlles. Mourvieff and Granzok. Then came Mlle. Beugrand and Rita Sangalli, who has married the Baron Marc de Saint-Pierre, and retired from the stage. And now we have Rosita Mauri, a Spaniard from Barcelona, a pupil of her father, who was himself a dancer, of Mme. Dominique, the predecessor of Mme. Théodore, and of La Scala, at Milan. Mlle. Matri is a dancer of the Ellsler school; she lives with "Papa Mauri," and has no history. The rival of Mlle. Mauri in public favor is Julia Subra, a pupil of the Opera and of Mme. Mérante, a charming *artiste*, who has won her present brilliant position both by her *pointes* and by diplomacy, but her diplomatic career does not concern the public. "Papa Subra" was a tailor at Montmartre, but that fact does not concern the public either.

VI.

THE "*foyer de la danse*," or the green-room of the ballet, at the new Opera is a superb hall with fluted columns, gilt lusters, allegorical paintings, mirrors, and much splendor. Around the walls are the torture bars covered with red velvet, where the dancers come to dislocate and stretch their tights before going on the stage. But the *foyer* is not such an aristocratic place as it used to be under the Empire, for every subscriber to the Opera now has a right to enter it; he has only to show his receipt and the usher lets him pass. The consequence is, that there are all sorts of people there—deputies, doc-

tors, picture-dealers, rich commercial men, and Semitic financiers, good enough company, doubtless, but not select enough to make the frequentation of the *foyer* a privilege. In short, the *foyer* has lost much of its old prestige, and so nowadays the "stars" rarely appear there, and the dancers you see are principally the young girls who are waiting for the passage of Fortune's coach and practicing diplomacy as well as *pointes*. Nevertheless it is an amusing spectacle to see the *sujets* and the *figurantes* buzzing and fluttering before the looking-glasses, tightening their shoe-laces, working at the bar, patting their gauze skirts to make them puff out, or coquetting with some subscriber who is doing his best to be gracious and *talon rouge*.

But it is a mistake to imagine that the *foyer* and the wings of the Opera are the abode of wit. Athletes rarely shine by their intelligence, and dancers, who are to a certain extent athletes, are generally smarter with their feet than with their wits. Indeed, a dancer has to spend so much time in training her feet that she has none left to train her mind. And as a clever historian of the *foyer*, M. de Boigne, says, "What would be the good of training a dancer's mind?" As a rule the dancer knows how to read and also to count on her fingers. But writing is a superfluous luxury with which she can easily dispense, for though the *dansreuse* receives many letters she rarely writes any. As for other accomplishments, by way of geography she knows the names of London, Vienna, Naples, Turin, and Berlin, because in those towns there is a ballet, and she may go and dance there some day if she leaves the Opera. But Asia and Africa are unknown to her, because she will never be able to dance there. America she has heard of since Ellsler discovered it, after Columbus. All the history she knows has been learned from operas such as the "Huguenots," "La Juive," "Henri VIII." and "Patrie." A dancer refers everything back to the Opera; her universal standard of comparison is the Opera; if she admires a landscape, it will be because it reminds her of such and such a scene in "Guillaume Tell."

Other peculiarities of a dancer are, that she has not time to be daughter, wife, or mother; she is a dancer. She is religious; she goes to church on Sundays; almost always she wears religious medals and talismans, and

believes in fortune-telling; and she rarely goes to bed without drawing her horoscope with a pack of playing cards. A dancer always has a mother and sometimes a father. In her turn, too, she is often a mother without being a wife; she is not married, but she belongs to the Opera, which in Paris is considered to be equivalent. The greatest joy of the dancer is rest, rest of limb and rest of face. Not to be obliged to smile, what bliss! Thus it happens that a dancer is never happier than when she looks sad.

But enough of paradoxes. The plain truth of the matter is, that ballet-dancers do not as a rule improve on closer acquaintance, and the fewer questions we ask about them the better, for the replies are often disconcerting. Their manners, morals, and habits are peculiar, and their mental faculties work in grooves which are unfamiliar and puzzling to outsiders. I remember once asking one of the present beauties of the first quadrille, who bears a pronounced German name, if she really were a German! "Oui, monsieur," was the reply. "*Est-ce que ça se voit de la salle?*" (Does it show in the auditorium?)

Rosita Mauri one day, relating her former successes, described the curious custom that prevails in some Italian towns of showing admiration by throwing at the feet of the dancer doves tied up with ribbons.

"And when there are no doves," she added laughing, "they throw pigeons at you. In a week I had enough pigeons to stock a dovecote."

"And what did you do with so many?"

"Why, we ate them!"

Most unpoetic and unromantic! And the longer we stay in the *foyer de la danse* the less romantic we shall find it. But listen. B-r-r-r. B-r-r-r. B-r-r-r. It is the electric bell twittering. "*En scène! En scène!*" is the cry. And the whole army of coryphées, dancers, and *figurantes* hurry out of the *foyer* and take their positions on the stage. We have seen them in the radiance of their beauty while their paint is still fresh. When they come off the stage panting, sweating, and exhausted we will avoid renewing acquaintance, for the etiquette of the Opera wisely forbids us to look at a dancer after she has executed her *pas*. If you do unfortunately meet her in a lobby, salute her discreetly, but do not look at her. *Respectons le dessous des cartes*.

THE VILLAIN BARGOFF.

BY ALEXANDER L. KINKEAD.

IN one respect the villagers were of the same mind in regard to their shoemaker: he looked like a villain.

But his work? That was good, and his prices were moderate; so his custom was large. He had three apprentices, young men whose years placed them at unequal distances from manhood, which is popularly supposed to begin at the age of twenty-one.

His shop was a corner room, and consequently looked out upon the world in two directions. It was rumored that when Bargoff gazed out of the window facing the south, a soft, warm smile crept over his face. To the west window he turned his back when he was at work. Sometimes at sunset he would glance over his shoulder at the long rays, or the varied hues. Then his features assumed a sudden wry expression that was suggestive of distaste. His apprentices, whose curiosity about him was stimulated by the questions that were constantly put to them by their acquaintances, seeking information regarding the shoemaker, noticed his fondness for the south window, and his peculiar dislike for the outlook toward the west. They spoke of these characteristics, and set the villagers a-guessing to account for them.

Nobody in Kattin knew anything of Bargoff's life before his settlement in the hamlet, a straggling town at the foot of a deep ravine that cut into the side of the Alleghany Mountains. Renting a small room on the day of his coming to Kattin, he hung out at the door a battered sign, "Bargoff, Shoemaker." The letters were yellow on a black ground, and did not struggle to encompass the painted boot and shoe that usually adorn the signs of village shoemakers.

"He's a willain," quoth Grandam Cole upon first beholding him, and in her opinion all others concurred.

He waited many days for a customer and none entered his door. He was not patronized, not solely because Grandam Cole had spoken against him, but because there was a

shoemaker in Kattin, an old man it is true; but he employed a "jour," and his boots and shoes, made from selected stock, were enduring. So the old man continued to shoe the feet of the Kattiners, while he sneered at Bargoff, whom he finally began to pity, and offered a bench in the old shoeshop "to do the cobblin'." Bargoff, with a smile, refused to leave his own small room in which the lasts seemed arranged for exhibition on the shelves. Only his landlord called upon him, and that but once a month, on rent day, when he invariably left a receipted bill behind him.

When a year of persistent waiting had gone, a day fell that brought Bargoff a customer. He was gazing out of the window at the other shoeshop where business seemed brisk, when some one opened the door of his little room and came in. He turned round and saw just inside the door a girl with her thumb in her mouth. She seemed about ten years old. Her dress was torn, and her face and hands were dirty, but her voice was sweet as she timidly addressed him.

"My pap wants ter know ef yer'd make me a pair uv shoes an' wait a month fer yer pay."

She took her thumb out of her mouth, and wiped it on her dress as she spoke.

"Of course I will, Sunny," he replied cheerily, as he reached for his measuring stick.

"My name's Mary, but pap calls me Pert when he ain't mad at me," she informed Bargoff.

"I called you Sunny, because you are sunshine to me," Bargoff said, as he blew the dust off the stick, and sat down on the bench. "Put up your foot."

She rested a plump bare foot on his knee. When he caught it in his hand he shivered, it was so cold. So he chafed and fondled it until it was warm, and measured the other foot for no other reason than to warm it, for his practiced eye told him at a glance that the feet were mates. The warmth crept up her limbs, bare to the knees, reached her heart, and set her tongue going.

"Pap couldn't pay old Carnes, and he wouldn't make no more shoes fer us."

And Bargoff laughed, for old Carnes was the other shoemaker. Bargoff laughed merrily. "Ah, Sunny," he said, "you are not sharp!"

And Sunny laughed, too, as she ran away with a bound. In a moment she was back.

"Say, Mister Bargoff, could you make them shoes as soft an' warm as yer hands?"

She did not wait for a reply. The fact is, he was so taken aback he could not frame one. Compliments thus affect even villains at times. However, he felt his hands, and was surprised at finding how soft they had become in their long-enforced idleness.

That night he worked late. He was eager to have the shoes done before Sunny could come again. There was an excitement in him. It had been caused by his once more engaging in his handicraft, and it buoyed him. The zest of employment was novel to him.

The sun pointed a long finger at him as he bent over the last the next morning. He had risen early, and was stitching the shoes that were to be as soft and warm as his own hands.

Sunny was not long behind the shoemaker in getting to work. She made the fire, and put the kettle on to boil for the breakfast coffee. She peeped in slyly, and he, intent upon his work, did not see her.

"My, a'n't they pretty!" she whispered as she ran back to the kitchen.

When she had washed the dishes, she combed her hair, and went to visit Bargoff. He received her with great cordiality and politeness. Her tongue became loosened again and she blurted:

"I like you, Mister Bargoff. I don't like my pap. He's mean. He makes us wait allers while he eats. Then we git the scraps. Mam, too, she waits with us."

Bargoff started, and the lapstone fell on his toe, but it did not hurt him then. He was so excited the pain did not attract his attention.

"You don't mean it, Sunny," he exclaimed, not interrogatively, but affirmatively.

"Yes, I do. He allers does it. He says he's lord uv his cas'le."

"Lord! I should say he was!"

And while Sunny chewed her thumb, she

wondered if Bargoff had been profane. She was inclined to say, "Oh! you swore," but her thumb was fast between her jaws.

At last the shoes were done and Sunny was ready to try them on. She held up her plump foot, which was clean on top, anyway.

"I couldn't fly," she said, apologizing for the dusty sole.

Bargoff laughed and asked for her stockings. She giggled.

"Tain't cold enuf fer stockin's yit. We only wears stockin's when the snow flies."

"But the shoes, I made them a little large and they won't fit without stockings."

"Well, I 'a'n't hed no stockin's since last winter."

"I can't knit stockings," mused Bargoff, "but I can buy them."

And off he went to the store without a word, leaving Sunny in the shop. He bought a pair of striped stockings.

"Just to try the shoes on, you know," he said on his return.

Sunny wiped the soles of her feet on the clean side of his little-used apron, and slipped on the stockings. Then the shoes were laced up, and she walked over the sheet of sole leather in them. She pronounced them a fit, and proceeded to take them off.

"Why not wear them?" Bargoff asked.

She did not reply until her feet were bare. Then she handed him the stockings.

"I've tried 'em on; I'm much 'bliged."

"But the shoes won't fit without them."

"They'll fit better'n bare feet; besides, I didn't order no stockin's."

Then, with thanks for the shoes until he was "better paid," she went away, leaving Bargoff staring stupidly at the stockings.

Old Carnes, the shoemaker whom the Katiners had patronized for two generations, laughed when he heard that Bargoff's customer was Peter Bard's daughter.

"It'll be many a day 'fore Pete pays fer what she gits," he remarked. "He owes me a bill a mile long."

But Sunny showed her shoes to a neighbor. They fitted well, were strongly and lightly made, and were cheaper than the price charged by Carnes for children's shoes.

"My!" exclaimed the neighbor to her husband, "that there Bargoff must be a good shoemaker."

Then she told him about Sunny's shoes.

He took his daughter by the hand and led her to Bargoff's shop, where he ordered a pair of shoes like Sunny's. Thus the customers came, one after another, until old Carnes had little to do, except cobbling, and was compelled to discharge his "jour."

When Bargoff sought a larger shop he selected the corner room in which we found him. The south window looked out on Peter Bard's back porch. There Sunny was often visible, and Bargoff smiled when he saw her. She was a child yet, but was nearing the age and stature of womanhood so rapidly that he declared he could notice a change between days.

"Sir," said an apprentice, "I hope you'll forgive a bold question, but why do you look sour-like when you see the sun go down?"

"The setting sun reminds me of death, and I like life; and that is why I turn my back to the west. When I forget myself and look that way, I make a face."

"And why, sir, do you smile soft when you look out of the south window?"

Bargoff looked at Sunny on the back porch and smiled as he answered:

"That is my secret."

When the apprentice reported these replies to the gossips, who had prompted the questions, they were no wiser than before.

That evening Bargoff looked over the pages of a ledger. In it was a long unbalanced account against Peter Bard. For eight years there had been entries in that account and on the debtor side only. Bargoff smiled as he shut the book. The total was a round sum, for Peter Bard's family had been hard on shoes even of Bargoff's workmanship.

"I will collect that bill," the shoemaker said, as he laid the book down.

The next Saturday night he said to Peter Bard, who stood by the open door of the shoemaker's shop:

"Pay me the bill that you owe me."

"Do yer want blood out uv a turnip?" hiccupped Peter, who was drunk.

"Only what is mine I ask and will have."

It was after night-fall, and there was no light in the shop. With a quick movement Bargoff pushed Peter into the dark room, then slammed the door, and shut them both in. Peter stumbled over a bench and fell on his face among a lot of old shoes that were waiting the cobbler's hands.

"The shutters are closed, so we may as

well have a light," Bargoff remarked as he struck a match and looked for a candle.

By this time Peter had regained his feet. He struck at Bargoff, but only extinguished the match. Then there was a sharp struggle in which Peter was worsted; and when he lay panting on the floor, he gasped a promise to pay. Bargoff released him and lighted a candle. Peter produced some new, clean notes, which he handed to Bargoff, who examined and returned them.

"I prefer old bills."

Peter placed the notes in his pocket and said:

"Jest ez yer please."

"Well," remarked Bargoff, "I prefer old bank-notes, I said; but may I ask if you have been paying debts with those new ones?"

Peter was frightened.

"Hush!" he said, "I'll pay yer in money thet's passed through more'n one pair uv han's."

Bargoff accepted the bills and coins that Peter tendered him and gave a receipt for the amount of the account so long open. Then he bade Peter good evening.

Peter went away with the singular sensation of having settled an account once. He continued to treat himself until the tavern closed at midnight, and then he went home very drunk. When he awoke next morning, he was sober and remained so for two weeks.

"There's a miracle in Kattin," said one woman to another. "Mrs. Bard's got a new dress."

"Yes, and her daughter Mary a shawl with her new gown. Pete Bard must have opened his heart."

But over these new garments Peter, while willing to accept the credit of having given them to his wife and daughter, puzzled as much as any inquisitive neighbor.

Then happened the store-robbery. The Kattiners were thunderstruck. Occasionally chickens were stolen by some prowler. It was generally known who committed the theft, and the crime was forgiven charitably. There was a negro in the place, and to him the disappearance of the fowls was attributed. One villager condoned the theft with the remark:

"Guess old Job's tired uv flitch agin."

But the store-robbery, that Job could never have accomplished. Besides, he was not

missing, but on hand and eager to discover the robbers. In fact, nobody was missing. Bargoff was in his shop twirling a wax-end under the palm of his hand on his knee, when the news was brought to him by one of his apprentices. He exhibited no surprise, and asked how the thieves got into the store.

"Bored auger holes 'round the lock and then knocked it in."

"They were clever," said Bargoff, as he began stitching a sole.

The apprentices looked at one another. Greatly excited themselves, they could not understand his calmness. They wondered if there was a fire if he would cry "Put it out," for he never asked questions, nor went to the store to see the hole in the door. He seemed to have no curiosity, and suspicion fastened upon him.

"He's a jail bird, yer kin depend on't," said Peter about Bargoff to the proprietor of the store, to whom he was in debt.

"Well, he is queer," mused the store-keeper, who was considerably damaged by the robbery.

"Wasn't there no tracks?" asked Peter, anxious to curry favor with his creditor.

"Tracks?" asked the store-keeper.

"There's bin a wagin, yer kin bet on't. Too much was took to be lugged off by one man er two, and I guess twasn't more'n two thet dun it."

"Mebbe you're right, Pete."

The villagers sought for wagon tracks, and finally discovered that a wagon had been drawn on and off a vacant lot near the store, during the night before, and without the use of horses. This track was followed until it became confused with others in the road. The day went by. The thieves were not captured, but Kattin had another sensation.

Sometimes Bargoff went to the tavern and took a drink. He always called for whisky, which he swallowed eagerly. It was not often he indulged in an intoxicant. When he did, his intention was homeopathic. Already under an excitement, he drank the stimulant to negative the sensation. If the intoxicant brought mental excitement, the other disturbing cause was allayed; at least it sank into comparative insignificance. So the night following the store robbery Bargoff walked into the barroom and bought a glass of whisky, which he drank at once.

He remained at the bar a few moments and ordered a second glass of whisky. His mental perturbation had been caused by a succinct warning from Sunny.

"Look out fer my pap."

She had ejaculated the sentence into the darkness of the shop where Bargoff sat musing. She ran away fleetly, and he could not see her when he reached the door. Her caution caused a great excitement to arise within him, and to allay it he went to the tavern.

As he was lifting the second glass of whisky to his lips, an exclamation behind him interrupted him. He paused and turned around. Peter Bard was just inside the door pointing a pistol at him.

"I'm goin' ter kill yer, shoemaker."

"Wait till I drink this whisky. Meantime, tell me why I am sentenced to be shot."

Bargoff held the glass to his lips, and over the brim he looked steadily at Peter.

"Yer've been too inteemit with my wife."

"Who told you?" asked the quiet Bargoff, whose eyes closed partly while a frown tightened the skin of his forehead.

"It's commin talk."

The horse-pistol, big and heavy, began to waver in Peter's hand, and there was evidence of his losing the resoluteness of purpose that had characterized him at the beginning of the interview.

"I am thinking you were the first to speak of it, and that nobody in Kattin suspected it."

"Then yer don't deny it? D'ye hear thet, men?" asked Peter, appealing to the bystanders and lowering his weapon unconsciously.

With a quick forearm movement and correct aim Bargoff threw the glass of whisky in Peter's face, and while he closed his eyes against the smarting fluid, seized and disarmed him. Bargoff handed the pistol to the landlord, and then addressed the spectators, who, until then, seemed to have been spell-bound and helpless to prevent murder.

"He is wrong, yet partly right, in his suspicions. So I make him a fair offer. If I can not prove by himself that I have only been generous, the landlord may give Mr. Bard the pistol, and I will not move when he levels it to shoot me."

"That's fair," exclaimed the spectators in a chorus.

"Pete Bard can't git nothin' fairer'n thet," said the landlord.

And Peter was forced to acquiesce. He trembled and looked unsteadily at Bargoff.

"Why do you say I have been too intimate with your wife?" asked the shoemaker.

"'Cause yer give her money."

"Oh!" ejaculated the crowd. Peter looked around triumphantly. He regarded his case as made out.

"How much?" asked Bargoff, calmly.

"See, he don't deny it," Peter observed uneasily.

"How much?" Bargoff was inflexible.

"What matter's thet, men? He's owned up he's been givin' my woman money, and no man's got a right ter give another man's wife money."

Peter was making an argument to the circle of men and boys.

"How much?"

Bargoff made a step forward. There was a threat in this action and his tones were peremptory.

"Eighty dollars."

This statement astounded the crowd. It seemed a large sum, too big for simple generosity, and on the face of things Bargoff appeared very guilty.

"The truth, the exact truth," commanded the shoemaker. "You know it was more."

"Eighty-nine dollars—and, men——"

"Wait! the cents."

"And seventy-five cents. Now, I leave it ter you, men——"

"Silence!"

Everybody was startled at the harshness of Bargoff's voice. Peter slunk into himself. Bargoff was at his full height. All were surprised that a shoemaker could be so tall. The usual posture of the Crispin suggests that he is a small man, and Bargoff always carried the stoop with him. It was part of the make-up of the character of villain by common consent allotted to him.

"You see, gentlemen, the truth is this." Bargoff's voice had softened to its natural sweetness. "I did give Mrs. Bard eighty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents, but I first collected it from her husband, Peter Bard."

A sensation ensued, and there was the beginning of a demonstration in Bargoff's favor, but he began to speak again and the buzz subsided.

"Peter Bard has owed me a shoe bill for eight years. I forced him to pay it, then balanced the account, and gave the money to his wife, because she and her daughter needed it while I did not. I was moved to do this by gratitude, because his daughter was my first customer. She led to the coming of others, and my trade was established. What say all—shall I be shot?"

"No," the hearers replied.

"And if Pete Bard dares ter do it, we'll hang him," added the landlord.

"Thank you all. Good-night." Bargoff opened the door and went out. When he awoke next morning, he was no longer the villain Bargoff to the Kattiners, but Bargoff the good-hearted. As for Peter, he shuffled out of the barroom, and, going home, revenged himself for his discomfiture by striking his wife.

The next day the wagon-maker announced that a new wagon had been stolen from him. He had only then missed it, but it was probably used to carry off the goods plundered from the store. The mystery of the store-robbery deepened when, a week after the crime was committed, the wagon was returned to the shed from which it had been taken. A careful examination of the ground showed that no horses had been used to draw the vehicle to its place. It was heavy, more than one man could pull on the level. Hence it was concluded that two persons, at least, were concerned in the store-robbery.

The day after the return of the wagon the village of Kattin was thrown into a ferment by the announcement of the postmaster that some bank-notes that he had sent to Washington in his remittances had been declared counterfeit by the experts of the Treasury Department. The word "counterfeit" was comparatively new to the villagers; when, however, its full significance was explained, there was a rush for boxes and bureau drawers where bank-notes were laid by for a rainy day.

It looked like a run on the post-office, the long line of anxious men and women waiting their turn to ask the postmaster if there were any counterfeits among their savings. The postmaster, with a dignified manner becoming to his newly acquired importance, slowly examined the bank-notes, and, according to his decision, the inquirer went away happy or dejected. When the day was

ended, it was known that considerable counterfeit money was circulating in the village and an outcry arose. There was lamentation in almost every household. Even Peter Bard displayed a small amount of the bad money and bemoaned his luck.

Bargoff was calm. He said, in answer to questions, that he had received none of the counterfeit money. His serenity aroused suspicion. How came it that he escaped? Peter Bard insinuated the question to the store-keeper and he asked it musingly. The shoemaker was certainly regarding the excitement in the village with indifference or satisfaction. Either mood would argue that he was concerned in one or both of the crimes that had caused so much disturbance. Thus the store-keeper reasoned, and Peter Bard helped him by disjointed remarks, until at last he resolved to make an affidavit that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, the shoemaker, whose only known name was Bargoff, was sufficiently mysterious in his life to place him under suspicion of the people. The deponent asked for a search-warrant to enable the officers of the law to seek on the premises of the shoemaker for evidences of crime, such as the possession of stolen goods or counterfeit money. The justice of the peace hemmed and hawed and thumbed the digest of laws, and at last granted the warrant, he himself being anxious to be informed about Bargoff.

The constable, armed with the warrant, and accompanied by the store-keeper, proceeded to Bargoff's shop and stated his business. Bargoff paled, but bade the officer go ahead, and offered to help in the search. His politeness embarrassed the visitors, and they looked about in a perfunctory manner. They opened some drawers and shut them, while the apprentices, forgetful of each other, watched with interest for developments.

A closet that was seldom used attracted the attention of the store-keeper, and he suggested that it be opened. The constable tried the door. It was fastened by an ordinary padlock in a staple, holding fast a band of iron, which was held to the door by nails clinched on the inside. Bargoff handed the officer the key, and the door was soon open. Immediately the store-keeper exclaimed excitedly, and Bargoff looked aghast. In the closet was a collection of things that had

been taken from the store. Bargoff did not move; apparently he waited to see more. The constable opened a drawer that was snugly fitted into a corner, and found a roll of bank-notes that were duplicates of those pronounced counterfeit.

"I'll hev ter 'rest yer," remarked the constable, as he laid his hand on Bargoff.

When the store-keeper saw the spasm that contracted Bargoff's features when the constable spoke, he was almost moved with compassion. The apprentices did not lift their eyes to Bargoff's face, as, walking erect, he went with the constable. They locked the shop and followed their master to the hearing.

The news quickly spread. The Kattiners denounced Bargoff, disbelieved his version of his money transaction with Mrs. Bard, and sympathized with Peter Bard, whom they regarded as a much abused man. The shoemaker was again the villain Bargoff.

The little office of the justice of the peace was soon crowded, and an eager throng pressed against the door and one window, hoping to hear at least some of the testimony.

The crime was duly proved by the store-keeper, who was his own lawyer, and then, without delay, Bargoff was directly connected with it by the fact that, concealed in a closet on the premises occupied by him, were goods that had been in the store previous to the burglary. The law presumed him guilty, and it lay upon him to prove his innocence. Peter Bard, who, with something of the air of a victor, occupied a stool, which was merely a chair bereft of its back, acquiesced in this statement of the case by the justice. Peter did not remove his feet from the rungs of the one-time chair as he partially rose to take a survey of the crowd. It was an evident request for the sympathy of the spectators, and they, being generous, smiled and winked at him. He sat down again with his knees high, his feet still being on the rungs. His position suggested the posture of a man in a saddle with short stirrups. His complacency was somewhat ruffled, when, by mere accident, his gaze met Bargoff's. Peter tried to look defiant, but he found his lips weak, and his eyes inclined to waver. So he turned around suddenly, as if some one had spoken to him.

"Have you anything to say?" asked the justice of Bargoff.

The magistrate, whose curiosity had weighed so much with him in deciding him to issue the search-warrant, was now half sorry he had granted it, there being every probability that Bargoff would be sent to jail and Kattin would be without a shoemaker, old Carnes having died a few months previous to the store-robbery. The squire was personally sorry, there being then a pair of shoes in Bargoff's shop that were just turned over the last, and intended for him. The officer of the court selfishly wished that his shoes had been finished before the stolen goods were discovered.

"Have you anything to say, Mr. Bargoff?" he asked again, more sharply than before, his own grievance accenting the asperity of his tones.

"Nothing," Bargoff answered in a voice singularly sweet, as he looked over the heads of the men near him at the blue sky, dimly visible through the dusty panes. A buzz ran through the crowd. Peter Bard again stood upon the rounds of the chair, this time erect, and nodded to the spectators as much as to say, "Do you hear that?"

"Nothing?" asked the justice, greatly amazed.

"Nothing?" inquired the store-keeper, who had hoped to learn the whereabouts of the remainder of the stolen goods.

"Nothing," Bargoff again stated, this time more sternly.

"You will have to give bail, or I'll have to send you to jail——"

The justice was interrupted by "Please, Squire Simons."

Peter Bard started and turned to the window. His daughter Mary was there, her head just visible above the ledge. She had spoken.

"You go home, Mary, ter yer mother!" Peter commanded, and left the rungs of his chair to insist upon obedience.

"Please, Squire Simons, I want ter kiss the book," Sunny continued, unmindful of her father.

"G'wan home, I say!" Peter almost shrieked.

"What is it?" asked the justice, while the store-keeper, who was a strong man, pushed Peter aside and went to the window.

Sunny held up her hand to him, a man

outside took her foot, and she was half lifted, half pulled, through the window. Disregarding equally Bargoff and her father, she went straight to the little desk and lifted the Bible reverently. She held it in her right hand, while the squire repeated the formal oath. Before she pressed her lips to the binding, she asked: "Can't yer leave out thet bit about the whole truth, squire?"

"No," said the magistrate, gently.

Bargoff made a step forward, but she stopped him by lifting her hand in a forbidding way. Then her eyes paused a moment on her father, who, pale and perspiring, stood near the window.

"Well, I will. I couldn't sleep if I didn't."

She shuddered as she kissed the book. When she laid it down she moved away from it, and farther from Bargoff. As it seemed an effort for her to speak, she was allowed her own time. No one pressed her with questions. Finally she blurted:

"My pap done it all, broke inter the store, put the things inter Mister Bargoff's closet, an' spread all the bad money in this here town."

Then she began to cry. Little moans broke from her lips, and it was feared that she would become hysterical.

Peter Bard shouted, "Yer lie, yer little devil!" and rushed to strike her.

Again the store-keeper interfered, this time assisted by the constable. The officer virtually arrested Peter, around whom the crowd closed angrily, and he shrunk before their menace. Meantime the magistrate offered Sunny a chair beside him, but she said:

"I kin talk better standin'. I don't lie, pap. I'm goin' ter tell the whole truth. Didn't yer hear me swear?"

She paused a moment. Her father maintained a sullen silence.

"Pap an' his butt' from over the hill broke inter the store, an' took the wagin ter pull the things off in. They hid 'em in a house, an' put the wagin inter the shed agin. Then pap broke inter Mister Bargoff's closet by pullin' the steeple,* an' put a few goods an' bad money in't. He never let me an' mam hev any bad money, 'cause if we'd a spent it that'd ketch him. I know he done all this, 'cause I seen him; I watched him."

* Staple.

She told the story simply with gathering courage. Then a complete change of feeling toward Bargoff came in the listeners' hearts.

"Did you know this, Mr. Bargoff?" asked the magistrate, with emphasis on the Mr.

"Yes. I suspected that was the way the goods got into my closet."

"Then why didn't you say so?"

Bargoff did not answer.

Sunny twitched her fingers and flushed up to the temples. Determined to clear Bargoff fully of the crimes imputed to him, she spoke again.

"'Cause Mr. Bargoff asked me ter marry him, an' I wouldn't 'cause I was ashamed o my pap, and Mr. Bargoff wouldn't tell on pap now fer fear he'd make me shameder."

The rough assemblage was moved with deep sympathy for the girl. The magistrate got nervous, and fumbled with his papers. All present knew that her sense of justice had wrung the facts from her. Bargoff did not smile upon her, fearing she might think he believed her impelled by love for him. He did not raise his eyes from the floor when she asked:

"May I go now, Squire?"

"Mary," the magistrate said gently, "you will have to tell this all over again to the court."

"Oh, Judge, must I?" she inquired quickly, with something of anguish in her tones. "It's hard ter call one's pap names before people; but it can't be helped. I'll be there, Squire."

"One question more, Mary: who was your father's accomplice?"

"Hey!"

"Who helped him rob the store?"

"Dutch Henry."

"You may go now, Mary."

She fled from the office without looking at Bargoff.

"I told on pap," she said to her mother on reaching home.

Then followed a quarrel, in which Mrs. Bard used many very harsh words, Sunny retorting in kind. Finally Mrs. Bard ordered her daughter to leave her house forever. Sunny resolutely declared she would do nothing of the kind. So they continued under the same roof, and frequently indulged in wordy fights.

Search was made in Dutch Henry's house, and the remainder of the stolen goods was found there. He was arrested and sent to jail with Peter Bard. Sunny bravely repeated to the court the story she had told to the justice, and the sharp cross-examination of the prisoner's lawyer could not shake her testimony. Peter and his accomplice were convicted, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment.

Bargoff removed from Kattin a short time after the trial, and in a little while Sunny, her mother, and brothers followed him.

"Sunny," Bargoff said one evening before he went away, "I am not ashamed of you. Be my wilk. We will go West, where nobody knows us, and we shall live happily. Your mother and brothers may come, too, and we can all live together."

"But my pap," said Sunny. "I sent him ter jail, and I've got ter work fer him, so's when he gits out he'll hev somethin'."

"I'll take care of you all, Sunny."

"Him, too?" she asked quickly, intently watching his features.

"Yes, him too."

"Yer a queer villain, Mr. Bargoff," she remarked, as she let him take her in his arms.

A TARTAR TEA-PARTY IN THE DESERT.

BY DAVID KER.

"*A MAUN ust?*" (Is it peace?)

The figure that utters this traditional Persian challenge looks natural enough in the depths of these grim Central Asian deserts, but in any part of London or New York it would attract a crowd a mile long. A head as round as a skittle-ball, covered with short, fuzzy hair, and half buried between two high, bony shoulders;

a face so flat, and with such an enormously wide mouth, as to look very much like a penny with a hole through it; narrow, squinting eyes, and a perfectly beardless chin, the distinguishing marks of the genuine Tartar; a greenish-brown complexion, suggesting Darwinian theories of his grandfather having been a frog; a gaunt, misshapen, ape-like body, short, crooked legs,

and arms so long that when they hang down the wrists touch his knees; such is the hobgoblin who, lightly clad in a greasy camel-hair cloak and huge, black, beehive-shaped cap of sheepskin, stands in the doorway of his tent, with his rusty old-fashioned gun all ready for action, while I answer his challenge with the usual formula:

"*Insh' Allah amoun ust.*" (Please God it is peace.)

The desert warrior's home is as extraordinary as himself, consisting merely of a framework of poles covered with a sheet of thick gray *voilok* (felt), a hanging flap of which represents the door, while a hole in the top, just at the meeting-point of the cross-poles, serves alike as window and chimney. Half a dozen smaller tents of similar form make up the Tartar "village," that tiny speck of human life amid the awful silence and loneliness of the everlasting desert. But to us, wet, sore, weary, smarting from head to foot with blisters and sand-flies, hungry as a twenty-four hours' fast can make us, and chilled to the very bone by having been out all night in a true Central Asian pour of rain, even this shelter (though any respectable dog-kennel would look quite aristocratic beside it) is abundantly welcome.

My servant (who is himself a Tartar from the Ural Mountains) now steps forward, and exchanges a few words with the old chief, so rapidly that I can only gather that he is describing me as "a great lord from the West, who is going to meet the *Oorooss Sirtib* (Russian general) and his army on the other side of the desert." But the explanation, whatever it may be, seems to be satisfactory, and I find myself received as a guest among these wanderers of the wilderness.

"Welcome under the shadow of my poor tent, *Ak-beg*" (white chief), says the khan, lifting the door-curtain to let me enter; "all that I have is yours."

All that he has, however, does not amount to much, consisting chiefly of three or four cracked earthen pots and a rusty iron caldron; but the latter sends forth an odor that would be appetizing enough to starving men were it not mingled with another scent the very reverse of appetizing, from the *argols* (camel-droppings), which form, as usual, the fuel of this primitive kitchen, and which, blended with the other prevalent odors of grease, blood, dirty sheepskins, very

"gamey" mutton, and unwashed human beings, reminds me of the woodsman who spoke of having encountered a smell of maple sugar so strong that he "sot his back agin it like a post."

As I enter the tent, I unsling my revolver and lay it on the ground, while the khan puts down his gun beside it, thus signifying that we are friends and brothers, pledged to do each other no harm. Then my host's son—a tall, active young fellow, whose jet-black eyes and prominent features betray an admixture of Persian blood—rises and greets me with a guttural "*Salaam aleikoum!*" (peace be with you), for the Mohammedan salutations are the same in all the languages of the East, an additional bond of union between Mussulmans.

I reply with the customary formula, "With you be peace," and then the worthy youth, by way of making me specially comfortable, spreads out for me a *newly flayed sheepskin* with the bloody side uppermost, and kindly invites me to seat myself on it in my white cotton trousers! To refuse would be a mortal insult; but I contrive to drag across the raw hide a corner of one of the sheets of felt that are scattered over the floor, on which I squat myself cross-legged to await the coming of breakfast.

This is evidently not far off; but lest my patience should fail before its appearance, the young chief offers to me (as Jael did to the worn-out Sisera thirty-five centuries ago) an earthen jar brimful of fresh milk. The cool draught is deliciously refreshing, though not to be enjoyed without some difficulty, the milk being so covered with flies as to look like a closely printed sheet of newspaper.

Meanwhile the chief himself produces an oblong block of some dark substance not unlike strong tobacco, but which I recognize at a glance as the famous "brick-tea" that is brought on camel-back across the whole breadth of Asia to Russia's great annual fair at Nijni-Novgorod. Knocking off one corner of the "brick," he crumbles it into a small camp-kettle that is steaming on the top of one of those brass Russian tea-urns which are now beginning to be known to the West by the name of *samovar* (literally "self-boiler").

In a trice the whole tent is filled with a fragrance of strong, rich, aromatic tea; and I, knowing by experience the reviving power

of this national drink, reach out my hand eagerly for the wooden bowl into which it is poured. But alas! the old khan, following the traditions of his race, has made my tea in what is called "Mogul fashion," *i. e.*, with *salt* instead of sugar, and mutton fat instead of milk, the result being something so amazingly nasty, that, however invaluable as an emetic, it really *does* seem rather out of place as an article of breakfast. However, I succeed (thanks to a digestion that has confronted every outlandish native dish from Siam to Panama) in getting it down without any display of uncalled-for emotion, although the floating fat leaves so many long icicles of half-liquid grease hanging to my mustache as to make me look like a fancy sketch of "Father Christmas."

My bowl is promptly refilled, and the khan, noticing that the tea is too hot for me to drink at a draught, pulls out of his pouch a huge wooden spoon literally caked with dirt, which he carefully cleans with his *tongue*, and then offers it to me as a special honor. Luckily I have the presence of mind to evade this alarming courtesy by saying that I do not hold myself worthy to use the private spoon of so great a chief, a compliment that evidently pleases the worthy barbarian not a little.

It is in such regions and among such races as these that one finds preserved in an imperishable mold, even in this bustling age of railways and telegraphs, the likeness of what the world was in the days of Abraham and Moses. Here, as formerly amid the hills of Palestine and beneath the palm-trees of Hindustan, I see around me in living form all the quaint and picturesque features of that simple, patriarchal life of which we have all read in our Bibles—the Eastern chief sitting in his tent-door to welcome the passing stranger, the maidens rolling the stone from the mouth of the well, the traders filing past across the desert with their train of laden beasts, the camels drinking from the rude trough, which has been unchanged since the days of Pharaoh, the turbaned herdsmen driving their cattle from place to place in search of fresh pasture, the shepherd-king feasting his friends and kinsfolk like Job of old, and the elders of the city holding council under the arch of its deep shadowy gateway.

In spite of history, I find it hard to believe

that these quiet, simple, hospitable folks, among whom I am so thoroughly at home, can really belong to the same race that once swept all Europe as with a whirlwind of destruction, and well nigh changed the future of the whole civilized world. Some memory of those evil days still lingers in our phrase of "catching a Tartar," and in the derivation of the cannibal "ogre" of our nursery tales from the hideous Oogoor who gave his name to modern Hungary. But Europe has moved on while Asia has remained stationary, and the sluggish half-Russianized Tartar of the nineteenth century is wonderfully toned down from the terrible Hun who followed the destroying march of King Etzel (Attila) in the fifth, and whom the terrified Christians of the West took to be literally as well as figuratively "a child of the devil."

By this time our breakfast is cooked, and in default of any plates to eat it withal, the young Tartar serves out to us by way of platters several huge slabs of bread from a *plank* of wheaten cake nearly as tall as himself in the farther corner of the tent. For in Central Asia bread is sold not by the pound but by the *sheet*, and an ordinary *lepeshka* (cake), which may be bought for a few cents, is quite big enough for a ten-year-old boy to lie upon. Whether the native bakers give their peculiar shape to these giant biscuits (as I have heard a waggish Russian officer assert) by lying down and rolling upon them, I can not say; but I can testify that whether eaten fresh or crisped in the sun they are extremely nourishing and good.

And now the contents of the caldron are turned out, and one glance at the mass of bluish, stringy flesh tells me that the meat is *camel*. This is an ominous discovery, for I do not need to be told that in these days of Russian desert transport and field hospitals, a camel is far too valuable to be killed for food, and that when you find him figuring in a Tartar bill of fare you may be pretty sure that he has died either of old age or of disease.

But in the Central Asian deserts there is little choice of food, and one can not afford to be fastidious. There is a good old story (none the worse for having the very rare merit of being true) of a miser who asked a friend to sup with him, and showing him two microscopic cutlets, said impressively, "You see your supper." The guest, not to be

beaten, promptly took them both, coolly remarking, "Yes, but I don't see *yours*!" In this deceased camel we see our breakfast, and all the breakfast that we are likely to get within twenty-five or thirty miles; so I take a lump of the flesh upon my tablet of bread, and set to work tooth and nail.

In truth, the dainty requires the full exercise of both, being as tender as the Atlantic cable; and it is quite an open question of whether the meat or my teeth shall give way first. But the old khan kindly comes to the rescue by tearing off one of the softer portions of *his* hump, and cramming it into my mouth with fingers as black and greasy as a stoker's. The meal concludes with a brimming bowl of some gray sub-acid liquor, which I guess at once to be the famous Tartar *kumyss* (fermented mare's milk), and inwardly wonder what those who see it advertised in the streets of New York and London would say if they could see in what places and by what people it is manufactured.

Just as our repast ends, a small, dusky figure comes creeping through the doorway of the tent. It is the khan's grandchild, a little girl three years old, whose beady, black eyes grow wide with amazement at the unwonted sight of a *kaufur* (unbeliever) eating the sacred beast of the Prophet. I take her up in my lap, where she settles herself quite contentedly, and runs her tiny brown fingers caressingly through the tangles of my beard, which, to a Tartar child, is of course a very amusing novelty. I notice in the center of her forehead (or rather where the forehead ought to be, if a Tartar ever had any) a small yellow spot, marking the whereabouts of one of those little brass coins with which the nomads of Central Asia decorate their female infants. When a girl is born, the father makes a small hole in the flesh of her forehead, and thrusts in the coin, over the edges of which the skin gradually closes so as to hold it permanently imbedded, while, strange to say, the flesh appears to take no harm from the contact of the brass.*

By this time the sun is mounting high, and, as far as the eye can reach, not a handbreadth of shade breaks the hot, brassy yellow of the lifeless, burning desert. But a war-correspondent is not supposed to trouble him-

self about such trifles as fevers and sun-strokes; so, our camels being by this time pretty well rested after their night's work, we take leave of our new friends and start eastward once more.

But the worst part of the desert passage is now over, and my light wagon, drawn by a team of three camels abreast, makes short work of the remainder. Toward afternoon we see an evidence of returning civilization in the form of a neat little red-tiled cottage of baked clay—one solitary speck of bright color on the gray unending level of the steppe—tenanted by a sturdy, red-bearded Cossack postmaster, who greets us cordially, but dashes our hopes with the announcement: "*Verbludssff nyett.*" (There are no camels.) What is to be done?

At this moment a young Russian officer, who, detained by the same cause, is philosophically drinking tea under the eaves of the post-house, steps forward and civilly invites me to join him. Over our first tumbler (which always supersedes the cup at a genuine Russian tea-drinking) he asks many questions about my crossing of the desert, and laughs heartily at my account of our Tartar breakfast-party.

"Yes, they're a queer set, the '*Tatäre*' (Tartars), and you're sure to meet strange dishes if you eat with them."

"Not a bit queerer than *some* dishes that I've eaten in my time, though, I'll answer for that," rejoin I. "The bill of fare that I could draw up from my own experience would frighten any civilized cook into hysterics."

"Indeed? Well, I wish you would tell me about a few of the out-of-the-way dishes that you've met with in your travels. I'm always interested in travels myself, because I've never been outside of the Russian Empire yet."

"Well, that's a pretty big playground, after all. I don't think that any one 'imprisoned' within *its* limits ought to feel himself cramped. You might almost give it the same boundaries that an American school-boy gave to the United States: 'Bounded on the north by the aurora borealis, on the south by the Frozen Ocean, on the east by the rising sun, and on the west by the Day of Judgment.' But we were talking of strange dishes. What would you say, for example, to sausages fried in brown sugar?"

* Several of these coins (which fell into my hands after the great massacre of Kokan in the summer of 1873) are still in my possession.—D. K.

"Not very nice, I should say. But where on earth did you get that?"

"In Iceland, during a cruise through the Polar Sea; and, mind you, they weren't small sausages, either, but those big greasy fellows that they call 'black puddings.' Another pet dish of the Icelanders is mutton buried for six months in the ground, and then dug up again with a fine earthy flavor."

"Well," says Capt. B——, laughing, "it's said that our Tungoozes, in Northern Siberia, use *earth* instead of butter; but perhaps it's only a way of saying that they're used to hard fare."

"On the same voyage," resume I, "we touched at the Faroe Isles, between Iceland and Shetland, where I found a lot of long, black, narrow, flexible things, just like big whip-lashes, hanging from the eaves of the huts; and these, as I was told, were strips of dried whale flesh. The islanders appeared to think them very nice, but it seemed to me that one might as well have eaten a handful of boot laces. I needn't mention horse flesh, for you'll have seen that yourself in the Tartar towns of Russia."

"Yes, and eaten it too. It's not at all bad, when once you get used to the flavor."

"Then in the West Indies you get dolphin steak, which is very fair, though not equal to the flying fish that I used to eat in the Indian Ocean. In South America many of the Indians eat those great black ants called '*vacachos*;' and I've seen a man poke into an ant-hill a piece of bread smeared with grease, draw it out covered with ants, and then munch up bread, grease, ants, and all, without even waiting to kill them. I suppose he would justify himself on the same principle as the Jamaica negro who was found by an officer supping on one of those huge land-crabs that prey upon the bodies of the dead. 'You nasty fellow!' cried the Englishman, 'don't you know that brute feeds on corpses? Perhaps it's been eating your father or mother!' 'Ah, Massa Officer,' answered the nigger with a grin, 's'pose land-crab eat black man, nebber mind—black man eat *he*!'"

Here I halt for a moment to finish my sixth tumbler of tea.

"Parrot pie and monkey soup," I continue, "are standard dishes in Brazil, and a friend of mine who was dining with a native grandee was startled to see what *he* took for a baby's face looking up at him with lack-luster eyes out of his soup-plate; but happily this cannibal dish turned out to be nothing worse than a small blue-tailed monkey. Then you can see young sharks being sold in pairs in the market any day you like, tied together by the tails; and they wouldn't be at all bad eating if they didn't taste quite so much like a wet umbrella."

The captain shrugs his shoulders, and squeezes some more lemon-juice into his tea.

"You may perhaps have tasted bear ham and reindeer tongue," proceed I, "for *they* exist in Northern Russia as well as in Finland and Lapland; and you've probably heard of, even if you haven't seen, the eatable frogs of France and the eatable snails of Italy, both very fair eating in their way. A fresh octopus is a delicacy among the islanders of the Caribbean Sea, as one of them told me with a chuckle, pulling out of the water a big '*pieuvre*' ugly enough to have satisfied Victor Hugo himself."

"By the by," remarks Capt. B——, who has been listening in undisguised astonishment, "I've heard it said that in China and Siam they keep eggs till they're perfectly rotten, and fish till you have to hold your nose when you come near them, and *then* eat them as a special dainty. Is that true?"

"Perfectly true," answer I, "as I've found out to my cost. When I lived in Bangkok (the capital of Siam, you know) I was next door to a huge warehouse crammed full of fish ripened according to native ideas, and the smell was enough to beat one's nose flat. Then the Malays delight in a fat sea slug, which they call '*trepong*;' and the Chinese eat dogs, and earth-worms, and fish-balls made out of sharks' fins; and some of the inland tribes of West Africa——"

But here our Cossack host cuts short this catalogue of horrors by rushing up with the news that fresh camels have come in; and half an hour later we are scurrying over the steppe once more.

ARE WOMEN COMPANIONABLE TO MEN?

By JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

CONSIDERING the spontaneous and ineradicable affinity between the sexes, the question, "Are women companionable to men?" may seem irrelevant, if not preposterous. It may be said, how can they be otherwise? They must be the best, the truest of companions, since they are counterparts, the one ever seeking the other, neither self-contained nor content to be alone. Would not men go through fire and water, endure privation and hardship, brave danger and death, in their most hideous forms, for the sake of women? Men idealize, long for, love, worship, apotheosize women; become fools, villains, heroes in their behalf; undertake the impossible; surrender pride, power, faith, hope, to win their smile, or gain their hearts. There is nothing they will not do, or refrain from doing to secure their favor. The strongest and the wisest men often show like puppets in the hands of woman, even though unworthy. She pulls the string and they dance like dervishes to her fantastic will. The lord of earth yields to the lady. He is master; but she is mistress of the master.

All this is true; but does it prove that women are really companionable to men? Affinity, idealization, love, worship are emotional, erratic, border upon ecstasy; but do they constitute companionship? This denotes alliance, association, comradeship, a regular, rational, permanent condition, into which mere sexuality does not enter. We all know hundreds of men intensely enamored of women, periodically restless and unhappy out of their society, who would be so troubled by companionship with them as to break away at the first opportunity. Many a man is ready to die for a woman who would not and could not live with her. Companionship is the severest test of homogeneity, of mental complement, of sympathy. The highest, broadest, truest love, though not the love born of simple difference of gender, leads to companionship, which is, frequently, never found in either

sex. Natures of the common order do not value it; do not need it, because they fail to appreciate or understand it. They are content with any sort of society, with some relationship to their kind, which relieves them, in a measure, of themselves. The note that companionship sounds is not in their diapason.

Men and women are often companions; but they are so few, compared with the multitude, as not to affect the rule. When they are such, they are usually of superior rank and distinct individuality. The men are finer, more illuminated; the women stronger, larger than the average, and they must not be shackled by conventionality or dread of echoes. The sexes should be always the best of companions, and, in the continual process of evolution, they will grow more and more such. But, before they can become companionable generally, ages must pass; the sexes must borrow of one another; virtues and attractions, now considered masculine or feminine, must be epicene. When they are companionable, marriage is what it claims to be, and so seldom is—a complete, wholly harmonious union, answering to the three fold nature of developed man, and approaching the ideal.* But, as the great majority of men and women are at present, their companionship is impossible in or out of wedlock. And the fact is so clearly recognized that little effort is made toward its establishment. There may be essays to this end; but they are apt to be so discouraged, to prove so fruitless as to be early abandoned.

The woman tries far harder and longer than the man; but, with all her ardor and hope, she is chilled and dispirited by his wandering, capricious disposition. He is fond of home—at least he says so—but he is fonder of other places, and spends more time in them. Many a husband eats and sleeps at home, but goes elsewhere for change and recreation; and he is considered a good husband, too. He may think his wife absorbed

* The writer contributed to the late *Galaxy* a series of papers on Women, one of which, "Women as Compan-

ions," was intended to indicate what they might be to men in such relation.

in domestic affairs, interested in minor matters that do not concern him, incapable of entertaining his lordship. If it be so, it is generally his own fault; but, in most cases, his thought has no basis, and is a masked pretext for self-indulgence. Were his wife whatever he assumes she is not, he would find excuses for going out regularly. She might be companionable, and yet he would not seek her companionship, which depends, at least, on the dual number. He often seeks it in queer localities and with queer people, and seems conscious of it, because he is inclined to say that monotony is such a burthen that it should be lightened by contrast.

Man is, it must be acknowledged, still semi-barbarous, as is shown by some of his tastes and not a few of his pleasures. Woman, who is civilized, and, in the main, enlightened, feels this savagery in him without comprehending it, and marvels at its existence. It constantly wounds and shocks her; but the feeling she reserves, having learned that self-repression is the price she must pay for the maintenance of peace. If man should ever become as civilized as she, companionship between them may cease to be uncommon. But, even then, she will be so much his superior morally that he will be tempted to walk on lower levels, and will relapse into atavism. As now constituted, there are leisure hours in every day when he shuns the society of wife and children and the refinements of home for rough contact with the outer world and rude pastimes of his own choosing. Part of this he may call business, without which he would be wretched, and part belongs to the side he sedulously hides from the women he esteems. If strictly domestic, he is prone to withdraw into himself; he seldom makes his wife the partner of his occupations, and frequently spends his evenings drowning on the sofa. He may appear devoted to his wife without trying to form her, or regarding her in any way as his companion.

In truth, nineteen out of twenty husbands never dream of comradeship with their consorts. It comes not, as they believe, within the boundary of their duty or disposition. As lovers, they imagine that they can never bear separation from their sweethearts; they rave about the bliss of being eternally together; but, after the honeymoon, the hey-

day of passion calmed, their notion of eternity becomes greatly limited. They contrive to pass evenings of every week away from their dove-cote, without visible traces of suffering or sorrow in their mien. They grow prolific of excuses for self-exile from the paradise they had so fondly pictured. Ere the first year of their marriage has ended, they are rarely seen in each other's company, save on formal occasions, and their predicted close companionship is mournfully unfulfilled. Men explain the inconsistency of their ante-connubial and post-connubial days by asserting that those represented emotional intoxication, and that these represent the lasting return to sobriety, the prevalence of reason and common sense. Reason and common sense, forsooth! How these terms are abused that we may fit them to our weakness and prejudice, in hope to give them the semblance of strength and wisdom.

It would seem sometimes as if men avoided women, when not fervidly in love with them. Is it only kindled imagination and tumultuous blood that render them attractive, and hold the two, for the time, together? Is it in man's tranquil hours, in his perfect sanity, that woman loses her chief allurements? Is she least loved while loveliest? Do the senses override mind and spirit, and do these pall when those are satisfied? It is notorious that boys, who appear barbarous because natural, actively dislike girls, and can not be coaxed into their company. They cherish no more respect than they hold affection for them. Although they consider them totally inferior, they feel no pity for them, merely undisguised contempt. A tiny creature of four or five, if called a girl-boy, will flush with anger and strike his defamer. It is a mortal affront that masculine babyhood resents. To see a girl sometimes striving to win the good will of a group of half-grown boys, to any one of whom she is a queen, is positively touching. She may appeal to them for the poor privilege of sharing their society with an eloquence and tenderness that might move a hyena; but they will drive her rudely away with a brutality that marks their age and sex. A more stupid, cruel animal than the average small boy is not known to natural history. And he seldom has any esteem for the gentler sex, or treats them with de-

cency, until the period of gallantry arrives, which often springs from desire to take unfair advantage, to profit by another's wrong.

The selfishness and brutality of the boy, as to femininity, are likely to be reproduced in the man, from forty to fifty particularly, who prides himself on his knowledge of the world, specially of its meanness and corruption. He is not then so repulsively frank as he was in his teens; he may hide his hardness and egotism under polite phrase, and the veneer of good breeding. But intimate acquaintance discloses his lack of principle, his absence of generosity, his want of faith in his fellows. He may be, probably is, a husband and father; but his habitual mode of referring to women is with a sneer. He obviously divides them into fools and rogues, and he prefers the rogues, though he thinks fools make the better wives, and indicates that he speaks from experience. If he seeks to be gracious to the sex, his air of condescension and patronage is more intolerable than his cynicism. It is clear that he is innocent of the least approach to companionship with women—to women's credit be it said—and that he despises it thoroughly. They may amuse, distract or delight for a while; they may help to smother a heavy hour gracefully; but, beyond that, they are tedious and depressing. Who would think of passing an evening with them, when billiards, draw-poker, or brandy-and-soda, with too rapid stories interlaced, are easy of access? They are excellent when a man is ill, or out of sorts, or needs coddling; but when he is well, or in good spirits, or eager for pleasure, they are a drag upon him. They have so many trifles to look after; they enjoy being fussy in such a variety of ways that they like to be left to themselves. This, or a similar opinion, man is so fond of expressing that it may be inferred to be an argument to himself to palliate habitual neglect.

Who is not acquainted with a number of such men, heedlessly accounted faithful husbands and kind fathers, that would be surprised and indignant at any intimation to the contrary? Society abounds in them: they are cited as prominent and influential citizens; they sign calls for public meetings in the interest of divers social and political reforms; they are supposed to be part of the foundation on which the Republic rests. It never seems to occur to them that companion-

ship has any relation to domesticity, or is worth cultivating. They provide liberally for the household; they are polite to their wives; they are indulgent to their children; but they can not, they say, be tied to the uxorial garter. Companionship must be sought with men, who have wider experience, better minds, ampler opportunities; who are not nervous, fidgety, rambling, immersed in trifles. There may be foundation for such charge; but is it not because women are thrown upon themselves and one another, confined to their narrow round, shut out from the larger life their husbands lead? How can they be companionable to men, when men never try to prepare them for companionship? This striking incongruity is significant of masculine logic in regard to gynæcical subjects.

Most men furtively laugh and gird at those who are addicted to feminine society; who find solid satisfaction in it; who are courageous enough to avow their appreciation of its benefits. They are wont to speak of them in the disdainful way thaturchins speak of girl-boys; to deride them as effeminate, weak-minded, dangles after petticoats, Miss-Nancyish. One of their severest epithets, applied to husbands, is henpecked, which is easily said and more easily believed. Men who are not strong have a terror of the adjective, and actually cower before it. They are often so afraid of meriting the reproach that they go to the opposite extreme, and become brutal, which probably impresses them as far manlier. Dread of ridicule has frequently prevented amiable but weak men from establishing companionship with their wives, who were really companionable.

Far more husbands than bachelors are members of clubs, and those are the regular frequenters. Some of them, having lovely wives and delightful homes, are to be seen nightly in the reading-rooms, card-rooms, bar-rooms, giving the impression that they are inharmoniously wedded. But they are not. They are representative; they fail, or think they fail to find companionship within their own walls, and look for it in what is ordinarily, to a cultured, refined mind, the dullest, dreariest place in civilization. The fact that they take refuge in a club denotes how deeply bored they must be at home, and what miserable company they must be to

themselves. Sentimental bachelors, seeing them there, say, "How can they prefer this to that?" "I should be so different in the same circumstances." But, were the situation reversed, they would show the same strange taste. They might be fond, they might become enamored of the neglected wife; but reaction would occur in due time, and render companionship impossible. Men can not understand why it should be so in the case of others; but it is clear enough in their own.

There would seem to be some justification for the biting phrases current at the clubs:

"After four or five years, a man's wife is the dullest company in the world."

"To be in love with a woman is the nearest approach to happiness, and to be out of love with her whom you have once loved, is supreme misery."

"Any woman may be interesting, so long as she is not one's wife."

"The fascinating woman always belongs to another man. If you get her, her fascination takes wings."

"A man of the world is at home everywhere, except in his own home."

"The honeymoon is thus called, because it is so sweet compared with the bitter months that follow."

"Matrimonial happiness is always to be found in the mind of the man who has not married."

"There are two perfect women: one is dead; the other has not been discovered."

"All the comforts of a home exhausts irony."

"A well-regulated club is the acme of human comfort."

"Men enjoy clubs exceedingly, because women are not admissible."

Men of every nation, with the exception, perhaps, of France, go to men for intellectual sympathy, for exchange of earnest feelings, for spiritual intercommunication, in short, for companionship. Love, as generally understood, they get from and give to women, necessarily; but friendship they seek and find, as a rule, in their own sex. That is a false love which does not include friendship; but it is the love which the mass of men feel, and the mass of women inspire. True love, love of the highest kind, contains

the elements of friendship, infused with sexuality: friendship is sexless; therefore, serene and stable, and comprehends the comforts of love without its passion. Many men are incapable of friendship; but the lowest and the basest think themselves capable of love. Most of those called the best and wisest would scoff at the very idea of friendship with women; and friendship and companionship may be considered interchangeable. Is not companionship like the rich deposit in life's retort, after love's passion has ceased to sparkle and effervesce?

Companionship is, above all, voluntary, unrestrained, obeying the law of temperament, and the fervor of individuality. Men, in their relations to women, are conventional, artful, anxious to create an impression: women, in dealing with men, sacrifice everything in their effort to be agreeable; hide nature, and pervert truth with this intent. There is no chance for companionship between them; it can not breathe in so artificial an atmosphere. Men alter their language to suit women. You get no more idea of their sentiments or actions from what they say to women than you do of the real woman from what she says to men. When a woman suddenly appears in a company of men, they change their speech completely, and conceal their nature in prescribed forms and hollow observances. If the foundation of companionship could be laid in such society, the superstructure could not be reared; the opportunity would be lacking, and the commencement would remain as a sign of failure, as a warning to proceed no further.

As has been said, men and women have been and are companions; but they are of the elect. Still, they offer examples, and disclose what may be done. In our own country, women are freer, more respected, more honored, more nearly men's partners, than in any other. This is the surest evidence of our high civilization. Companionship will increase here, as the sexes advance, and, in the great plan of development, grow androgynous. Neither know what they miss by want of companionship one with the other. The true woman has learned its preciousness from the true man; and when she says, "I love, and am loved," she feels the sense of companionship forevermore.

MOUNTAIN LIFE IN TENNESSEE.

BY LEE MERIWETHER.

ONE morning several years ago I was standing on the veranda of a hotel in Fort Smith, Arkansas, waiting for the Indian Territory stage, when a telegram was handed me announcing the outbreak of yellow fever in Memphis. A moment later the driver of the Indian stage turned the corner, cracking his whip, and drove up with a flourish in front of the hotel. But he did not number me among his passengers. I started for Memphis by the first, and, as it proved, by the last train; for, upon the appearance of dread Yellow Jack, the unfortunate city was ostracized and shunned like a leper. Trains after that week were permitted neither to enter nor depart.

For fifty miles, before the Mississippi River is reached, the road staggers along through a morass and a jungle. Even though resting on piles, the rails sag and sink in the mud as the heavy engine creeps along, its wheels dripping with the swamp waters below, its smoke-stack and top brushed by the forest limbs above. The night was dark and gloomy. Death lurked in the very air. The lights of Memphis that flickered faintly across the water seemed as if even they, like the fever, had a sickly, yellow hue. The passengers stuffed handkerchiefs, reeking with carbolic acid and other disinfectants, to their noses. Not a word was spoken, we crossed the river in silence and hurried, each of us, to our respective destinations. In that dread epidemic, the most terrible that ever afflicted any American city, thousands were cut down in the space of a few weeks. Many who crossed the Mississippi with me that night were dead within forty-eight hours. I was saved by flight.

My father and mother had just gone: I followed by the next train, the last that was permitted to leave during the epidemic. It was crowded with as frantic a set of beings as ever congregated together. Every seat was full. People sat on the coal-bins, on the stoves, or clung to the platforms and steps. From my position on the steps of the last car I saw crowds unable to obtain even that poor vantage ground. Such set out to walk.

One poor woman was going along beside the track pushing a wheelbarrow on which were piled some blankets, provisions, and babies. The poor creature, of course, dropped by the wayside, overcome by fright and fatigue even, if not by the fever.

Five miles from the city we were put through a fumigating process, each person being placed in a room built for the purpose, that was stifling with fumes of sulphur and disinfectants. This ordeal over, medical certificates to the effect that we had been relieved of all yellow-fever germs were handed to each passenger, whereupon we scrambled back to our places and hastened away. Despite these certificates, armed guards stood at most of the towns through which the train passed, and discouraged with rifles and shot-guns all attempts at landing.

At Stephenson, two hundred and sixty miles away, a passenger became prostrated. To be shut up in a car, with a man dying of yellow fever was horrible. The bell was pulled, and the train came to a stop. But determined men stood at the station with guns and pistols, and swore they would shoot the man who attempted to land the patient. There was a hurried consultation. The passengers crowded into the next car; that with the yellow fever case was unoccupied and the train went flying on. The deserted patient, as I afterward heard, soon died. The villagers feared to approach him. With long poles they shoved the body out of the car, and gave it a scant burial where it fell beside the track. Notwithstanding their fear and caution, within ten days the fever was raging in that town, and scores of its people were dead or dying.

At midnight of the second day I found myself on the platform of a little station at the base of the Unika range of mountains. A pouring rain was falling, but worn out with excitement and fatigue, I threw myself on the platform, and fell fast asleep in the rain. It seemed as if my eyes had scarcely closed when there was a rapping on the planks near my ears. It was inky dark. I could see nothing, and was about to try another

nap when the rap was repeated. It came from *beneath* the platform, and a voice redolent with strong drink called through a knot-hole:

"I say, pard, why doncher crawl under here?"

It did not take long to act on this suggestion. In two minutes I had crawled down under the platform, and found a companion as well as partial protection from the rain. Of the two of us, the tramp soaked with whiskey looked more respectable than the traveler soaked with rain and torn and tumbled from long journeying.

"Well, I swan, but you're in bad luck!" said the tramp, striking a match and surveying my bedraggled duster and almost disintegrated straw hat. "Where did you come from?"

The yellow fever refugee can not afford to sneer even at the nether side of a country railway platform. If I told this man whence I came, the probabilities were I would be "ousted." It was discreet to be mum. I put my hand to my ear and shook my head. At first the tramp seemed puzzled; then my meaning dawned upon him.

"Phew!" he said, "this here's a go. One o' them deaf and dumb mutes. What bedfellers we has to put up with, to be sure!" with which he threw down the match and went to sleep.

At break of day I was aroused by a hand on my shoulder. The tramp was crouching by me, making the most remarkable signs and gestures I ever witnessed.

"Come, me go getty breakfast," he said, waving his arm and dropping into pigeon English, as though he imagined the deaf could hear well enough if only the rules of grammar were sufficiently violated.

It was hardly of my choosing, but I was mistaken for a veritable American tramp, and it was necessary to act out the character. I accompanied my new-found friend to the nearest farm-house, where his really wonderful accomplishments as a liar secured us both a good breakfast. He assured the honest granger that I was an unfortunate brother whom he was taking to the deaf-and-dumb asylum. I had lost my hearing in a terrible explosion; our widowed mother depended on her two sons for support, but he, noble fellow, meant to work for the two of us while I learned the sign language in the asylum.

So numerous did my misfortunes become under this adept liar's management that I began to feel sorry for myself, and with difficulty refrained from dropping the *role* of deaf mute and offering myself my own condolences. Half an hour later my self-sacrificing "brother" and I separated on the railroad track, he going one way, I starting the other. When he had disappeared round a curve, I returned to the farm where we had breakfasted, and knocked boldly on the door. The granger seemed surprised, but not glad to see me.

"I want to pay you for that breakfast."

The man was amazed—and no wonder; a mute thus suddenly restored to speech, and a tramp wanting to *pay* for his breakfast.

"You ain't dumb, then?" he said, when his first surprise was over.

"Not a bit of it, and I am not a tramp either; at least not a regular tramp. I want you to direct me to Tusculum."

Near that remote hamlet—namesake of the great Cicero's villa—were my parents camped almost under the shadow of the high mountains. The old farmer refused to take payment for the breakfast, "lowing we'uns had gin him as much fun as the grub was worth." He pointed out the road to Tusculum, whither I was shortly wending my way. When I first started, the distance was ten miles. After walking an hour a man whom I questioned said it was fifteen. A few miles further on, another said it was twenty. Notwithstanding this peculiar backsliding characteristic of East Tennessee mountaineering, I at length reached the camp, and was welcomed as one saved from the jaws of death.

In these mountains of the South men live and maintain strength and vigor on twenty cents or less a day. Chickens cost eight or ten cents apiece, eggs five cents a dozen, beef six or seven cents a pound. Butter-milk is fed to the hogs, while fruit and vegetables—corn, potatoes, cabbage—can be had almost for the asking. These are important facts, as Pennsylvania and other Northern manufacturers are learning. For the Southern workman, when living is so cheap, can afford to work for less wages than his brother in the North, where many large cities create heavy demands for food products, thus raising prices. The Chattanooga or Birmingham mill-owner pays lower wages than are paid

in iron mills in the West and North; and the latter are beginning to feel the effects. At the same time it is to be remarked that though his wages are *nominally* less, in *reality* because of the cheapness of rent, food, and fuel, the Southern worker in iron receives higher wages than does the worker in iron in the North. I am almost afraid to say how very cheaply our camp of refugees lived. In the morning we would go to the cornfield, pluck a dozen ears of corn, which were boiled or converted into corn bread on the back of a hoe. With two round bowlders a pint or so of wheat was pounded until the husk cracked; this, with sugar and cream—that cost only a trifle—and the corn and fruit, made a breakfast an epicure might enjoy. The cost for the five of us could not have exceeded twenty cents a morning.

Tusculum becoming monotonous, despite its classical name, I bought a horse and started on a trip among the mountains. About ten miles on the way I overtook another horseman jogging slowly along. He was a lean, lanky fellow, with a hatchet face and long, stringy hair.

"Mornin', stranger," he said, as I rode up.

"Good-morning, sir."

"A powerful fine day, mister."

"Yes, it is a fine day."

"I meant a *good* day. It's the Lord's day."

I thanked him for this bit of information, and we rode on together, the lank man talking more or less on religion. Presently he said:

"Stranger, you'd better 'light an' look at your saddle."

"Why, what's the matter? Girth loose?" I leaned over and felt the strap; it was quite fast.

The lank man's hatchet face turned a shade redder.

"I've asked you to git down and look at your saddle," he repeated.

"I know you did; what is the matter with my saddle?"

"Mister, don't sit thar mockin' me on the Lord's day."

At this moment a man, bareheaded and dressed in a new suit of jeans, emerged from the thicket on the roadside.

"Mornin', stranger. I reckon you'll 'light an' look at your saddle, won't yer?"

"I've jist asked him," put in my com-

panion, "an' he mocked me. He's got the old devil in him."

"Slow, Brother Kite, slow," said the other. "I reckon, Brother Kite, you're too fast. 'Now,' turning to me, 'you'uns is a stranger heah, ain't yer?'"

I nodded my head.

"Well, we'uns air holdin' meetin' heah to-day. Brother Kite asked you to 'light an' fix your saddle, an' come into meetin'."

I understood. This was simply the form of invitation to church. Of course it was accepted.

In the little log "meetin' house" were assembled some thirty or forty rude mountaineers, with their wives and families. Living in that pure air, one would expect to see fresh, healthy complexions, but I saw few. The women looked sallow and bilious, probably from unhygienic diet; the men red and some of them bloated from whisky. The women were dressed in bright-colored gowns and an astonishing variety of hats and feathers. The men, for the most part, were clad in their extra suit of jeans, and were proud in proportion as the crease in their trousers remained distinct and decided.

My road companion proved to be the preacher for whom the congregation were waiting. Having alighted and "looked" at his saddle, he walked down between the two rows of wooden benches, and climbing the rickety pulpit, shut his eyes and began a prayer that was punctuated every moment or two by loud groans from some one of the audience. When the prayer—fully a quarter of an hour long—ended, the preacher began a peculiar sermon. I learned afterward it was a funeral oration in memory of a member of the flock who had died *two years* before.

"We'uns all knew Sister Betts," the lank Brother Kite began, rolling his eyes down, showing the whites, and seemingly trying to examine the interior of his skull. "Sister Betts was *such* a good cook!" (emphasizing the word "*such*" with a groan). "She made *such* good coffee an' *such* good fried eggs and bacon. Many's the time I've spent the night at her house, an' she allus had the *best* corn bread, an' the *best* bacon an' the *best* eggs. We'uns all know, an' I knows in pertickler, Sister Betts warn't any slouch. But she's gone now, poor Sister Betts is gone from amongst us, an' thar ain't many

left as kin ekal her in cookin' an' keepin' house."

In this strain he continued about an hour. At first the novelty was amusing, but novelty soon wore off. To while away time, I pulled out my scratch-book and began taking shorthand notes. Brother Kite was evidently not accustomed to being reported. His eagle eye detected me. Stopping abruptly in the midst of his touching tribute to Sister Betts' household virtues, he pointed his bony finger at me and said:

"Mister, ain't you got sense 'nough to know this heah's a meetin'? You'uns needn't come heah if you're 'bleeged to write."

I ceased writing, and the sermon proceeded. When at length Brother Kite had exhausted the subject, his hearers, and himself, all three at the same time, he descended from the pulpit, and I drew a sigh of relief. The sigh was premature. There were no relays of audiences, but there *were* relays of preachers. The hatchet-faced man who, bad luck to him! had succeeded in persuading me to "look at my saddle," quit the pulpit only to let another take his place. There were three of them in all, who, with their powerful lungs, effectually prevented any napping between the hour of nine in the morning, when the first one began, and one in the afternoon, when the last one ended. Fortunately, Brother Kite was the only one of the three who founded his sermon exclusively upon the corn bread and bacon of the departed Sister Betts.

At one o'clock an hour's intermission for dinner was announced. The women, in their red feathers and gingham gowns, rose first, and as they filed down the aisles, bestowed curious glances at the "citized" stranger. When they had made their exit, the men also arose. I was walking to the tree where was tied my horse, when Brother Kite overtook me.

"You ain't a-goin', air you?"

"Yes, it is getting late."

"Pshaw! Meetin' ain't half over. You'd better stay to foot-washin'. You can eat dinner with Sister Phoebe. She asked me, an' I reckon she won't keer if you come, too."

A ten-mile ride in the mountains gives one an appetite. Besides, if these mountaineers really washed their feet, the operation must be interesting. So the invitation was ac-

cepted. Mrs. Anderson, or "Sister Phoebe," as the lank preacher called her, was a woman of about thirty-five, round and plump and very hospitable.

"Brother Kite did jist right. I'm allus glad to see strangers. Come down to buy land?"

There was something flattering in this query not unappreciated by the yellow-fever refugee who, instead of contemplating land purchases, was wondering if he would have money enough to carry him home when the epidemic was over. But I nobly confessed the truth, and replied that I was *not* "down to buy land."

"I am merely taking a look at your beautiful country."

"Yes, it is a mounty pretty country. A good many rocks, but some of the land's *awful* rich. I've seed corn on my old man's place what was twelve foot to the first ear. You kain't find no better corn country, I don't care if it is me as says it."

"What's that land o' your old man's worth, Sister Phoebe?"

"Law, Brother Kite, *you* know land like that kain't be bought less'n thirty dollars an acre. If the stranger wants ter look at it, he kin ride home with me arter the meetin'."

The stranger expressed a desire to see this wonderful corn land, whereupon Brother Kite asked blessing, and dinner was begun, a cloth first being spread under the boughs of an oak and the provisions brought from the wagon. Though not personally acquainted with the deceased Sister Betts, I will venture to affirm that that paragon of household virtues did not surpass Sister Phoebe in at least the matter of cooking. The fried chicken and jelly, with corn bread and pure, rich butter, made a meal an epicure might have enjoyed. When it was over, Brother Kite and I were excused while the women folk packed up the dishes.

The men were standing around in knots, some gossiping, some trading, others feeding their horses.

"I hearn as you'd swapped off your mare for Black Nance," said Brother Kite, addressing one of the group of men who were chewing tobacco and whittling sticks with jack-knives.

"Yes, I did," was the laconic answer.

"Git any boot?"

"Reckon I did. You didn't 'low as I'd give Lucy for Black Nance 'thout any boot?"

"Waal, I didn't know," replied the preacher. "Black Nance's a mounty good little mare, Brother Harkins."

"So was Lucy; worth two of Nance, if she's worth a cent."

There was a pause, during which the preacher pulled out his knife and picked up a stick to whittle.

"I say," he said, when a stick was found to his satisfaction, "how'd you like to swap Black Nance for my Joe?"

Brother Harkins looked up with a quick glance.

"D'ye mean it, Brother Kite?"

"Sartin."

"Waal, what'll you gimme boot?"

"Boot? Brother Harkins, you must be a funnin'. It's me as orter have boot; least-ways the swap orter be even."

This dickering lasted some five or ten minutes; then they adjourned to where the two horses were hitched to the limbs of a cedar tree, and Brother Kite pointed out the fine parts of Joe, while Brother Harkins dilated upon the good qualities of Black Nance. The end of it all was, the preacher took Black Nance, giving for her his horse Joe and ten dollars "boot." Brother Harkins, I was afterward told, was the best horse-trader in the country. He is said to have once gone to "meetin'" with an old yellow cob, made several "swaps," and finally rode home on the same yellow cob and sixty-five dollars extra in his pocket. He had a knack of making you believe that *your* horse was of no account at all, while *his* was the finest animal in the mountains, and the very one suited to your purposes.

The horses all attended to and the "swapping" finished, the congregation filed back into church to wash one another's feet. Buckets of water were brought from the neighboring spring, while the three preachers sat on the platform with half-closed eyes, chanting a hymn, the masculine half of the assembly began taking off their boots and shoes, and—those who had them—also their socks. The women, at the same time, prepared the water and towels. These preliminaries over, the women left their quarters, crossed the aisle, and falling on their knees before the first row of men, began washing their feet in the cold spring water. The three preachers were served last. After every man in the congregation (excepting the writer) had had his feet washed and wiped, three women advanced to the pulpit with three buckets and began removing the mountain soil from the pedal extremities of the three divines.

Streams and pools of dirty looking water had begun by this time to form on the floor. The air, in addition, feeling close, I beat a retreat to the less curious but more salubrious region outside under the trees.

"You didn't wash your feet," said Brother Kite, severely, when the ceremonies had concluded.

"Oh, you are mistaken," I answered cheerily. "I washed them this morning."

"Mebbe so, but 'twouldn't 'a' hurt you to have washed 'em agin in the meetin'."

Sister Phoebe came up at this moment and renewed her invitation to inspect her husband's corn land. As my destination was no place in particular, I accepted the invitation, and was soon riding alongside her spring wagon, *en route* to a genuine mountain home.

HUNTING AND TRAPPING IN CANADA.

By J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

FROM the day when the privacy of its unbounded solitudes was broken first and forever by the presence of marauding man, the country called Canada has been a hunter's paradise; and although by dint of reckless, wasteful methods that might well be termed criminal some of the most valuable quarries, like the beaver and the buffalo, have already been about exterminated, and

others, as the moose and caribou, are in peril of the same fate, so vast is the territory, and so sparse the population still, that there are few cities that have not good hunting grounds within reach of an easy journey.

In the past history of no other country has the fur trade played so important a figure. The brilliant historian Parkman, in his "Old Regime in Canada," says of this "hardy, ad-

venturous, lawless, fascinating pursuit," that it absorbed the enterprise of the colony, drained the life-sap from other branches of commerce, and, even more than a vicious system of government, kept them in a state of chronic debility. In the eighteenth century Canada exported a moderate quantity of timber, wheat, and a few other commodities, but from first to last she lived chiefly on beaver skins.

When the greater part of the population of a country give themselves up to one occupation a glutted market is the inevitable consequence, and the frantic fashion in which the Canadians through their *coureurs du bois* and Indian allies hunted the harmless ingenious beaver, whose only crime was his coat, while it ruined poor castor, ruined his persecutors also, there being at one time such a hopeless overstock of pelts that half a million pounds weight were actually burned in order to make the residue salable.

As it was with the beaver, so likewise with the buffalo. The poor animal was hunted and harried over its native prairies, and slaughtered senselessly until now the only specimens known to exist are a few that are being carefully preserved with a view to obtaining a cross between them and the common cattle, upon which great expectations are founded. The reason that the moose, caribou, and red deer have not shared a similar fate is that fortunately their habitat lies mainly within the borders of the older provinces, where game laws can not only be enacted, but more or less successfully enforced, and consequently their earthly sojourn has been prolonged, much to the satisfaction of the sportsmen, who every autumn follow them farther and farther into their forest fastnesses. Together with the wapiti and bear these noble animals constitute the big game of Canada, and it is to be hoped that the day may be far distant when the last stately stag, mighty moose, or berry-loving bear shall vainly flee for life before the bay of hound and bark of rifle.

The wapiti, or great stag of Canada (*cervus Canadensis*), naturally claims attention first, for it is not only the finest specimen of the genus in America, but by far the noblest and most beautiful animal of the deer tribe in all the world. No animal known to naturalists carries a more majestic and symmetrical set of horns. As to this distinctive feature

neither the splendid sambur of India, nor the red stag of the British Islands, which Sir Walter Scott, not knowing better, has called "the antlered monarch of the waste," can stand comparison with their Canadian congener, and in size of body they are not less inferior. A large male wapiti will stand seventeen hands high and weigh between eight hundred and a thousand pounds, the female, when full grown and fat, reaching seven hundred pounds. The form of this noble animal is exceedingly compact, strongly built, and graceful, the only drawback to its almost perfect beauty being the disproportionate shortness of the tail. The color is yellowish brown, verging toward a dark glossy brown about the head and shoulders, with a yellowish white patch on each hind quarter. The horns, however, constitute the wapiti's greatest point of beauty. Antlers have been frequently met with measuring upward of six feet from the burr around the beam to the highest point, ornamented with four formidable brow antlers, two over each eye, each eighteen and sometimes twenty-four inches long, curved upward and elegantly tapering and smooth at the points. The other tines range from one foot to eighteen inches in length, and are as nicely graduated to fine points as if they had been artificially tapered and polished. The horns shoot upward with a graceful sweep, and are peculiar for the almost uniform regularity of their growth.

These wapiti, beside a fine full-grown specimen of whom the largest stag of the Scottish Highlands would appear but a mere fawn, were formerly quite numerous in what are now the older portions of Canada. One hundred years ago the hard-wood forests of the Ottawa Valley furnished a favorite haunt, and their antlers are still now and then turned up by the plow in the vicinity of the capital itself. Mr. W. Pittman Lett (*clarum et venerabile nomen* in the annals of Canadian sport), to whom I am indebted for much valuable information, states that when a boy he often found these horns lying upon the surface of the ground in the woods not far from Ottawa City, and in such a fair state of preservation as to indicate clearly that not so very long before the majestic animals whose brows they adorned had honored the neighborhood by their presence. But he would be a foolish hunter that would

make Ottawa his base of operations against the wapiti to-day. The cutting down of the forests and the resistless march of civilization have driven them from their old haunts, and like the red-man, who has been chiefly responsible for their decline in numbers, they have had to travel farther and farther toward the setting sun, until now the only place in Canada where they are to be found in any numbers is in the country around the north and south forks of the Saskatchewan River in the far Northwest, and even there their stay can hardly be for very long. Being less vigilant and much more easily approached than any other variety of deer, they can be "still-hunted" without difficulty, and it is said that the Indians on finding a herd can ride into its midst by lying down on their horses' necks, and thus frequently succeed in killing half a dozen before the others take alarm. If wounded, the wapiti becomes a most dangerous opponent, and many a hair-breadth escape have his hunters had. Indeed the victory has not always been with the hunter. Year after year the ranks of these grand animals are thinning, and unless some stringent measures of protection are soon taken the last Canadian stag will have gone over to the "happy hunting-grounds" of the translated aborigine.

Seeing that the royal stag has betaken himself so far away from the haunts of civilized men, it is well for the ambitious hunter after large game that there is a quarry still within reach who, though his antlers may not be so splendid, nor his form so shapely, atones in some measure for these deficiencies by superior avoirdupois. This is the moose (*cervus alces*), the largest of all deer now existing in the world, and a true elk, being identified with the ancient Irish elk which attained such gigantic proportion in prehistoric days. A full-grown bull moose, when fat and up to his best weight, will turn the scale at fifteen hundred pounds, and exceptional specimens have been shot that would fall not far short of a ton. With his short, thick neck, asinine head, protruding eyes, prehensile lips, heavy broad ears, tremendous antlers, and abbreviated withers, the moose can be called nothing else than an unhandsome and clumsy animal. Only when enraged, at which time the thick mass of coarse hair that covers the top of the neck erects itself into a most im-

posing mane, may he be said to present a dignified appearance. Then, indeed, he is little short of terrible, and woe to the ill-starred hunter who finds himself face to face with him under these circumstances. A blood-curdling bellow, a fierce charge, a resistless toss of the tremendous antlers, followed by a furious stamping beneath those mighty hoofs, and the *manes* of one moose at least are appeased by an appropriate sacrifice. Such was the fate of a lumberman on the Black River not long ago before the eyes of his companions, and the same catastrophe has no doubt befallen many an unknown Indian. Instances are recorded of hunters being treed by infuriated moose, and in one case the man escaped only by dodging around a large tree until he got a chance to finish his work with another shot before the moose finished him.

These great creatures are still to be found, though in decreasing numbers, among the backlands of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where the forest primeval is yet untouched, and through the untrodden wilderness that stretches away from the Quebec shore of the St. Lawrence Gulf north to Labrador, as also in some of the unsettled portions of Eastern Ontario. But to meet them in anything like abundance one must traverse the country lying to the south of James Bay, and thence extending westward to Lake Winnipeg, and northward to the MacKenzie River. They attain the height of from eighteen to twenty hands, and carry branching antlers that weigh from fifty to seventy pounds a pair, measuring not less than five feet between the tips. It is difficult to believe that these enormous solid appendages are the growth of a single season, and yet the fact is too well established to admit of a doubt. According to "Billing's Canadian Naturalist" no matter how large they may be they grow to their full size in from twelve to fourteen weeks, beginning to sprout in April, attaining their full growth in August, and falling off in the following February. When fighting with each other, the moose use both horns and feet; but when bayed by dogs, only the latter, with which they strike tremendous blows.

There are three ways of hunting the moose that are worthy the attention of the true sportsman, viz.: still-hunting, fire-hunting, and calling. To the base creature whose



MOOSE HUNTING—TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

sole idea of sport is to do as much destruction as possible, or turn it to a mercenary purpose, there is a fourth method known, to wit, "yarding," which consists simply in slaughtering the poor animals like sheep in a pen when the heavy snows of winter have made them prisoners in their "yards," as their chosen feeding grounds amidst the forest are called. Fortunately for the moose, however, the law takes cognizance of such unprincipled butchery, and is doing its best to put a stop to it, with good results.

Fire-hunting explains itself, as it is nothing more than hunting by torch-light, and the *raison d'être* of it is this: The moose is particularly fond of the roots of the water-lily. In order to obtain this dainty, which seems insipidity itself to the human palate, he does not hesitate to dive down deep into the lily-pond. If the dive is successful, he stands in the water munching one end of his prize with supreme satisfaction, while the other projects from his mouth after the manner of a cigar, and it is just at this moment that he falls a prey to the wily hunter, who, knowing the fascination that fire has for the

animal, steals softly along the surface of the lake in a canoe with a blazing torch or dark lantern held in the bow. As the light falls upon the moose's inquiring eyes they shine out from the surrounding obscurity like twin stars, and a well-aimed bullet carries death to the noble creature they have so innocently betrayed. Let the hunter make sure of his work though. If his bullet only wounds the moose he will at once turn fiercely upon his assailants, and dashing at the canoe pitch its occupants out into the water, and then pursue them with relentless fury.

In both calling and still-hunting the assistance of the Indians is absolutely indispensable. White men can never learn to imitate successfully the weird wailing cry of the cow, or the bellowing challenge of the bull, nor can they track these sagacious creatures, which, huge and clumsy as they seem, will steal away with the silence of death into the depths of the forest. The art of calling, in any perfection, is rare indeed, even among the red-men. It is effected by means of a peculiar birch-bark trumpet.

Armed with this the Indian, accompanied by the hunter carrying his best rifle, betake themselves to the spot which holds out most promise of good fortune. An experienced moose-hunter lays down the following as essential preliminaries to success in calling. The night must be absolutely calm, for the moose is so wary that in coming up to the call he will invariably make a circle down wind in order to get scent of the animal that is calling him, and as his powers of scent are almost beyond belief, he is sure to catch a sniff of the hunter long before the hunter can catch a sight of him. Secondly, it must be moonlight; otherwise how are you to see your moose when he responds to your invitation? Thirdly, there must be bull moose unmated within reach of your call; and, fourthly, you must find a dry spot to be on, well sheltered by trees, with open ground all round it, across which the moose has to come in approaching you. The season for calling is confined to the month of October, and as all the above conditions must be combined at one and the same time, it is easily seen that the chances are upon the whole in favor of the moose.

Still-hunting or creeping upon the moose is, no doubt, of all three methods the most sportsmanlike. It can be followed through the autumn months and into the winter until the snow becomes so deep and heavy that to harry the poor moose, whose thin, sharp feet cut through the crust as would a horse's hoof, is nothing short of cowardly cruelty. The winter is, of course, the easiest time, as the tracks of the moose can be so easily followed, and with a couple of good dogs one may be pretty sure of securing a pair of antlers, if there are any in the neighborhood. For the man of pluck and endurance, however, who takes as much pleasure in the vicissitudes of the chase as in the net result, the late autumn, when the forest has laid aside its summer dress, the ground is dry and firm, and the crisp air sets every nerve a-tingle, is the season that he prefers; and then with his trusty Indian tracker, to whom the forest is an open book, he follows his noble quarry day after day, it may be, until at length, fairly run down, it yields itself a worthy conquest.

There is a marked difference between the hunting of the moose and caribou so far as the snow is concerned. It is an ignoble

thing to hunt moose in heavy snow. It is not only perfectly proper to hunt caribou under the same circumstances, but the presence of snow offers about the only chance the hunter has of coming near enough to the caribou to do them any harm. Frank Forrester says with truth that this interesting animal is the fiercest, fleetest, wildest, shyest, and most untamable of its species; so much so that white men have small chance of success in hunting them. Indians alone have the patience and instinctive craft that enable them to crawl unseen, unsmelt (for the keen nose of the caribou can detect the smallest taint upon the air of anything human at least two miles up wind of him), and unsuspected. If the animal takes alarm and starts upon the run, it is the merest folly to pursue; as well pursue the wind. "Snow-shoes against him avail little, for propped up on the broad natural snow-shoes of his long elastic pasterns and wide-cleft clacking hoofs, he shoots over the unbroken crust of the deepest drifts, in which the lordly moose would soon flounder shoulder deep, and the graceful deer would fall despairing. But he, the ship of the winter wilderness, outstrips the wind among his native pines and tamaracks, and when once started may be seen no more by human eyes, nor run down by the fleetest feet of men." To hunt caribou one must be capable of enduring cold, hunger, fatigue, solitude, and other privations to a more than ordinary degree; consequently when a man can point to widespread antlers hung high upon his walls, and assure you that they are the trophies of his own rifle, you know that you stand in the presence of no mean disciple of St. Hubert.

There are two species of caribou in Canada: the barren ground caribou (*tarandus arcticus*), whose habitat covers the whole of that immense region lying between the Hudson's Bay district and the Arctic Circle, and the woodland caribou (*rangifer tarandus*), which is to be found in the unsettled portions of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario, and throughout the northwest territories generally, up to the southern limits of Hudson's Bay. Both species may be properly called reindeer, but that name is popularly limited to the former, the useful little animal without which the hardy Eskimo could not maintain the miserable existence he manages at present. The two species



A LYNX AT BAY.

resemble one another in almost every particular except size of body and shape of horns, the woodland caribou standing when full grown nearly five feet at the shoulder and weighing up to five hundred pounds, the barren ground being much shorter and slighter, and averaging not more than one hundred and fifty pounds. Their food consists of mosses, lichens, and creeping plants found in the swamps in summer, and in search of which they paw up the snow in winter with their broad hoofs. The flesh when fat is most delicious venison, preferred by many to that of the moose or red deer. The fleetness of the caribou has been already mentioned. Its favorite gait is the trot, which it can perform at a rate that would put Maud S. herself to the blush, and a curious thing is, that owing to the peculiar formation of the hoof it can trot as swiftly

and surely over the glassy surface of a frozen lake as over the dry firm ground of the barrens. They are fond of migrating in large herds, and sometimes when the Indians have encountered one of these herds swimming across a lake or river they have been able to kill many before they could escape. Fourteen were thus killed in a few minutes on the River du Lievre, not very far from the city of Ottawa.

The stag, moose, and caribou have had priority of mention because they are entitled to it by virtue of their superiority as members of the deer tribe, or as subjects for the huntsman's skill; but if popularity with the hunter or rate of mortality were the test, the red or common deer (*ceruus Virginianus*) should undoubtedly be allowed the *pas*. It is safe to say that there are more red deer hunted and killed every season in the Prov-

ince of Ontario alone than there are of the three larger kinds combined throughout the rest of the older portions of the Dominion. This deer is one of the most graceful and beautiful types of the genus, and is described in the *Canadian Naturalist* as having a long, tapering head, and large, lustrous bluish-black eyes. The legs are slender and well-formed, possessing prodigious muscular strength in proportion to their size. The body is moderately stout and flexible. The horns are not large, but they are well armed with strong and sharp spikes. A fine pair will weigh about six pounds. The color of the animal varies with the seasons, being reddish during the spring and summer, and bluish gray in winter. A few instances are known of the color being white. An Ottawa gentleman had in his private deer park for some time a magnificent buck, the pure and uniform whiteness of whose skin was almost beyond belief. This rare and precious specimen had been caught in the deep snow far up the Gatineau River, being then about three years old. He carried a grand pair of antlers, and was altogether a most imposing and beautiful *lusus nature*.

Timid as they seem, these deer are not entirely without courage or pugnacity. In the late autumn the bucks engage in terrific combats, which now and then end by their horns becoming inextricably interlocked, and both combatants dying of starvation. They have even been found alive in this embarrassing situation, and made easy captives. Some idea of the fierceness of these duels may be formed from the statement of Mr. Lett that he has seen a space in the woods fully one-quarter of an acre in size, after a light snow in November, all trampled over, the soil torn up, and small dead trees uprooted in all directions, as the evidences of one of these battles à l'outrance.

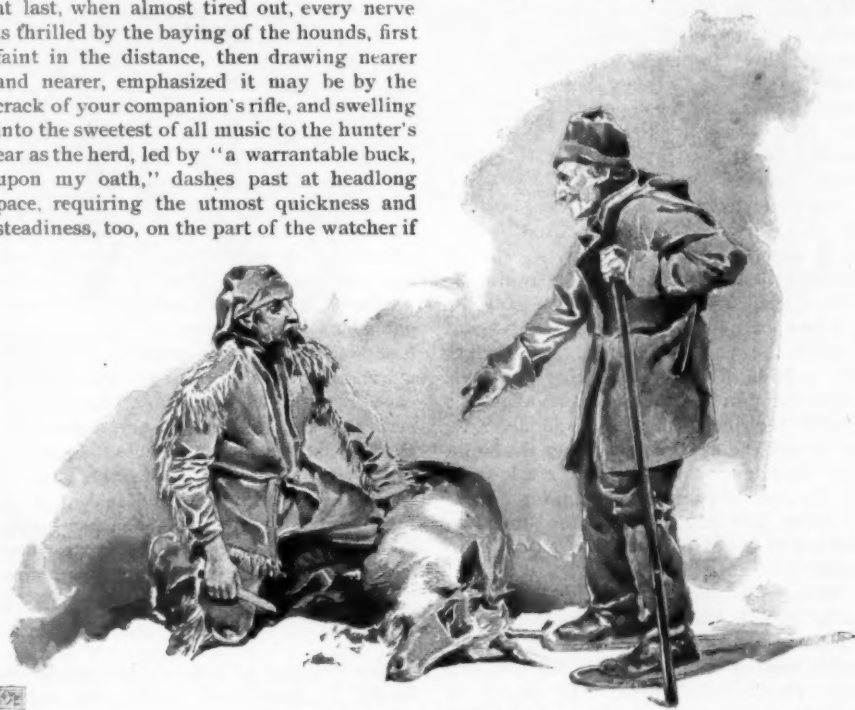
There are three ways of hunting the red deer, viz. : still-hunting, fire-hunting, and driving. The first two are the most likely to yield you something for your trouble (a still-hunter has killed as many as one hundred and fifty head in a single season) ; but the last is the most sportsmanlike. To follow a deer on snow-shoes, which carry you easily over the snow, while he sinks deep into it at every step, often marking his way with his own blood as the hard crust



GAME IN SIGHT.

cuts his knees, does not seem a very manly proceeding, any more than creeping through the woods at dead of night behind a torch-bearer until two balls of fire, shining through the darkness, offer a mark that can hardly be missed. But to take your place on the run-way in late autumn, and wait there for hour after hour perhaps in the cool air, until at last, when almost tired out, every nerve is thrilled by the baying of the hounds, first faint in the distance, then drawing nearer and nearer, emphasized it may be by the crack of your companion's rifle, and swelling into the sweetest of all music to the hunter's ear as the herd, led by "a warrantable buck, upon my oath," dashes past at headlong pace, requiring the utmost quickness and steadiness, too, on the part of the watcher if

most impenetrable swamps of spruce and tamarack intervening, broken here and there by the gleam of a river or lake, constitute the landscape. Only the lumberman and trapper have knowledge of these solitudes, and if you are in luck you put up at one of the lumber shanties, from which you need never go far to find traces of deer, for they



CARIBOU HUNTING—A MASTER SHOT.

he would bring down his game—this is real sport, and worthy of a man.

The forest-covered backwoods of Ontario and Quebec harbor uncounted thousands of these deer, and as they are dotted all over with lumbermen's depots and shanties, it is often easy to find accommodation without going to the trouble of making a camp for yourself. The season for deer hunting with dogs is very short, being limited by law to the month between 15th October and 15th November. The following may be accepted as an accurate outline of a deer hunt such as scores of sportsmen engage in every year:

The country is not prepossessing. High hills of solid rock, completely bare, with al-

are not averse to the society of men unless they have been much hunted. With a companion and a couple of good dogs, who know their work, your party is complete. You must be an unlucky hunter if, after going a mile or two, you do not find tracks of deer that have passed during the night. You are upon one of the hilly ridges that lie on either side of a stream or lake to which the deer will run when pursued. Accordingly you go on ahead until near the water, and there take up your position beside the most likely looking "run-way," as the paths worn by the deer in going to and fro are called. Your companion, holding the dogs in check, allows you sufficient time to

get well settled, and then the dogs are loosed upon the fresh tracks. With eager and unerring nose they take up the scent, and ere long their joyous notes proclaim that the quarry has been started. Before making for the water deer will often circle around the face of the hill, running a short distance, then stopping to listen to the dogs, and then off again. He does not try to keep far ahead of the dogs, and usually runs into the wind. During this circling, which is generally made on an old, well-beaten run-way, the man who puts out the dogs often has a shot, and thus gives the first intimation to the watcher by the water of the direction from which he may expect his victim to come. Upon the latter's ear the welcome music of the dogs soon grows louder and louder. With rifle poised, and eyes peering eagerly through the thicket of spruce, he awaits the critical moment. The keenest of eyes and quickest of hands are needed for success. Rapidly the sounds approach, and at length like a flash of living lightning the buck bursts through the trees. It is an affair of a second; the rifle springs to the shoulder, for an instant the eye glances along the sight, then the finger moves, a sharp crack splits the air, and the poor buck, springing high in his track, falls headlong into the stream he had hoped to put between him and his pursuers.

An essential feature of the hunting of the noble animals that I have described in the preceding pages demands a word or two before passing on, and that is the camping out. The hunter, whether the quarry he seeks be wapiti, moose, caribou, or red deer, who spends a month amid their haunts, even though not a single antler fall before his rifle, has at least this compensation—that he could not possibly spend that month in a more healthy, wholesome, inspiring manner. To throw off all the stiff-starched restraints of society, and bury yourself in the depths of the forest with the red-man or *coureur du bois* for your companion, and primeval nature for your environment, is well worth the doing for its own sake. Then does the innate barbarism that lies *perdu* in the best of us come bravely forth, and after the first few days we astonish ourselves by the readiness with which we take to aboriginal methods. If we want to be very comfortable we may indulge in a canvas tent and sheet-iron stove,

but if we would show ourselves true sons of St. Hubert the primitive lean-to with open camp-fire shall suffice. Under its leaf-thatched walls we will sleep with the stars winking at us through the clear, cold air, or the snow softly wrapping us in a premature winding-sheet. Its rude rafters will we adorn with sash and snow-shoe, or better still, if Diana be but kind to us, with antlered trophies of our prowess, and thither will we return each evening, wearied and hungry, to find rest and rare refreshment.

But this outdoor life, even for the strongest, is not all fun and frolic. The ice-king is no respecter of persons. Hunters and hunted are alike to him, and he sends his snowy legions down upon them with impartial hand. Sometimes the cold in camp renders existence little better than intermittent misery, and even worse than this may be the plight of those who, having followed their game far afield, find themselves when facing homeward caught in one of those fierce snow-storms that bring peril to the most experienced hunter. Well for those thus hard beset if they come off with no more serious loss than the burden that represents the result of their hard day's hunt. But such trials as these are happily rare, and taking it altogether, the fine free life of the deer hunter is something to be coveted by those whose plans for holidaying have never taken them beyond the pale of the Pullman car.

● II.

THE trapping of animals in Canada can hardly be considered within the sphere of the sportsman. It is more properly the business of the Indian, the backwoods settler, and the Hudson's Bay Company's employee, in whose eyes a valuable pelt is about the best product the country can boast of. The list of creatures that repay the trouble of trapping them is a pretty long one, and as the demand is ever on the increase, and the supply steadily on the decrease, the list has lengthened much of late years, until now it includes practically every wild thing on four legs that is so unfortunate as to wear a furry coat. As it stands at present, the principal names upon it are the fisher, sable, weasel, ermine, mink, wolverine, otter, skunk, beaver, bear, wolf, fox, panther, wild-cat, lynx, squirrel, marmot, hare, raccoon, and badger. With a few exceptions the winter is



TRAPPING THE WOLVERINE.

the trapper's time for work, the snow increasing his chances of success, and the skins being then in prime condition. The bear is one of those that look their best in winter time, and we may as well pay our respects to him first.

The black bear (*ursus Americanus*) is to be found throughout all the wooded parts of Canada. But for the clumsiness of his movements he would be a rather handsome animal when in good condition, his strong, shapely form, long, clever-looking head, and thick, glossy, soft, black fur being decidedly attractive. His length is from four to six feet, and weight, when fat in the autumn, from three to six hundred pounds. For so large a creature his tastes in the usual order of things are very simple and innocent. Give him plenty of grapes, roots, berries, beech-nuts, oats, and corn, and he will ask for nothing better. Nay, more, he will grow so fat upon this vegetarian diet as to rival the plumpest alderman that ever gorged calliput and callipee at a Mansion House dinner. This fondness for what Dr. Johnson scorned as being fit food only for horses often leads to bruin's undoing, as the pioneer farmer has an awkward habit of setting

traps and spring-guns in his fields, or of awaiting his despoiler's advent perched high up in the trees, where even bruin's keen nose can not smell him out in time. Consequently one trip too many is sometimes made, and a fine bear-skin adds a few very welcome dollars to a not over-burdened purse.

When, however, his natural food fails him, he becomes not only carnivorous, but exceedingly fearless also, and extending his operations from the oat-field to the farm-yard, will carry off pigs, sheep, and even young cattle. So reckless does he grow that, according to Mr. Lett, he has more than once permitted himself to be killed with an ax rather than resign a fine porker he had seized.

There are various ways of trapping the bear in vogue, such as the spring-gun, the dead-fall, and the steel trap. The first is used where the main object is to kill him for his misdeeds, and the second where better means do not happen to be at hand. It is simply a small pen of logs having a narrow door over which a heavy log is suspended in such a way that, on the bear endeavoring to get at the tempting bait inside, the log falls with tremendous force across his back,

pinning him to the ground with a broken spine. Much the most common mode of the three is the steel trap, to which is usually fastened by a strong chain a heavy bit of log, that, dragging along the ground, leaves a trail that does not require a red-skin to follow up. No better illustrations of the bear's astonishing strength could be desired than his actions when trapped afford. An instance is recorded where a big fellow climbed twenty feet into a tree with a huge steel trap fastened to one of his hind feet, a log of at least half a hundredweight being attached to the trap. The hunter who follows up the trail of a trapped bear must take good care that he does not come too suddenly upon the fettered animal. A few years ago a former resident of Ottawa, in crossing a fallen tree, came unexpectedly upon a huge bear which was fast in a trap he had set, and a terrible hand-to-paw encounter ensued, which was ended only by the death of both. When seized, the old hunter attacked the furious animal with his hunting knife, and succeeded in killing him, but unfortunately not until he was himself mortally lacerated. Held close in one another's grasp, man and bear were found lying dead together.

Bears are not averse to water, and can swim very well, if not very swiftly. They are often killed when thus afloat. It is said by some who claim to speak from experience, that if a good strong pole, an oar or paddle for instance, be laid across the back of a bear's neck when he is swimming, he will instantly raise his fore-paws, and catching a firm hold of the pole on each side of his head, by this means draw it under water, and drown himself. One can not help thinking, however, in this connection of the fable of the rats who proposed to kill the cat, and of the fatal objection to the brilliant scheme which unfortunately revealed itself.

In view of the present very vigorous renaissance of the noble art of self-defense, I have often wondered why no enterprising manager of pugilistic exhibitions has ever bethought himself of introducing bruin to the prize-ring, for when in an erect position he is a perfect master of the art of boxing, and it would puzzle the best light-weight or heavy-weight in the ring to give him a counter on the nose. I remember well a splendid specimen, the pet of a British regi-

ment, that was always ready for a round with the stalwart soldiers, and although many a time they were sent headlong to grass, not one of them was ever known to get a fair crack at his bearship's snout, which, as naturalists tell us, is about the only part of his anatomy worth hitting, as he is practically invulnerable elsewhere.

An animal that well-nigh rivals the bear in strength, although very much smaller, is the wolverine, or carcajou, the pest and plague of the trapper, who hates him with a perfect hatred. The reason for this is that the wolverine is not only the hardest of all animals to trap himself, but he takes a malevolent delight in following the trapper in his rounds (at a safe distance, however), and despoiling the traps of their bait, by burrowing underneath them so soon as the coast is clear. Or if it be that the traps have already done their duty, he will then amuse himself "making raggles" of the prize, mangling the body so as to render the skin quite valueless; consequently there is nothing so delights a trapper as to catch or shoot a carcajou, unless it be to bag a black or silver fox, the pelts of which are worth well-nigh their weight in gold and silver respectively.

An English wearer of the scarlet would no doubt be struck dumb with horror at the thought of trapping foxes, but what would he say to shooting them? Yet there are quite as many foxes shot as trapped in Canada, the fact being that they are such wary animals that only the most ingenious arrangement of the trap can catch any of them. The red fox exists in large numbers throughout all the unsettled districts, keeping as close to the fringe of civilization as he dare, the settler's poultry being in his estimation worth any ordinary risk to secure for his supper-table. The black is the rarest of all foxes, the silver, which is simply the black with white hairs scattered through the fur, coming next in rarity, and the red and the white last, the white fox being least valuable of all.

In the days of the French occupation, the animal whose skin was most eagerly sought by the trapper was the beaver. For it the settler and *coureur du bois* braved the perils of hardship, hunger, cold, wet, and the still greater danger of the merciless Iroquois, and traversed uncounted leagues of somber-shadowed forest, rapid-strewn river, fathom-

less lake, and verdureless wilderness. Year in and year out, summer and winter alike, the poor defenseless beaver was shot, and clubbed, and trapped, until at length even his prodigious numbers began to fail, and retreating farther and farther before the advance of man he left the older provinces altogether, and is now to be found only in the remotest portions of the Northwest. There he is still met with in small settlements, and is caught by the Indians and trappers. The method of catching him in summer time is to place traps at the edge of the water in the places where he is accustomed to climb the bank. On finding himself caught, the beaver at once dives back into the water, and being held down by the heavy trap is soon drowned. In winter time he is taken by driving stakes across the door of his dome-like house so as to prevent his exit, and then digging him out of his warm nest. His fur is still in active demand. In fact it is high in the favor of fashion this present winter. Consequently there is not much hope for the few that remain of what was once probably the most plentiful fur-bearing animal in Canada.

All of the animals included in the list before given are now taken in steel traps, usually set in the afternoon and visited as early as possible in the morning. The ordinary course pursued by a trapper who has a promising field before him is to set out his traps one after the other at such places as seem most frequented by the animals, and then to return to camp to await the result, and hope for good luck. About the time the darkness of the night is giving way before the coming of the day he sets forth again, snow-shoe on foot, hunting-knife and hatchet at belt, gun on shoulder, and toboggan dragging behind. Striding swiftly over the heavy snow he examines each trap in turn, to find perhaps in one a toe, in another a nail, and in a third a splendid ermine torn to raggles by "that infernal carcajou," or if fortune be more favorable, a fine sable in the first, a mink in the second, and once or twice in his lifetime a black fox in the third.

The trapper's is a most precarious and trying occupation. The perils are great and the hardships greater, but the uncertainties greatest of all. For one really good season there will be many poor ones, and even at the best of times the earnings are comparatively little. The amount paid at a fashionable furrier's for a fine beaver or mink bears about the same relation to what the trapper got for it as the first price asked by a booth merchant at a Constantinople bazaar bears to what he actually intends to take for the article he is selling. Even allowing for all the expenses that have to be undergone before the skin is fit for the market, there is no doubt that the trapper is shamefully underpaid. But what matter? He is only an Indian, a half-breed, or at best a backwoods settler, and as he does not know any better it is hardly worth while for the Hudson's Bay Company, or the outpost storekeeper, to be so benevolent as to lighten their own pockets by enlightening him.

Despite all these drawbacks, however, the life has its fascinations and compensations, too. It is admirably suited to natures in which the aboriginal element remains unsubdued. I know of more than one case where men, after spending the first half of their lives in the midst of civilization, have thrown off all restraints of society, and buried themselves in the woods, that they might follow the occupation of hunter and trapper to their heart's content.

Looking thoughtfully at the subject today, and noting with what ominous rapidity the large game of the world is being decimated, and the measures that have to be taken to preserve these creatures from total extinction, the elephant being now protected in India just as the moose is in Canada, one is naturally led to ask what is to become of the hunters and trappers when their occupation is, like Othello's, altogether gone. In another half-century, despite all the laws that may be enacted, there will not be much big game left, and what little there is will probably be preserved like the buffaloes in Yellowstone National Park.

THE CAMPAIGN OF POTIPHAR MCCRAY AND OTHERS.

BY R. M. JOHNSTON.

"Maxima debetur pueris reverentia."

—JUV. SAT.

I.

HOW the late war between the States was begun, conducted, and ended has been told quite variously in many histories. Besides these pamphlets, which no one man could count, have been printed, celebrating notable achievements of particular bands and individuals among the combatants on both sides. I propose, in this paper, to tell in brief of a campaign in Middle Georgia, toward the last of that momentous period whose results came sooner and quite otherwise than had been expected by the daring spirits who had planned it.

In the summer of the year 1864 it was becoming more and more probable that unless Fortune should make a speedy change of the ragged garments in which, lately, she had been showing herself to the Confederates, the war must soon come to an end from the exhaustion of Confederate means with which to protract it. General Joseph E. Johnston, after a masterly retreat conducted through many months, was now with his army within a few miles of Atlanta, and the very last hope of the failing cause seemed to lie in his ability to defend successfully that city.

In this critical juncture, Julius Fellows, a lad of thirteen, rather undergrown and delicate, but quite imaginative, whose father was major in one of the Georgia regiments, seemed to feel for a while a suspicion that perhaps he had an important mission. He knew some Latin and Greek, and, quite extensively for one of his age, had read in the "Classical Dictionary," "Plutarch's Lives," and other books commemorating the great among mankind. He believed that he understood profoundly the career of Joan of Arc, female though she was, and that he appreciated justly the Dutch boy who, for hours and hours in a bleak and extremely lonesome night, with only the palm of his hand, perhaps with a bare thumb, had saved his native country, not less dear for being moist,

flat, and low-lying, from disastrous inundation. All people's talk at home, ever-increasing scarcity of necessary things there and with our armies, these, aided by dreams of renown, led him to a determination to go to the front before it was entirely too late, in order by personal prowess and example to save a cause that was so dear to his heart. Of course he could not but consider that a spirit, however heroic, for the accomplishment of its endeavors must have some, if only a few, followers.

Fortunately there were in the town two other lads deemed suitable for his purposes, one a year younger, and one as much older than himself. These were Paul Wicker, whose father had fallen at the battle of Missionary Ridge, and Michael McCray, son of an Irish emigrant, who, having come with his family to the town two years before the commencement of the war, had enlisted therein, and was now a lieutenant. Added to the conviction of Julius concerning the courage of these lads, the consideration that they could be mounted led to the selection of them as comrades. He kept and called his own a pony of variously mixed breeds that possessed much endurance and considerable swiftness of foot. Paul owned a marsh tackie, so styled, being a small quadruped thought by some to be indigenous to the swamps of lower South Carolina and Georgia, which, so far as native zoölogists have been able to investigate, is the only animal to any degree adapted to the use of man that can digest and so subsist upon the grasses of that apparently, but only apparently, fecund region.

Michael McCray was the last of many masters, who, consecutively, during a period of some years, had owned a very diminutive donkey of uncertain age named Potiphar, but commonly called Pot. Mike (for his name was abbreviated also) had succeeded in dissuading his mother from giving away this animal (in the event that any one could be found who would accept him), by arguing

that she could not tell how soon the whole Yankee army might descend upon the town ; in which case, if the family should be caught entirely destitute of a beast to take them out during the occupation, he, for one, would be sorry for them. Then the expense of keeping Pot was not very burdensome, even in those times. Not that he would not partake freely of the daintiest provender whenever he could get it, but he could subsist on as inexpensive a scale as any other domestic animal in the community, not even excepting the goats. He cropped Bermuda grass on the commons ; he picked up on the wayside wisps of hay and fodder dropped from incoming wagons ; he supplemented these with bits of potato-peelings, rags, maybe scraps of old boots and shoes, old straw brooms and shuck door-mats. His brayings, audible all over town and quite a space in the country around, were extremely popular with the young, mainly, perhaps, for the disgust they gave to everybody else. Therefore, the former were, in general, liberal in dividing with him biscuit, apples, ground-nuts, and such other good things as they used to carry in their pockets.

Paul, much less educated than Julius, always rather sad-looking, especially so since the fall of his father, was yet the most earnest and resolute of the three. Mike was fully Julius' equal in understanding, and not far behind him in education. His historical researches, however, had been mainly into the wrongs and heroic sufferings of his native country ; and whenever it became his turn to declaim at the Friday evening exhibitions at the school, the audience used to say that in spite of his Celtic accent his renderings of selections from Irish orators were not surpassed by the declamations of Julius on the great names of Roman story.

"And I'm glad ye m'ntioned the subject, Jul'us. I think meself the takin' away one people's lib'ties is enough, and I'm ready to jine wid ye at a minute's notice to try to stop that sort o' business in me new kintry. We shall have to slip off and dodge people, or our mummies'll sind after us, but I think we kin make it. Iv course we'll go to the cavalry. We wouldn't feel like bein' foot-soldiers, I hope."

"Certainly," answered Julius, "my intention is to belong to the cavalry arm of the service."

"Thet's so, and if we can only git thar, my, my ! And if we can't, our names'll git in the papers anyhow, and that'll do some good. It's a mirrycle ye thinkin' it up now ; ye may shoot me wid ye pistil if it isn't. What do you say, Poll, me brave lad ?"

"All I want," answered Paul, "is to git there and find the man that shot pa."

"And a noble sintimint is that. I niver would wish to listen to a nobler sintimint."

So these three lads, each with his own motives, agreed to repair clandestinely to the army, which was distant about three days' journey on horseback—Julius Fellows with somewhat of the spirit of a knight-errant, Mike McCray mainly for the sake of notoriety, and Paul Wicker with the single purpose which we have just heard him avow. Leadership naturally fell to Mike, the most voluble of speech, and believed to be the most acquainted with practical matters. They agreed to leave after two days. In this while Mike inquired, in ways deemed by himself extremely distant and shrewd, among his adult acquaintances regarding the roads leading to Atlanta, and the locations of the villages situate there along. They were to start immediately after breakfast on a Thursday morning, to leave town each by a street different from the others, and meet at a given point outside. Each had quite a supply of Confederate money. Besides, Lucius had five dollars in specie, Mike a dollar and a half, and Paul seventy-five cents.

The last night was spent with their families, if with any change from what was usual, perhaps with more pronounced manifestations of filial and fraternal affection.

"Harry, dear," said Lucius to his little brother in their chamber on getting into bed, "if anything happens to me you must grow as fast as you can, be a man, and take care of mother and the rest."

"Don't know what you talkin' about," answered Harry, and at once fell asleep.

"No," soliloquized the knight, "he does not know ; he can not understand ; he is yet so young. Perhaps it is best, and a mercy that he is not old as me to see that his country is, I may say, perfectly porous with blood and poverty."

Then he sighed, and straightway went to sleep himself.

II.

ON the eventful morning, with what carelessness of manner each could command, they set out, and with punctuality that seemed propitious met at the place of rendezvous. It was rather though not painfully embarrassing, that when they had proceeded in a gallop for about four miles, they met Mr. Pullin, an elderly gentleman, who dwelt a few miles further on, and who had stopped to let his horse drink at the rivulet that crossed the road. He was known to them by sight. Their beasts, on reaching the stream, halted voluntarily and threw down their heads. Noticing the boys pulling impatiently at their bridles, Mr. Pullin, kindly remonstrating, said:

"Oh now, now! come now, let 'em drink: let the poor creeters have enough water if they can't git enough of anything else. Where you little chaps rushin' to so rapid, all with saddle-bags? Anything in town new from the war?"

"We're strangers, sir, in this kintry, and travelin' some distance above here to see our—yes, sir, to see our uncle and our aunt, a-hem!"

This was said in answer quickly by Mike, who felt that it was of utmost importance for him to be spokesman in the sudden emergency.

"Strangers?" rejoined Mr. Pullin. "Why a'n't that Major Fellows' little son on that pony-horse? I know one of 'em if I don't the t'other. Nor I don't think I'm mistaken about that tackie; and I *know* I a'n't about that little mule I see you a-top of, for many's the time I've drove him off from follerin' and stealin' fodder off my wag'n; and what's more, I've heerd him beller, and nobody's ever heerd *that* and forgot it. And furdurmore, I've saw *you* before, and from your brogues, I has mighty little doubts but what you're Barney McCray's son, er some of his people."

"Mistakened, sir, sadly mistakened. Know no such min, sir; bid you good-day, sir."

"Some badness them boys got on hand in their mind," said Mr. Pullin. "I should of suspicioned 'em, even if they hadn't made out like they never knowed me; but they couldn't fool me about them things they're ridin', and special that little mule, or—dunkard, I believe they calls him."

Then he rode on leisurely to town.

"Now isn't it astonishin' the cur'osity of old people?" said Mike, as they loped onward, "and the impudence? Brogue indeed! I kin beat him spakin' English if ye give him two hours the start o' me. Good luck I hadn't to lie straight out, for me father's name it is not Barhney, but Barhnabas. I'm glad he mintoned the subject."

"Still, Mike, I'm afraid he did know Pot," said Julius.

"Oh, Jul'us," he answered indifferently, "he had his sispicions about Pot, as anybody mout that have seen the little divil. But look ye, now. If he say anything about it in town, he'll call Pot a muel, and that'll throw people off our track. I'm happy he mintoned the subject."

Thereafter they advanced with somewhat slackened speed; for although the donkey and the tackie could have endured continued pressure, the pony showed some signs of jading.

About midday they halted for the purpose of taking an hour's rest, during which Mike held Pot by his halter, so as to be in condition to put instant check upon any disposition to bray.

"Because, ye know," said he, "if Pot let hissillf out at his best, they is niver any tillin' how fur his voices kin pinetrate. It's the only ibjection to Pot, and I've jist now diskivered it. At home, his brayin' sounds to me like music, because so many women and old people have so much to say about it. But now, in time o' war, Pot have to be watched in his voices."

Indeed, their intention to camp for the first night was owing mainly to the apprehension that their whereabouts might be made known, through Pot, to the friends who, they doubted not, would come in pursuit.

As the day waned, especially as the sun seemed hastening to its setting, their conversation dwindled in animation in spite of Mike's continued efforts to support it.

"I'm afraid," suddenly said Julius, rather abstractedly, "that I can't sleep if I don't have some milk for supper; however," recovering and straightening himself on his saddle, "that's not like a soldier. I didn't intend—I spoke without thinking. I'm all right: I take that back."

"Jest like the brave lad ye are," said Mike, in highly gratulatory tone.

A few minutes afterward they halted for the night on a level in a wood about a hundred yards or so from the road, and a quarter of a mile on the hither side from the residence of old Mr. Hedge. Near their camp was a cornfield, whose furthest line extended to this gentleman's horse lot. Having disposed of their beasts, Pot being haltered near his master, so as to be accessible in case of need, they settled themselves down between two logs, which they had heaved parallel to each other.

Their commissary supplies for men and horses were reasonable, except in the matters of long forage for the latter and milk for Julius.

"But niver mind," said Mike, cheerily, "it's only for one night. To-morrow night we can all jist *rivil* in whatever the place we put up at kin afford."

Fatigue of body, not unmixed with other causes, among them thoughts of the anxiety that he was sure of his mother's suffering from, had imparted some melancholy to Julius, who had never been subjected to hardships of any sort, and was in general a dutiful, affectionate son; and but for the sake of example he might have yielded even more to the depression of his spirit. Mike kept his tongue going for a couple of hours, until the necessity of sleep became irresistibly pressing. After gathering and spreading leaves for a bed, making pillows of their saddles, and coverlets of their overcoats and saddle-blankets, Mike made a brief but severely monitory lecture to Pot, then turning to his comrades, as all were about to lie down, said:

"It was absolute nicissary to camp out this first night. If not, I should have to slept in Pot's stall to keep his mouth shet, which he's certain to open if he git a chance in the night. If he was in a stable of course people know there's jist where he is; but here in the woods, even if I didn't wake up when he begun to let hissif loose, but which, I no doubt, *some* of us'll do that, yit it's the very natur of a donkey's voices, and him partic'lar, that if you don't know where he is, you got no idees whar the sound come from. It natchuil seem like his voices so big they fill up everywhere, and people, when they hear 'em, don't know where to go to look for 'em, and so that give us a chance, case o' accident, to dodge about in

the woods for a day or so. That's one consolation cert'n, Jul'us."

"I sup—suppose so," answered Julius, with something of a sigh.

The sleep that must come to the young, except when in great bodily pain, came in a little while to these, and kept them wrapped under its mantle until the morrow's sunrise. The first to awaken was Mike, who, after opening his eyes, rising, and looking momentarily around, broke forth into several startling ejaculations in such rapid sequence that they were hardly distinguishable one from another.

III.

AND now the historian of this campaign must go back temporarily into the deep of the night in order to account for an important desertion from the auxiliary force that was hastening to the relief of the army under General Johnston.

Potiphar McCray, whatever may have been the meditations of his mind all along, had postponed action thereon until the whole band of warriors were sunk in sleep. The economical pile of shelled corn for his night meal having been exhausted, he had already partially supplemented this allowance by consuming the green leaves and twigs, and barking the young saplings around the radius of his halter as well as his master's straw hat, lifting it lightly from the wearer's head as he slept, and still his appetite, enhanced beyond what was usual by a day's work of uncommon continuous exercise, was not fully appeased. As if to prepare himself adequately for the execution of a purpose he had in his mind, he reflected for some time in silence. Already the smell of the green corn in the field hard by, its young ears beginning to shoot, pouring forth in thankful response to the sweet night dews, was grateful to his nostrils.

After his rumination, he concluded to take, perhaps as an appetizer, the halter by which he was fastened. Finding the hempen rope pleasanter eating than might have been expected, he partook of it with reasonable heartiness as far as his mouth could reach toward each of its ends. This done, he advanced without unnecessary noise to the cornfield fence, and in a surprisingly brief while, for a beast of his size, reduced

it to a height that he knew he could surmount. Having leaped over, he turned his head with deliberation toward the camp, and then it was that, for the first time since he had been drafted into the military service of his country, he lifted up his voice.

Now if the thought of Potiphar had been to make up for the constrained silence to which he had been subjected throughout the long day, any reasonable donkey would have been satisfied with the present effort; for seldom, my own opinion is, from all accounts has the stillness of the night been invaded by a roar from one of his kind more sonorous or more protracted. It was near the corner of four adjoining counties, about the dividing line of the level from the undulating region. Having permeated the circumambient space throughout several miles, the reverberations continued to travel adown the valleys behind, and ascending the hill-tops before, poured onward, onward, onward, until—indeed there was never any reliable ascertainment of the exact spots where they ceased. People at incredible distances who happened to be awake declared that they heard them. *Them*, I say; for, bless you, there were believed to be any number of them that were in excess of barely one. After a wail of many moments' duration, that sounded as if it might disturb the dead in the shaking earth, the little beast would pause until he could refill his windpipes, and then renew his roaring, as if it were his aim to reproduce on a limitlessly exalted scale the *strophe* and *antistrophe* of Grecian song in innumerable chorus. As for the people at the Hedges', only a quarter of a mile off, all, old and young, white and black, were awakened even in the midst of the first volley. Some small grandchildren of the old gentleman and several of his negroes rushed into his bedroom and asked frantically if the Yankees had come.

"I hope not," he answered, feeling the importance of being as calm as possible; "grandpa hopes not; your old marster can't but hope not yit awhile, though I must acknowledge it may be a sign that they a'n't so very fur off, and ef so, may the good Lord prepar' us all, and spar' us all, much as may lay in His goodness and mercies!"

Several times during the night the announcement came from different positions in the field.

"They sounds to me like a whole passel o' jacks, only a heap louder an' more tarri-fyin'," Mr. Hedge said to his foreman, Moses, just before the break of day. "But they h'an't ben none o' them about here, not sence long before the war, not as I ever knowed of, er heerd of. Them last bellers sounds to me sorter like some of 'em come out the cornfield thar; but a body can't tell whar they do come from, they're that awful and tremenjous. When it come light, you an' some o' the men 'll have to go an' see ef they're thar. Ef they are, an' 'stroyin' the corn, the Yankees jest as well come on bodaciously."

Just as the day was breaking, Pot, who had about finished his discourse over the field, came to the fence bounding one side of the horse lot and ushered in the morning with another peal.

"De Laws have mercies on my soul and body!" Moses cried aloud, when, after the matin salutation was ended, he repaired cautiously to the fence, and peered through between the rails. "My marster! 'Ta'n't nothin' 'pon top o' de blessed yeth, but jes' one leetle lone teent o' a mule, jes' by his lone self. De Laws know I didn't have no notions sich a little scrimp of a scrap could git up sich oudacious, ongodly racket. I jes' natchel 'stonish in my mine how sich a varmint got in dat field, en whar he come from, en who he berlong ter, 'idout he skip en runned away from dem Yankees."

At that moment merry laughing was heard in the road, soon after which the sheriff of the county from which the lads had fled, accompanied by an uncle of Mrs. Fellows, rode up to the gate.

"Good-morning, Mr. Hedge," said the latter. "We are after some runaway children, and the braying of that donkey has just assured us that we need to go no further. They are in your house, I suppose?"

"Why no, Mr. Simmons, a good-mornin' to you," answered the old man, with kindly anxiety; "they a'n't here, an nobody here have hearn of 'em. We ben a hearin' that little creeter a lumberin' off and on all night, and we didn't know what on top o' the ground it were, and where it were untill a minute ago, when it opened up fresh thar in the cornfield by the lot fence. The children and niggers was afeared the Yankees had come upon us onbeknownst."

"They are near by, doubtless. They told us at the house a mile back that they had passed there about sunset. My notion is that they camped in the woods at the beginning of this cornfield."

"Where was they makin' for? I reckon their mothers was monstrous oneasy about 'em."

"Trying to get to the army, bless you, or pretending to. Yes, two of the mothers we left nearly distracted with anxiety. The other, a very excellent Irish woman, laughed when she heard of their flight from an old friend, Mr. Pullin, and said she knew Mike (her son) too well to have any fears that he could not take care of himself and keep out of danger. It was this boy's inquiries and other talk that led us to know where they were traveling. I was of Mrs. McCray's opinion of all of them; but the frantic unhappiness of my niece and Mrs. Wicker induced me and the sheriff here to pursue them, and we've been riding all night."

Alighting in order to let their horses take rest and food, the gentlemen, accompanied by Mr. Hedge, walked back, and turning into the woods at the corner of the field soon observed the two ponies. Advancing stealthily, they had just reached the camp and concealed themselves each behind a tree when Mike awoke.

"Me hat!" was his first ejaculation. "Where's me hat!"

Starting to his feet, and looking all around, he screamed:

"Where's Pot, the villion! Broke his halter, stole me hat, and gone back home, bedad! Did iver a man see the like o' that? Well-a-well! Blarst ye, if I iver come up wid ye agin, I'll hang ye, I'll hang

ye to a tree bedad, as a rogue and a desoorter! Julius! Poll! wake up, and prepare for the woorst. Pot the villion have stole me hat, and gone back home, or desoorted to the enemy, the devil knows which. At inny rate, we're betrayed and ruun'd, bedad!"

The others rose at once, and at that moment the sheriff and his posse stepped forth.

"It was right funny," said this officer after his return, "when we come on 'em. Mike was abusin' and mighty nigh cussin' old Pot, and even threatenin' to hang him as a rogue and a deserter. Julius looked right smart wilted, and would have give out certain in another day, though he let on that he were mighty disapp'inted. Mike was powerful obstroperlous; yit I could see that he were madder with Pot for eatin' up his hat than for peachin' on 'em with his bellerin'. But the fact is, I were positive sorry for poor little Paul. He cried, and he cried hearty, and said it were hard he couldn't be let go on and try to find the man that shot his pa. Poor little fellow!"

They let the lads return by separate back ways to their homes on their promising not to attempt so rash an expedition again.

Instead of being punished for his betrayal, Pot had cause to be thankful. Mrs. McCray was only too glad to let him go to Mrs. Fellows, who, in gratitude for his services, insisted upon paying at least a nominal price for him. His new mistress sent him to the plantation with orders that he be well cared for. By last accounts he was yet to be heard, though not so often, nor at so vast distances as of yore, making melancholy addresses to the world on themes about which orators of his kind are wont to discourse.

UNDERSTOOD.

BY EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

HE SPEAKS.

Painted and perfumed, feathered and pink,
Here is your ladyship's fan.
You gave it to me to hold, I think,
While you danced with another man.
Downy and soft like your fluffy hair,
Pink like your delicate face;
The perfume you carry everywhere
Wafted from feathers and lace.

HE THINKS.

Painted and perfumed, dainty and pink,
A toy to be handled with care;

It is like your ladyship's self, I think,
A trifle as light as the air.

For you are a wonderful triumph of art,
Like a Dresden statuette;
But you cannot make trouble for my poor
heart,
You innocent-faced coquette.

For I understand those enticing ways
You practice on every man.
You are only a bit of paint and lace,
Like that delicate toy—your fan.

WINTERING IN THE WHITE ZONE.

By FRED'K SCHWATKA.

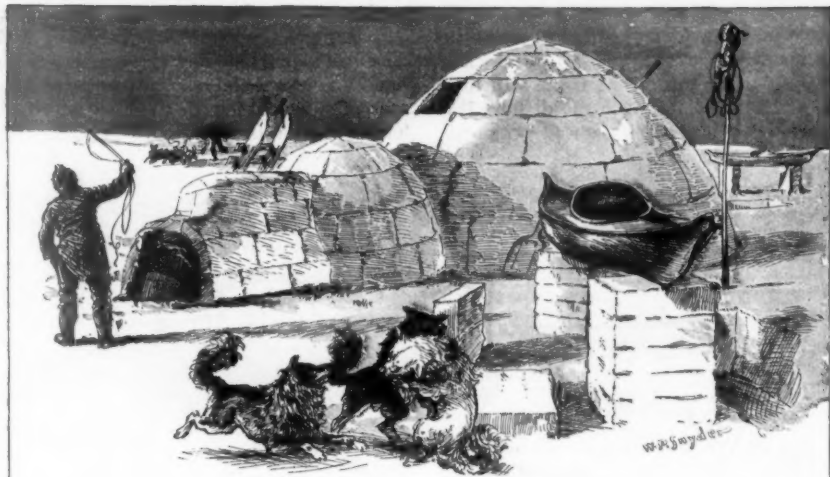
WITHIN the region of the lone north land both civilized and savage man have had occasion to pass that long dreary season of winter and fight its cold; and as the author has seen the methods of life of both, it may prove interesting to review and compare them.

The essential difference between the two is founded—as was to be expected—on the different temperatures at which the savage and civilized man find themselves comfortable in their respective abodes; and nowhere in the world is this difference so great as in some parts of the Arctic regions, and in this great difference is found some of the most interesting facts we have to record. In the hot equatorial regions of the earth, civilized man may, by ingenious appliances, reduce the uncomfortable temperature a few degrees lower than that borne by his savage brother, and even in colder climes the man of nature has oftentimes as sure a way, though ruder in application, of securing the same amount of heat to render comfortable his winter residence as the man of artifice himself, and thus the two are seldom far apart in their climatic comforts and discomforts, or in the means they have at hand in increasing and overcoming these respectively. But in that part of Polar Land where my lot was briefly cast, the northern native rears his white-domed house of snow and ice, and in these curious quarters, mildly heated by a little lamp, the temperature must not go above the freezing or melting point, or his hyperborean home will be risking its existence in every point of sill, sides, and shingles; while alongside, the vessel of some wintering whalers or visiting explorer will have heated its interior to that temperate warmth that its inmates enjoy at home, and that they can so easily carry along with them. The former therefore finds his comfort marked out for him generally between 20° and 30° of the Fahrenheit scale, while the latter is only satisfied with 70° to 80°, and even higher, of the same system; or a difference varying between 40° and 60°—an enormous change, fully equal to a person stepping out of doors from a com-

fortable home to wintry weather on the streets.

I have spoken of both these classes of people as being *comfortable*, and I do not wish to be misunderstood in expressing that the comfort of the savage is any the less agreeable to him because it is fixed by certain definite circumstances which he can not wholly control than is that of the white man in the ship or house alongside where he can have the heat of the tropics if he wants. In this temperature, a little before the freezing point, the Eskimo will remove his outer suit of reindeer clothes—the equivalent of the white man's overcoat and cap—and in the inner suit, which weighs perhaps one-half or two-thirds his civilized brother's every-day clothes, lie down on the reindeer robes and enjoy the cool atmosphere inside his house of snow. More than this, he will perform the most delicate operations with his bare hands in this temperature, which would stiffen our fingers so that we could not button an overcoat or tie a shoe-string; and taking hold of his hand, you will find it as warm and flexible as that of the captain of the ship sitting in his comfortable cabin. But this is as nothing to prove that these polar people are comfortable as far as temperature is concerned, for on the reindeer skins, which make the bed-clothing spread out on a bedstead of solid snow, are two or three little children, stark naked, playing and laughing in a way that leaves no doubt as to their enjoyment, while perchance some white visitor from the ship is sitting on the edge of the snow-bed bundled up with clothes and furs to keep warm, while only the tip of his blue, watery nose projects from the mass to tell us what race he belongs to, and that he is a foreigner.

These quaint quarters of pure white snow are interesting in the extreme, and if a white person has ever spent a few days in one, he will always remember it as a sort of weird dream that was so vivid it seemed to be a reality. It became a solemn reality with me, however, as I lived in these snow-huts for about fifteen months altogether, and it is



AN IGLOO.

Main *igloo* facing the south with its small window made of a slab of ice. Storm *igloo* in front, with a small entrance which is changed with every strong wind to face away from it. A sledge leans on the entrance, and a snow-knife is thrust into the *igloo* at the top. A pole or spear on the right, on which is hung the seal-skin dog harness to keep the dogs from eating it. Trench from which snow has been cut, unused blocks of snow behind the dogs.

from the basis of this experience that I shall try and describe them.

Probably as good a way as any to do this is to assume that we are on a sledge-journey; and the night coming on, it is necessary to go into camp, which is done by building these snow-houses—*igloos*, the native calls them—for they are used as well for a single night's sojourn as a month's residence, the only difference being that the temporary residence will probably be smaller than the more permanent, though in nearly all other respects the same.

The Eskimo loves to camp near a lake, for here he can sink a well through the six to eight feet of ice upon its surface and get at fresh water, which is not only more palatable than that made by melting snow or ice, but also saves his oil used in the process of melting; and this may be an important item if he is to be long away from the sea-coast where the oil-producing animals—the seal and walrus—are captured. Again the snow banks on the lake's shore are the best, being the deepest and of the best quality.

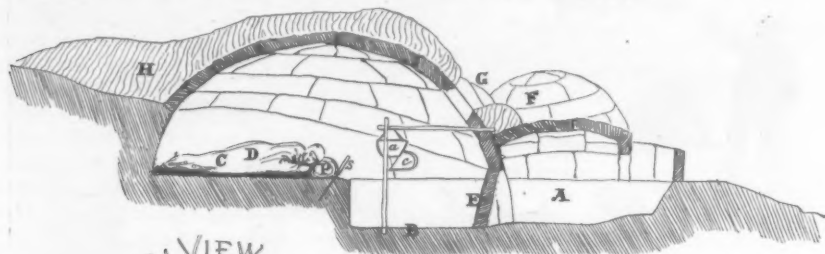
This requisite of a lake being filled, the first thing to do is to test the snow for this quality, for all kinds will not do, however

plentiful. The essential conditions are that the snow must have been subjected to a very low temperature, which is easily fulfilled in the Arctic, and the "packing" of the winds to render it solid and firm. It is the unobstructed sweep that these glacial gales of the early Arctic winter get across the wide lakes that makes the snow along their shores so perfectly adapted for snow-building, while that in a well protected valley is loose and drifting, and thoroughly unfit for the purpose. To test the snow they have a rod of iron or bone about the diameter of one's little finger near the point, and some two or three feet long. Formerly they made them of bone from the reindeer, having a button to hold in the hand (see page 482), but since the advent of white men among them, and they use iron rods for the shanks of their seal-spears, these, with the barbs removed, are more commonly employed.

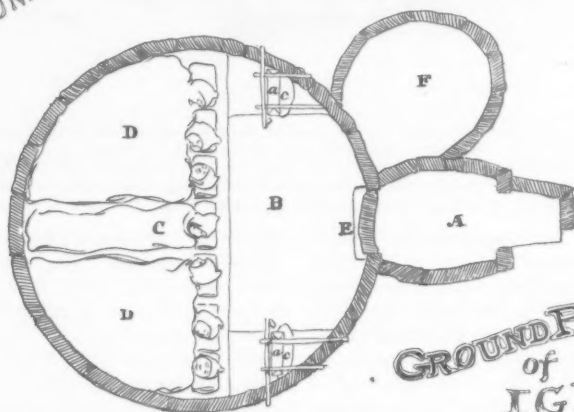
The sledges stop on the ice of the lake, the drivers take out the snow-testers, and when near or on the snowbanks of the shore, they commence thrusting the testers through the crust to see about its condition underneath. The best of snow superficially may rest on boulders, or be friable and worthless in the

lower strata, while the worst-looking on the surface may have ample beds of fine compact material lower down; all of which is revealed by the thrusting of the stiff little rods of bone and iron into the drifts. It is a process that looks silly enough to one not

made of bone or horn from the reindeer, but at present is a common butcher-knife with an extra long blade and the usual wooden handle removed and one fully twice as long—or of sufficient length to grasp with both hands—put in its place.



SECTIONAL VIEW



GROUND PLAN
of
IGLOO.

A, entrance to igloo. B, floor of igloo. C, person sleeping in reindeer bag. D, D, persons sleeping under reindeer blankets. a, a, native stone kettles, suspended from wooden frame work over stone lamps, c, c. E, door made of snow block. F, store igloo. G, window made from thin slab of ice or seal intestines. H, banking of snow. P, pillow made by rolling up reindeer clothing, the same being prevented from falling on the floor by a snow-knife, s, stuck in the edge of the snow-bed.

understanding its purpose to see a lot of grown men jabbing in the snow and chattering like monkeys. Sometimes a whole lake will be circumnavigated by these polar prospectors, and they will drive their dogs and sledges on to the next one; but the minute one has prospected enough snow to allow the party to make all the *igloos* needed to shelter them—from one to two—he signifies it by shouting, leaves his snow-tester sticking upright to indicate the spot, and all go to the sledge or sledges to bring them up alongside, when the building of the *igloo* or *igloos* begins.

The only instrument used in this construction is the snow-knife, which was formerly

The boreal builder, with himself as a center and his extended arm and the snow-knife as a radius, now draws a circle on the sloping snow of a diameter of from eight to twelve feet, according to the number of intended occupants in the house. This circle indicates where the base course of snow-blocks is to rest as soon as they are cut from some neighboring snow-drift. These snow-blocks (*ow-wik* of the Eskimo) are about the size of a large pillow, but, of course, square-edged, and weigh about twelve to fifteen pounds. They are never laid flat-wise, as generally surmised, and as so often described by "popular" writers on Arctic subjects, but are placed on their edges, the thickness of the



AN ESKIMO LOOKING THROUGH THE ICE FOR WATER—OTHER ESKIMOS TESTING SNOW.

igloo being the thickness of the blocks (six to eight inches), and not their width, twelve to fifteen inches. Another popular fallacy concerning the *igloo* (if it can be properly said that this structure is popularly known at all) is that the snow-blocks are laid in courses as we construct brickwork, when in reality there is but *one course winding in a spiral* from the bottom to the top of the structure. This can be seen in the illustration (on page 483) where one of the *igloos* is about half done. As the blocks ascend the spiral from the base, where they are rectangular, to the top they become trapezoidal, the top side getting less and less until it disappears at the summit of the dome, where the blocks are triangular, as seen in any of the figures showing a completed snow-house. The snow blocks, which are upright on the base course, continue to lean more and more as the top is neared until the last one, the key-block, if we choose to call it so, is perfectly horizontal and firmly wedges in and binds the whole structure, which has thus become a dome-like affair, well imitated in miniature by the half of an egg-shell placed on its rim.

Now for the inside. Here the snow-workman erects a platform fifteen to thirty inches high which takes up fully three-fourths of the interior plan, and this is the bedstead, so to speak. On the side facing the lake, or the down-hill side of the slope, a hole is cut which answers the purpose of a door, if the person wanting admission will only get down on his hands and knees and

crawl in. A long covered way is built to protect this door from the cold winds, and its entrance is moved from side to side with each change of the boreal breezes.

When the snow-structure is done its completion is something like that of a log-cabin, for between the snow-blocks, as between the logs, there are many cracks and crevices that let in the outer air; which, in the Artic winter, it is very desirable to keep out. The log-cabin's crevices are "chinked" with mud and mortar, while those of the *igloo* are "chinked" with snow cut from the edges of the blocks themselves. As the snow-knife in the right hand cuts off the edge of the snow-block (see the illustration on page 482) the left hand, gloved and doubled up into a fist, follows rapidly and by a series of quick blows every few inches rams the cut snow into the "chinks" and crevices. Along the horizontal courses the builder's left fist need not be kept so busy, for the cut snow falls into the groove between the blocks and can be rammed into the crevices at pleasure, but on the vertical courses this left hand must keep up with the other and ram every fistful into its appointed place the instant it is cut or it will roll off the steep sides onto the ground.

If the weather is not very cold, that is, below 30° or 40° Fahrenheit, the *igloo* may be said to be completed when the "chinking" is finished, but if below that temperature, or even well above it, if a stiff breeze is blowing, which makes it appear colder than if fifty



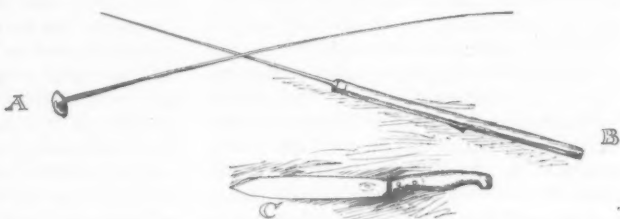
"CHINKING" AN IGLOO.

degrees lower with a still atmosphere, a "banking" of loose snow is thrown over the dome and covering it completely for a foot or two. If this loose snow is of a soft texture and has a "packing" consistency, as when a handful of flour is thrown into a barrel of the same stuff, a foot of it is of great value in very low temperature or stiff winds, but when it has no more "packing" power than so much gravel or sand, four or five feet of it will not equal a foot of the first, not only in protecting power, but it is also constantly blowing away, the same as any huge heaped-up pile of such friable matter will do in a high wind.

This snow is far from being air-tight, not even the solid blocks of which the structure is built; it will admit air quite as readily as white lump sugar will in the mouth of a boy; and every small urchin in the country knows how easily this can be done. This slow permeation of the atmosphere through their

porous walls is the main source of the ventilation in these snow-huts, a source of air which is quite ample during most of the time; certainly they are not like the almost hermetically sealed abodes full of noxious vapors from numerous lungs and bodies, that most people suppose. The open door is another source of ventilation, but this is often closed if it is very cold or a wind is blowing. Should the heat from the little stone lamp inside make it too warm, that is, raise the temperature above freezing, the heat ascends, as usual, to the top and cuts its way through the loose snow that chinks the highest blocks, and plenty of cold air pours in as a result. When the inmates have got enough of this, the holes cut through by the heat are plugged up with snow taken from the floor of the house; and as it is in a temperature far below freezing, it adheres to the melting snow above, at once, by an icy mortar formed from the latter.

When the snow melts above, from this ascending heat, the surrounding blocks absorb the water like a sponge; and when they get supersaturated, it begins dropping like a leak in a roof. These drippings come from the points and edges of the blocks above, and to stop it a piece of snow from the floor or the bed, about the size of one's fist, is broken off and stuck on the offending place where it freezes instantly. In a short course of time these snow-balls, if the heat continues, are also loaded with the water that they have absorbed; and as their frozen fastenings melt, the slushy mass soon falls and spreads out like a pan-cake on anything it strikes. A fifteen-inch shell unexpectedly exploding in front of one has not many more elements of astonishment in it than the falling of one of these water-soaked balls down



IMPLEMENTS USED IN IGLOO-BUILDING.

A, old reindeer bone snow tester. B, seal spear snow tester. C, Eskimo snow knife (the original handle as a butcher-knife reached the dotted line.)

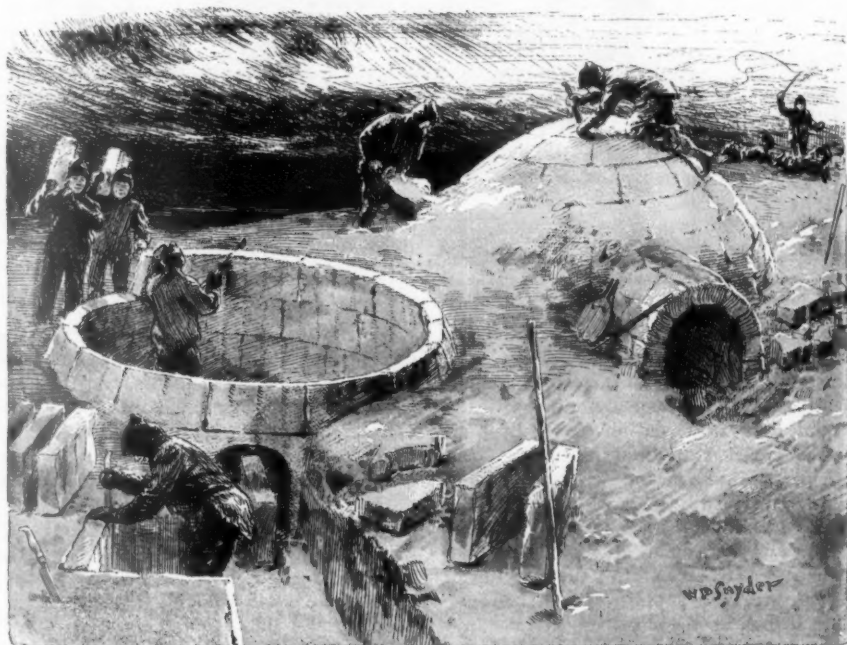
the back of a person who is sitting on the bed with the hood of the reindeer coat thrown back so that it has full sweep from the top cervical to the lower lumbar vertebræ. To say the very least, it is enough to shake one's faith in the theory of placing ice-cold applications to the spine as a cure for nervous diseases; unless it be urged on the principle that "the hair of the dog," etc.

At night time, when the lamp goes out and the temperature goes down, all these water-soaked snow blocks and banking of snow become converted into ice or a sort of frozen snow-ice, like that which one sees on the sidewalks after a cold freezing night that follows a thawing day. This alternate freezing and thawing soon converts the top part into this translucent material, and as a result, the *igloo* becomes uncomfortably chilly at night, the ice being a good conductor of the cold, while the snow is not. The energetic Eskimo does not reside long in the same *igloo*—not over a month or six weeks—unless he

is where he can "bank" his building so deep that the snow can not be converted into ice clear through its depth. One of the few comforts of Arctic winter travel is that the voyager has nearly always a new warm snow-house in which to sleep. Whenever a traveling party reach a camping point where there are several old unoccupied *igloos*, they never think of using them, but build others instead, if only for a single night.

The more permanent snow-houses are often arranged in groups of two, three, and even four *igloos* facing a common central one devoid of snow-bed, etc., but having the common door or passageway, through which all the occupants must come and go. These groupings mean that the occupants bear close relationship to one another, as two brothers' families, an elderly man with his two or three sons and their families clustered around him, etc.

Whenever any meeting of unusual im-



SNOW IGLOOS.

One on the left half completed, showing the spiral course of blocks. A man chinking the completed *igloo* on the right; another man banking it. The Eskimo in the foreground cutting blocks of snow.

portance is held in a snow village, one of these large clusters is generally used, as giving admittance to the greatest number, no common hall of any kind ever being built of this material. Here they have their singings and "pow-wows," their exhibitions of medicine-men, and their more important feasts. In a village of twenty to thirty *igloos* there will nearly always be two or

here they are safer from the attacks of the dogs than anywhere else, these animals often managing to break in the doors of snow if not securely fastened or closely watched.

The *door* to the little entrance way of either the living abode or the store *igloo* is nothing more than a huge block of snow placed in along with the others, but removable at will.



BUILDING ICE IGLOOS.

One on the right completed and covered with a summer tent; one on the left in the course of construction; an Inuit chinking the crevices with snow dipped in a bucket of water by his side.

three of these clustered groups sufficient to accommodate all the people. They seem quite spacious inside, for instead of communicating by the low doors described with the central *igloo*, these entrances are by high groined arches, really making all the *igloos* into one, so that a person, without stooping at all, can readily walk from one to the other. Leading off from the long, narrow entrance way are small snow-houses which are used as store-rooms for the keeping of dog-harness, spare supplies of meat, and such other things as the dogs might take into their head to eat after not having been fed for two or three days. Sometimes these store *igloos* are built off directly from the main house, where the radiating clusters do not encroach too much upon the room, as

During the cold, blustering nights the dogs always swarm into the passage-way for protection from the elements, and they are sure to have a disagreement as to the assignment of the best places, in the settlement of which disputes they are almost equally sure of knocking in the door, and as it falls on the hard floor, compacted by constant standing, the chances are two out of three that it will break into as many pieces and be worthless for further effective use. Now, the average Eskimo never prepares for such contingencies a bit more than he prepares for a bath, and as a consequence he has to get up and crawl out in the storm and manufacture a new door; but he usually takes a sledge slat or club along with him and the belligerent dogs are generally aware of his presence

as he gropes his way through the low passage. This is repeated at intervals throughout the continuance of the storm.

I spent nearly all one winter (from November 8th to March 20th) traveling in the Arctic, and thus had a pretty fair experience in seeing these snow-houses built by my Eskimo allies, and as a result of that I would say that my constructors were usually about an hour in making an *igloo*, as far as all the snow work was concerned, and about another hour in cutting through the ice to water, unloading the sledges and unharnessing the dogs, making down the reindeer bed, and getting the lamp and pot going for supper, which was about another hour off. In short, in about two hours we could depend on being as comfortable as if we had never moved, and in three upon a good hot meal. This is a little bit slow compared with camping in tents and having a pine-wood fire to cook with; but tents in the Arctic winter would no more compare with snow-houses in comfort than pajamas would compare with reindeer clothing in the same zone and season; while pine wood is not to be had, and even if it were its dense smoke in a small *igloo* would render it uninhabitable.

But the snow-house is not the only kind used in the Arctic winter by these strange people, for ice is sometimes employed, though in no way to the extent that the other is used. I have already said that snow must be of a certain quality or consistency to make good building material, a matter depending on low temperature and the fierce

Arctic winds. Sometimes in the early winter one or both of these conditions (generally the latter) have not been fulfilled, and yet it is uncomfortably cold living in their seal-skin tents, the usual summer abode. Then the Eskimo, looking for better quarters, cuts slabs of ice from some lake, when it has frozen to about six inches in thickness, and these slabs, about the size of the common house door, are placed on end, and joined edge to edge, really making a pen of ice of the size of the house they desire to have. Over the top, supported on poles so as to raise it in the center, is the sealskin tent, which is fastened there so as to form a very serviceable roof; although this may be replaced by a dome of snow later on. The illustration on page 484, of a completed ice *igloo*, and another one in course of construction, will serve to explain many points that I have omitted in describing these strange structures. A night scene in one of these ice villages, with their transparent sides and bright burning lamps, is beautiful and weird in the extreme.

White men winter in their ships by building houses over them, not for daily use, but as an unoccupied upper story to break the searching cold of this climate, and over this again a thick coating of moss and snow, with huge banks of the latter, ten to twelve feet thick, against the sides of the ship, bury them so far beneath protective covering that their little stoves, blazing with coals, can keep their limited quarters quite comfortable.

A DEFENSE OF THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN.

A DISTINGUISHED American historian said to me, a few weeks ago:

"The longer I study the history of the United States, the more I am struck with certain parallelisms between our present condition and that of China."

"China!" I exclaimed; "that is the last country in the world where I should look for similarities to the United States."

"You would think so. But as we grow big, and our enormous capital gets invested in all sorts of enterprises, our conscience gets ossified, and we accept more and more blindly that which is as right. That is ex-

actly the condition of China. A colossus is always difficult to move, and the bigger it grows the harder it is to budge it. If we have gotten into the way of taxing the many for the benefit of the few, we gradually get to think that it is inherently right to do so: simply because to undo the wrong would involve loss to somebody, and a rearrangement of economic forces which the timid view with apprehension. If we have gotten into the habit of stealing the works of foreign authors, the dollars and cents involved in this nefarious business stimulates our ingenuity, and we profess to see an

essential moral difference between stealing from a foreigner and stealing from a native, or between the stealing of brain products and the stealing of material products. But it is values we steal in either case, and I am unable to appreciate the distinction."

Though, perhaps, to many this argument has a paradoxical look, I believe it to be a fair statement of the attitude of the public on the subject of international copyright. Various efforts have been made from time to time by British and American authors to urge the question upon the attention of Congress. A bill was reported to the Senate in February, 1837, recognizing the equity of according to foreign authors the right of selling their productions in the United States. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, and other eminent statesmen of that day were in favor of the measure, but no action was taken, because the bill was supposed to be antagonistic to the interests of American publishers, printers, and papermakers. A similar fate has overtaken six later bills which have been introduced, for similar reasons.

A time has at last arrived when this antagonism, at least as regards authors and publishers, no longer exists; and as regards the other parties who contribute to the making of a book, they are, I believe, disposed to approach the question in a spirit of compromise, and to make and accept concessions. I do not admit the right of the latter to make conditions, stipulating as they do that the foreign book shall be regarded as its author's property only in case it is manufactured in this country. But inasmuch as material interests and the number of votes that they represent are of more concern to our legislators than questions of ethical right and wrong, it is not only expedient but absolutely necessary to conciliate them as far as possible.

"If you can present a bill," a prominent member of Congress said to me, some weeks ago, "which has the support of authors, publishers, and printers, I believe there would be no difficulty in passing it. But as long as you fail to take into consideration other interests than your own; and above all, as long as you scatter your energies, instead of uniting on a definite and practical measure, you will accomplish nothing."

This represents fairly the Congressional view of the matter, and apart from the fact

that it ignores the immorality of stealing, it has a very rational look. The printer, the Congressman argues, has the same right to live as the author, and if a considerable number of the members of the Typographical Union are dependent for their living upon the industry of stealing English books, it is but fair that this industry should be protected. If it is urged that the present duty of twenty-five per cent. on imported books affords sufficient protection, the printer will reply that it is wholly inadequate. If British authors could procure American copyright on books manufactured in Great Britain, the English publisher, after having struck off his London edition, would either export the electrotyped plates or the printed sheets to New York, and by establishing a branch house in that city, would dominate both the home and the American market. The duty on electrotyped plates or printed sheets would be a mere trifle compared to the profits that he would realize from such an extension of his business. The printer would be the first loser by such an arrangement; and as, in the words of President Cleveland, "We are confronted not with a theory, but with a condition;" it is the part of wisdom to let the printer's case be heard, and to avoid inflicting an injury upon him. The papermaker, though, as a pet child of the tariff, he is entitled to less sympathy, might make a similar plea, and the bookbinder who, perhaps, also might lose a fraction of his profits, would join with his *confères* in securing the defeat of any copyright bill that was not provided with a manufacturing clause.

It will thus be seen that this question of an international copyright is more complicated in its material aspects, than the author, clamoring for his rights, is willing to concede. In its moral aspect, on the other hand, it is as simple as the eighth commandment can make it. For the distinction, frequently insisted upon, between property in goods and property in ideas (though it is supported by the authority of so clever a man as Macaulay) is, indeed, scarcely worthy of consideration. It is urged that ideas are free as the air, that they are common property, that the age originates them and not the individual authors; but it is usually those who could not by any stretch of charity be held guilty of partici-

pation in this unconscious production—it is these, I say, who are most ready to champion the claims of the age. An idea must, of necessity, originate in an individual brain, or in several individual brains; and usually in those most highly developed. It may be an idea which has a peculiar fitness to a certain social condition, and which, therefore, in a short time is appropriated by a great number, and thus puts its stamp upon the century. But this does not vitiate the title of its author to the credit of invention. Rousseau was the first to express the great revolutionary ideas of the eighteenth century, and the fact that they made a bloody epoch in history and for a while dominated both the Old World and the New does not make them any the less his. Darwin, by patient, life-long labor and rare ingenuity, presented to the world another revolutionary idea, and gave a new impulse to science and philosophy. The fact that Goethe and Lamarck had vaguely anticipated this idea, but failed to demonstrate it, does not diminish the honor due to Darwin; and the new application of his theory to new departments of knowledge, and its steady conquest of the minds of men, increase humanity's debt of gratitude to its discoverer.

In one particular form the civilized world already recognizes the right of property in an idea. If a man invents a new kind of darning needle, or an electric hair-brush, he can patent it both on this continent and in Europe. His idea, if it can be embodied in wood or iron, is at once seen to represent a value and is protected from infringement. To perfect an invention requires often years of patient toil and a considerable expenditure of money. It does not, therefore, occur to any one to deny the inventor's right of property in the product of his brain labor. But if, instead of putting his idea into iron, steel, or wood, the inventor puts it into type, and incloses it between two pasteboard covers, it is held to be free game to any one, outside of his own country, who chooses to steal it. Even within his own country, his right of property is not recognized as a natural right under the common law, but is conferred upon him only for a limited time, and as a special favor, by statute. He may have spent years of his life, as Darwin did, in perfecting his idea and demonstrating its

value; but if it can not be materialized in something tangible to the sense, it is not held to be, in the ordinary significance, property.

The consideration will perhaps be urged that the great writers I have mentioned cared little for the mere money value of their thought, and rejoiced to see it spread and take possession of the minds of men. But, then, let it be remembered that both Goethe and Darwin were men of independent fortune, and Rousseau lived in an age when literature was under the special patronage of great nobles, and the literary man frankly depended upon the bounty of his admirers, a thing that no self-respecting man of letters could do now.

Still another argument which is frequently advanced by the opponents of international copyright demands a word of comment. The great mass of literature which is now poured out upon the public contains, it is said, no ideas in which the authors can claim any sort of property. They are world-old ideas restated, reshaped, served up in a new dress. Balzac maintains that there are but eight possible plots and these have been repeated *ad nauseam* in dramas and novels; another authority has even reduced the number to three. What right, then, has the author of to-day who merely draws upon humanity's common fund of thought to patent that which he did not invent? Even if these assertions were true (which I am far from believing) the answer would yet lie near at hand. Even if the author of to-day has no new idea to present, his combination of the old ideas and, above all, *the form in which he presents them* must be his own; or he would be branded as a plagiarist, and ruled out of court.

The originators of new ideas have in all ages been few and far between. The fund of intellectual capital which the centuries have accumulated is the common heritage of all; and all are free to invest it in new enterprises and make it fruitful by new combinations of ingenuity and skill. This inherited capital constitutes, however, but the raw material out of which dramas, novels, histories, and philosophies are made. Just as the inventor finds not only wood and iron ready to his hand, but all the accumulated fund of mechanical invention that past ages have supplied; so the author profits by the brain-labor of all thinkers and writers

who have lived before him ; but he possesses this privilege in common with all his contemporaries, and if, by his cleverness or genius, he succeeds in presenting that which is old in a new and beautiful form which makes it attractive and valuable, is he not entitled to any reward for this labor ? Is he not entitled to dispose of the results of this labor to his own best advantage ; and is it fair to diminish its value by putting it in competition with the stolen products of literary workers in other lands ?

American legislators have always professed a great solicitude for the protection of home industries, but in the case of the man of letters they refuse even ordinary justice, thinking him of too little consequence to be consulted, even in a question affecting his own welfare and existence. It is supposed that the interests of authors are opposed to those of readers, and as the authors are few and the readers many, it follows that legislation should primarily concern itself with the wishes of the latter, without reference to moral right and wrong. But let the legislator reflect, first, that the authors have an influence on public opinion quite out of proportion to their number, and secondly that the antagonism of interests upon which he bases his reasoning is purely imaginary. It is for the advantage of the reader that literature should be not only cheap, but vigorous in thought and wholesome in tendency. The vigorous and eminent intellects of a nation naturally gravitate toward the professions, the rewards of which are ample, and which command honor and influence. Literature is no exception to this rule. It must hold out the prospect, at least, of a fair living, if it is to tempt men who are conscious of great ability to embark in it.

At the present time no such inducement exists. There are, indeed, a few authors among us who make a living by their pen, but the majority of them make a scanty living, and only two or three have, under particularly favoring circumstances, achieved financial independence. All the rest, among whom there are some conspicuously endowed, have to devote the best of their energies to extraneous pursuits, and can in moments of stolen leisure never give a full and adequate utterance to the thoughts and feelings which most deeply agitate their souls. Literature is, indeed, an absorbing profes-

sion ; and he who can not give his whole life to it will never achieve in it what he is capable of achieving. The muse is a jealous mistress and will not accept a divided allegiance.

The imaginary Congressman with whom I am arguing this question, if he has done me the honor to follow me so far, will undoubtedly say what a dozen non-imaginary Congressmen, whom I approached as the representative of the Author's Copyright League, said to me three weeks ago :

"Ah, my dear sir," they exclaimed ; "but you quite forget that the law you propose would make books dear. It would impose a tax on knowledge."

I was too faint-hearted at the time to quote Mr. Lowell's remark, that there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is a book honestly obtained. I knew that argument had already been presented to Congress, but had produced no effect. I therefore preferred to demonstrate the fallacy of their supposition that international copyright would make books dear. It would, indeed, deprive the American public of "Seaside" and "Franklin Square Libraries" at ten and fifteen cents. But these libraries consist almost exclusively of novels—I might say second-rate and third-rate novels—and if these were made less accessible to the public by an increase of price, nobody would regard it as a hardship. It is, moreover, only during the last eight or ten years that these libraries have come into existence, and nobody maintains, I believe, that they appeared in response to a long-felt public want. American copyrighted books would not be any dearer than they now are ; nay, the probability is that they would be cheaper. The American publisher, on account of the very limited sale which he expects, particularly in the case of works of American fiction, is obliged to put a high price upon the book in order to reimburse himself for his outlay. He knows that a certain number of public libraries and a certain limited number of private collectors will be likely to purchase the book, regardless of the price ; but he counts no longer with any degree of certainty upon the general public. If he makes the appeal, with anticipation of success, to a large audience, he is likely to make the price so low as to be within the reach of all. His profits on the second, third, and fourth thousand of a book

are many times greater than his profits on the first thousand, which sometimes are apt to vanish altogether. And he can then afford to cheapen the book according to the size of the audience to which it appeals. If we had international copyright, American books would compete on equal terms with the English, and would have a sale approximately proportionate to their merit. They would therefore, and for the above-quoted reasons, tend toward increased cheapness.

The absurd talk about monopoly started by R. Pearsall Smith, Esq., of Philadelphia, shows an equal ignorance of the laws of ethics and those of the publishing trade. A man has naturally in civilized society a monopoly on that which he produces, and if he is a Pennsylvanian he has also a good chance of monopolizing things that he did not produce. If an author, be he native or foreign, chooses for his own advantage to transfer his right of property, under certain conditions, to a special publisher, he certainly inflicts no injury upon society, and it is difficult to see, from a moral point of view, how society can presume to interfere with his right of contract. It is a most unfortunate thing that, at the present time, when it is of prime importance to present a united front, this gentleman from Pennsylvania, who is neither an author nor a publisher, should have brought forward his ominous olive branch,* which is only calculated to produce the appearance of divided council, and thereby postpone for another decade the triumph of the cause which every true friend of American literature must have at heart.

There is another phase of this question to which I must allude before closing. I think every one whose opinion is entitled to any weight will admit that it is unnatural for one nation to depend upon another for its intellectual sustenance. In fact, it is not only unnatural, but it is fraught with undesirable consequences. Why have we developed, since the war, a new hybrid species, formerly unknown to science and

history, viz.: the Anglomaniac? Why do our young men and women among the wealthy and leisured classes betray such an inordinate admiration for the aristocratic institutions and the rigid system of caste which prevail in England? Is it not, in a great measure, because they have during the most impressionable years of their lives depended for their entertainment upon English fiction? Our young ladies, particularly, imbibe, to a considerable degree, their notions of life from the second and third-rate British novels, which are unreal and unwholesome, and inculcate snobbishness and abject worship of rank. Our own second-class novels may not, in point of art, be much better, but they are, at least, products of the soil, and are for this reason truer to American life, and have a better claim upon the attention of an American public. But what chance has the American novel which costs one dollar when its stolen British competitor costs ten cents? The young lady who wants a novel to while away an idle hour takes, naturally, the cheapest; and she grows in the midst of democratic institutions a bitter aristocrat at heart, sighing for the picturesque splendor of feudalism, and looking with ill-disguised contempt upon the unpleasant equality and dreary monotony which society presents under a republican government. The saying, attributed to a statesman of the last century: "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws," implies a recognition of the enormous influence of literature in fashioning public opinion. But at the present time it is novels rather than songs which exert this influence. Would it not, then, be wise statesmanship to intrust the wielding of this power to natives rather than to Englishmen; or, at all events, to refrain from handicapping the former in his rivalry with the latter, by compelling them to compete with stolen goods? Nobody would suffer but the pirate; and the pirate is not entitled to the sympathy of a civilized nation.

* Mr. Smith proposes that the publisher, desiring to publish any book, have the right to purchase copyright stamps of the author. These stamps are to be placed on the books sold, and represent the royalty paid to the author. Under this arrangement, the author has no control over his book, since any publisher can publish it, and publish it in any form that he sees fit—cheap

or expensive. Of course, the cheaper the edition the smaller the author's profit on each book. The author has, therefore, no means of protecting favorite publishers (who may be willing to publish the work at a fair price and thus increase his profits) from the competition of the publisher of a cheap and poorly-printed edition.

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

A LESSON FOR HUSBANDS.

BY OCTAVE FEUILLET.

CHARACTERS.

HENRI LATOURNELLE, member of the Council of State. A handsome young fellow, but a little stiff; affects a gravity of demeanor beyond his years.

MADAME DU VERNAGE, his mother-in-law.

ODETTE, his wife.

BAPTISTE, a man-servant.

JULIE, a maid-servant.

[*The action of the piece takes place in Paris.*]

SCENE I.

[*An elegant boudoir, lamps lighted and a fire on the hearth. Latournelle alone. He walks abstractedly up and down the room, stopping every few moments to look at his watch. Enter Baptiste, who lays newspapers on a table.*]

LATOURNELLE. Have the ladies returned?

BAPTISTE. Mme. du Vernage has just come in, sir, but madame has not got back yet. (*Exit Baptiste. Latournelle begins to pace the room again. In a few moments Mme. du Vernage enters.*)

MME. DU VERNAGE. Good-day. (*Latournelle bows coldly.*) Hasn't Odette come in yet?

LATOURNELLE. No, madame.

MME. DU VERNAGE (*throwing herself into an easy chair*). Poor child! However, it's only seven o'clock, and—

LATOURNELLE. Precisely; and as she has only been out since noon—

[*Mme. du Vernage, without answering, takes some work from a basket and proceeds to crochet. Latournelle walks once or twice around the room, then suddenly stops before his mother-in-law.*]

LATOURNELLE. Now, really, what a life your daughter is leading!

MME. DU VERNAGE (*calmly*). A very agreeable one, my dear sir. She calls on her friends, and visits the Louvre, the Bon Marché, the Printemps. Then we go together

to see whatever is worth seeing—the museums and exhibitions, for I accompany her now whenever I can since you ceased to pay her that attention, at least in the daytime, and have taken to sulking, but what at, I'm sure I don't know.

LATOURNELLE. Yes; but you do know, dear madame. During the first months of our married life I was everything Odette could wish, and I must add that her own conduct at that time was perfectly proper. But for the last seven or eight months she has begun to act like some wild steed. In fact, she rushes up and down Paris like an insane person. Out at daybreak, she scarcely gets back in time for dinner; and when I attempt to question her as to how she spends her time, she makes only vague, embarrassed replies, which, while they do not cause me uneasiness, are certainly very extraordinary.

MME. DU VERNAGE (*quietly going on with her work*). Tax your memory a little, my friend. Your wife did not begin to spend her time in the way that seems to offend you so seriously until you had left her to herself, allowing her to see how you despised her poor little person. You seemed to avoid her society, and to dislike being alone with her. In fact, I've seen you more than once go to sleep, or pretend to do so, in her presence, which, you must confess, couldn't have been pleasant for her.

LATOURNELLE. And whose fault was it, madame, that intercourse between us became impossible? that your daughter never had anything to say for herself when I spoke to her?

MME. DU VERNAGE. You were all the time talking politics.

LATOURNELLE. Not politics; I talked literature, the fine arts, history, natural philosophy; in short, I knocked at every door, but found them all barred against me. Well, madame, I ask you again, whose fault was it? I was not acquainted with your daughter when I married her; one's ac-

quaintance with one's future wife is usually extremely slight; but you, madame, knew her thoroughly, and you also knew me. You knew that, while not objecting to ordinary fashionable amusements, I am a man with a taste for serious occupations, a busy man in fact, whose mind shows signs, if I may be allowed the expression, of—of—cultivation. You knew, on the other hand, that your daughter, although well dowered physically, was a person of utterly frivolous tastes, without a particle of intellectual training, having never read anything, and totally unqualified to bear her part in any really interesting conversation. Well, how did you arrive at the conclusion that the union of such an ill-assorted couple could ever prove a happy one?

MME. DU VERNAGE (*coldly*). Having educated my daughter myself, I was unable to teach her what I did not know.

LATOURNELLE. But this is precisely what I am complaining of. You must be aware of the fact that there is now a demand for young women possessing a kind of education, and an amount of general information, that were not required of the generation to which you belong. Feeling your own shortcomings, you should have engaged a few masters for the accomplishments. But I should like to know what it was you taught your daughter?

MME. DU VERNAGE. Politeness, my friend.

LATOURNELLE. She doesn't even know sacred history. I recollect that one day when we were at the Salon she inquired the name of a picture. I replied that it was a Salome. "Who's she?" she asked, a question that made every one smile around us. Perhaps you don't think this is mortifying to a husband; perhaps you think it encourages him to take his wife to the museums and elsewhere.

MME. DU VERNAGE. I admit that when I taught my daughter her Bible, I did not think it necessary to dwell on the story of Salome.

LATOURNELLE. The fact is that, with your old aristocratic ideas and your reactionary tendencies, you also have a holy horror of modern progress, and especially of advanced schools for young women. If you had had the sense to place your daughter in one of those admirable institutions—

MME. DU VERNAGE (*throwing down her*

work). If I had placed my daughter in one of those admirable institutions, I should have committed a crime against her future husband.

LATOURNELLE (*sarcastically*). Then you intended that she should marry either an ignoramus or a fool?

MME. DU VERNAGE. On the contrary, I intended her to marry an educated man, a man of brains, and I wished to leave to him the precious privilege of cultivating my daughter's intellect, or, at least, of shaping it according to his own ideas. I hoped that he would understand how much of gentleness and strength the relation of master and pupil could infuse into the bonds that unite a newly-married couple. I should consider myself culpable if, in advance, I deprived my son-in-law of the prestige he should enjoy in his wife's esteem; for if a young wife doesn't admire her husband, it is because she is not sufficiently in love with him. Understand me. He must be in her eyes a superior being, a kind of archangel, who deigns to lift her on his wings and gradually raise her into the pure ether! Ah! you have no idea how such a course of training, an almost insensible one, which seems only another and graver phase of love, touches and softens and binds a young wife's heart. But no, you would like to have your partner for life come forth from an advanced school in complete educational armor, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. I've heard of this vaunted system of teaching girls everything before marriage; but when you are thus shaping her mind in an official mold, are you quite certain that you are not forcing her into an attitude of opposition, nay, even downright hostility on more than one subject, to the man she will hereafter marry? May not these opinions of hers on all possible topics, which you insist on forming, come in conflict with those of the one whom she promises to love, honor, and obey? May not, in short, all this knowledge, so toilsomely acquired, prove displeasing to him? Might it not come to pass that the husband, in some cases, may prove after marriage to be the less learned of the two, and thus suffer in his own esteem; while the wife would not be able to repress a feeling of contempt for the man she should look up to? In view, therefore, of all these considerations, and others that I pass over, I am in favor of

a mother's perfecting her daughter's moral education, and contenting herself with merely sketching the course of intellectual training she should pursue, giving her, as Molière says, "a little information about everything," and preparing the ground for the husband. I have so understood my duty, and I have discharged it. Allow me to ask if you have been equally faithful to yours?

LATOURNELLE. And I ask you, madame, what your daughter would have said if I had proposed to send her to school for two or three hours every morning? for nothing less would have answered the purpose.

MME. DU VERNAGE. It is not a question of going to school; it is a question of embracing such opportunities as may offer themselves from day to day of enlightening her mind, correcting her opinions, refining her taste, elevating her thoughts. Certainly such opportunities are not wanting in Paris!

LATOURNELLE. Pardon me, my dear madame, I am about to touch upon a very delicate subject. With every wish in the world to respect your maternal illusions, I can not disguise the fact that you count too much on your daughter's natural ability. In my opinion she is so utterly frivolous as to be incapable of any serious application.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Ah! my friend, if you only knew how I want to laugh at you.

LATOURNELLE. Well, then, madame, I can assure you that I see nothing to laugh at, for frivolity carried to such a point is not only not ludicrous, but dangerous. It constitutes a moral disease that hurries wives down a fatal declivity ending in forgetfulness of duty! Among all these light-headed ones who pass their lives in running from one shop to another, in flirting around the lake in the Bois de Boulogne, and then stuffing themselves with sandwiches, *pâtés de foie gras*, and Malaga until dinner-time, are you acquainted with many that are really virtuous? As for me, I know but few who come within that category. In short, madame, to be entirely frank, your daughter is in a fair way to lose my confidence; in fact, she has lost it!

MME. DU VERNAGE. Allow me, my friend—

LATOURNELLE. For there is not only folly in the life she is leading, there is mystery and—equivocation. Odette is no longer

open and above board with me; more than once I have caught her deceiving me as to the employment of her time. Besides, she frequently shuts herself up in her room, and she has secret drawers in which she conceals something, apparently letters that she has written or received. Three days ago, when I happened to come in rather suddenly, I saw her push a lot of papers into some hiding-place, while she turned red up to the very roots of her hair.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Well! this is a little too much! I can't keep back the truth any longer. It is you, my dear sir, who are about to blush up to the roots of your hair. I will tell you what this little frivolous, childish, incapable wife of yours has been concealing from you. It was her diploma for having taken the first prize at the recent examinations at the Hôtel de Ville.

LATOURNELLE (*dumfounded and somewhat incredulous*). My dear madame, you don't tell me so!

MME. DU VERNAGE. True, I assure you, my dear sir; but that is not all. She is now preparing herself for the July examination to secure a still higher diploma. You now know how she has passed her days during the past six or seven months. She has been attending lectures, and when she has shut herself up in her room, it was to correct her notes or to sketch. Come, don't, I beg of you, try to conceal the tear I see in the corner of your eye. It does you credit, and makes me forget your previous impertinence. (*Taking his hands.*) Yes, you were really unhappy, my poor fellow!

LATOURNELLE (*greatly moved*). Very unhappy.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Then you love my terrible daughter a little after all?

LATOURNELLE. A great deal. (*He kisses her hand.*)

MME. DU VERNAGE (*gently withdrawing it*). No, not me, not me, you mustn't thank me; no one but her. For really, I was not very much in favor of it. I saw the objections, how inconvenient it would be, but she insisted. "I don't mean to leave him any excuse, mamma," said my little girl. (*Listens.*) There she is now. How disappointed she'll be when she finds that I've revealed her secret! She wanted to keep it from you until after the July examinations.

ODETTE (*entering quickly*). Here I am ; a little late, but—(*Stops as she notices that her mother and husband seem embarrassed, and then adds in a lower tone*). What can be the matter?

MME. DU VERNAGE. My daughter, you will scold me, but your husband was greatly annoyed. He suspected some plot ; he was really anxious. I told him everything.

ODETTE. Oh, mamma!

LATOURNELLE (*holding out his arms*). Embrace me! (*She runs to him, much affected*.) My darling! how nice of you! How charming!

BAPTISTE (*appearing at back of stage*). Dinner is ready, madame.

SCENE II.

[*The Dining-Room. A table laid for dinner. Latournelle, Mme. du Vernage and Odette enter, talking and laughing gayly. They take seats. Baptiste busies himself waiting on them.*]

LATOURNELLE (*laughing*). What surprises me most is that none of your lady friends told me.

ODETTE. Oh! they didn't know.

LATOURNELLE. Good!

ODETTE. But oh! the number of stories I've told and the tricks I've been compelled to resort to.

[*They begin to eat.*]

LATOURNELLE. You must show me your note-books. I should like to see them.

ODETTE. You shall see everything.

LATOURNELLE. And do you really think of trying for the higher diploma?

ODETTE (*very animated, and somewhat excited*). Certainly; and I shall get it.

LATOURNELLE. But the examination for this higher diploma is no laughing matter.

ODETTE. I know it, and I shall take plenty of time. Then I've such excellent professors. M. Chevreau-Lambert for French and literature—

LATOURNELLE. Chevreau-Lambert! the deuse!

ODETTE. The very same. M. Renaudot for history and geography; M. Tellier for the sciences; Hamel-Druot for drawing—in short, the aristocracy of the guild of educators.

LATOURNELLE (*to Mme. du Vernage*). Tell me, dear madame, did you accompany Odette to her lectures?

MME. DU VERNAGE. To some of them, my friend; it depended on the professors.

ODETTE. You did quite right, mamma, not to come this evening to Renaudot's. There were at least fifteen of us pupils in his little salon, besides a stove and gas. I came near suffocating. There wasn't enough oxygen, nothing but azote and carbonic acid—

LATOURNELLE. Capital! Then you know something about chemistry?

ODETTE. Only the rudiments. Come, question me; only don't ask anything very difficult.

LATOURNELLE (*somewhat perplexed*). Questions?—in chemistry?

ODETTE. Yes.

LATOURNELLE. Why, it isn't worth while. I've no doubt you know all about it.

MME. DU VERNAGE. But, my friend, since it would please her—

LATOURNELLE (*embarrassed*). Well, let me see; in chemistry. What is gas?

ODETTE. What kind of gas?

LATOURNELLE. Illuminating gas, the kind in the chandelier, for instance.

ODETTE. Hydrogen.

LATOURNELLE. Splendid! That's enough! (*To Mme. du Vernage*.) She knows it; she knows it.

ODETTE (*gayly*). Will you give me a little chloride of sodium, my dear? (*Latournelle, after a moment's hesitation, hands his wife a bottle of mineral water standing near him.*) No, Henri, I said chloride of sodium, and you give me St. Galmier water, c-h-l-o-r-i-d-e, chloride, s-o-d-i-u-m, sodium, chloride of sodium—common salt.

LATOURNELLE. Oh! chloride of sodium? That's it. (*Passes the salt-cellar.*) And as to history, my dear. Are you as well informed regarding history as you are about chemistry? However, I believe you are not questioned on anything but French history in these examinations.

ODETTE. As regards the first degree, yes; but for the second, general history is required. I have already learned, or reviewed, the greater part of it.

LATOURNELLE (*laughing*). Then I suppose you know who Salome was, now.

ODETTE. Of course. Salome was the daughter of Herodias, Herod's second wife. Herodias was also Herod's sister-in-law, and it was this marriage, regarded as unlawful

by the Jews, that provoked the upbraidings and anathemas of John the Baptist. In order to be revenged, Herodias swore that she would have his life. She asked Herod for his head through her daughter, Salome, who obtained it by fascinating him by her dancing. There is even reason to suppose that there was something less innocent than dancing that I can not now refer to, but in such a family—

LATOURNELLE (*evidently annoyed, interrupts her*). How? What are you talking about, Odette? I've never heard any such hypothesis advanced.

ODETTE. M. Renaudot, however, says that it is quite probable, and that otherwise it is impossible to explain rationally the sanguinary deed for which Herod allowed himself to be made responsible, seeing that naturally he was not a cruel prince.

LATOURNELLE (*who has been listening with increasing signs of disapproval*). What, not cruel! Herod not cruel! What about the massacre of the innocents, my dear?

ODETTE. Pardon me, my dear, you seem to be confusing two Herods. The one who slaughtered the children was Herod the Great, 40 B.C., while mine, Salome's, was Herod Antipas, his son, 1 A.D.

LATOURNELLE. Are you sure?

ODETTE. Yes, my dear.

LATOURNELLE. As for that, the history of those times is somewhat uncertain.

MME. DU VERNAGE (*coughing*). Ahem!

LATOURNELLE. You were saying, my dear madame—

MME. DU VERNAGE. Nothing, my friend.

LATOURNELLE (*eating*). These shrimp croquettes are simply delicious. You must have been terribly bored, my poor Odette, by seven months of such abstruse studies.

ODETTE. Not at all. You know what the poet says:

"Le travail est souvent le père du plaisir."*

LATOURNELLE. Boileau. Very good; very good! But it must be remembered that this is not one of his happiest lines—

ODETTE (*simply*). But it is not Boileau, my dear; it is Voltaire.

LATOURNELLE (*somewhat annoyed, but recovering himself and affecting to laugh*). Bravo! So you fell into my trap.

ODETTE. Was it a catch?

LATOURNELLE. Why, of course. I wanted to know whether you were well up in literature. You must see that I couldn't have made a blunder like that. Boileau never wrote so stupid a line. Even Voltaire usually does better than that, especially in his lighter effusions. Take, for example, his quatrain, beginning, "Glide on, mortals, don't delay." It's really charming.

ODETTE (*looking at him*). Is this another trap, my dear?

LATOURNELLE (*nervously*). How? No. Why?

ODETTE. Because the quatrain doesn't happen to be Voltaire's.

LATOURNELLE. You think so?

ODETTE. It is by the poet Roy. The lines were written under an engraving representing a skating scene:

"Sur un mince cristal, l'hiver conduit leurs pas;
Le précipice est sous la glace;
Telle est, de vos plaisirs, la légère surface:
Glacez, mortels, n'appuyez pas."†

LATOURNELLE. Well, whoever the author may be, they're charming, as I said.

MME. DU VERNAGE (*coughing*). Ahem!

LATOURNELLE. You were saying, dear madame?

MME. DU VERNAGE. I wasn't speaking, my friend, I was eating quietly. (*Baptiste hands around the dish of roast meat.*)

LATOURNELLE (*rather sarcastically*). What is the roast to-day? Beef, again? Come, my dear Odette, I don't want to scold on such an occasion as this, but in heaven's name, I beg of you, give us veal and lamb once in a while, instead of this hearty mutton and beef which, in the end, will turn my stomach.

ODETTE. My dear the flesh of veal and lamb, as you are aware, is entirely composed of fibrine and albumen, which are not at all healthy, especially for you who are of a lymphatic temperament.

LATOURNELLE (*repeating in a low tone, and evidently displeased*). Lymphatic? So you are learning medicine as well?

ODETTE. Only a few principles, in its relations to chemistry, hygiene,—

LATOURNELLE (*to Mme. du Vernage*). Don't you think, my dear madame, that too much is required of these young women, that

Of your pleasures such is the thin surface:
Glide on, mortals, don't delay."

* "Of Pleasure, Labor often the father is."

† "On thin crystal Winter guides their steps;
A precipice lies under the ice;

they are overworked, and their brains too heavily taxed?

MME. DU VERNAGE. Certainly not, my friend.

[*They eat for a time in silence.*]

ODETTE. You are not taking any of this *chaufroix*, my dear.

LATOURNELLE (*who has become very much out of humor*). No, thanks; I am not hungry, although I've taken considerable exercise to-day. I walked as far as the Rue de Presbourg to say good bye to Dussailly.

ODETTE. And he is really going?

LATOURNELLE. Yes, he is going in America; he goes to Havre this evening.

ODETTE. Oh! Henri; what *are* you saying? If M. Chevreau-Lambert could hear you, it would throw him into convulsions.

LATOURNELLE. Why so?

ODETTE. Because there's no blunder in the French language that exasperates him more than the one you have just committed, thoughtlessly, no doubt.

LATOURNELLE. What blunder?

ODETTE. "Il part en Amerique," "il part au Havre," instead of "He leaves for America," "He leaves for Le Havre."*

LATOURNELLE. But I read these expressions every day—everywhere.

ODETTE. Precisely. M. Chevreau-Lambert told us only this very morning, that there was no mistake more common in French to-day, nor one more inexcusable, and that this objectionable expression should be relegated to the apartments of the *concierge's*, where it came from.

LATOURNELLE (*disconcerted*). But, really, I don't see the reason—

ODETTE. The reason, my dear, is that the preposition "in," which indicates the arrival, the sojourn in a place, the interiority, as it is called, is contradictory to, and irreconcilable with, the word "go," which implies, if it implies anything, the idea of departure, of direction from one place to another, and the same with regard to the preposition "to."

LATOURNELLE (*aside, and wiping his forehead*). It's getting warm. (*Aloud, and annoyed*.) Perhaps you're right; but, my dear little one, before taking up these fine grammatical points, perhaps it would be as well to improve your handwriting a little.

* Literally, The Harbor.

ODETTE. Why, I've been compelled to do so to pass my examination. I've had a writing-master, and you'll be agreeably surprised to find what an artist I've become

— Dans l'art ingénieux

De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux!†

[*They rise from the table.*]

LATOURNELLE. Ah! the worthy Boileau this time.

ODETTE (*gayly*). Come, admit that you are doing it on purpose.

LATOURNELLE. How so? Isn't it Boileau?

ODETTE. You know very well that it's Brébeuf—in "La Pharsale."

LATOURNELLE. Oh! yes, Brébeuf. I must confess that I had somewhat lost sight of Brébeuf.

MME. DU VERNAGE (*to whom he has given his arm*). She's well read, isn't she?

LATOURNELLE (*surrendering at discretion*). Very much so.

MME. DU VERNAGE. And only think how much she'll know when she has taken the higher diploma! (*They pass into the boudoir.*)

[*Baptiste and Julie enter to clear off the table.*]

JULIE. What can they have been going on so about to-day? We could hear them in the kitchen.

[*Just then Latournelle comes back from the boudoir and raises the portière.*]

BAPTISTE (*not seeing his master*). Well, you've lost your bet! Madame was in monsieur's arms most of the time. What made me laugh— (*Turns and sees Latournelle.*)

LATOURNELLE (*severely*). Go, please, and get the cigarette case in the pocket of my outside coat.

BAPTISTE. Yes, sir.

SCENE III.

[*The boudoir. Mme. du Vernage and Odette alone.*]

ODETTE. You don't mean it, mamma? Did he really suspect me?

MME. DU VERNAGE. He didn't exactly suspect you, but he was getting very uneasy, a trifle jealous, in fact. But you shouldn't complain of that, my child.

[*Enter Latournelle.*]

† — "In the ingenious art

Of painting with words, and speaking to the eye."

ODETTE (*taking his hands*). So you were jealous, you wicked man! You suspected me!

LATOURNELLE. Not at all. Only there was a mystery I could not fathom.

ODETTE. Make your mind easy, my poor boy.

"Mon âme vierge encor, dans le sommeil des sens,
Des folles passions ignore les tourmens." *

LATOURNELLE. How gratifying all this is, to be sure.

ODETTE. Introduced to bring in my quotation. You know the author, of course.

LATOURNELLE. Indeed, I don't. Wait a bit, though. It must be from Racine—*Hippolyte* in "*Phèdre*."

ODETTE. Another challenge? No, they're Legouvés. Now, my darling Henri, I'm going to bring you my diploma, my notebooks, and my "relief" sketches, and you'll see how hard I've worked to please you.

"Et si de t'agréer, je n'emporte le prix,
J'aurais, du moins, l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris." †

[*She runs out of the room, returns and raises the portière.*]

ODETTE. Where are they from?

LATOURNELLE. Probably Corneille, in the "*Cid*."

ODETTE. Nonsense; they're from La-fontaine. (*Exit.*)

[*Latournelle takes two or three turns up and down the room while smoking a cigarette, then throws the latter into the fire and sinks into a chair, utterly prostrated.*]

MME. DU VERNAGE. Well, dear friend, you seem somewhat stupefied.

LATOURNELLE. Stupefied is a rather strong expression; "bored" would express my condition better.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Why "bored"? You wanted an educated wife, and you have one. What do you wish for more?

LATOURNELLE. True, I wanted an educated woman for a wife, but I did not sigh for a female *savant* of the Molière species, a pedant ever ready to make a display of her insupportable erudition. Why, one can not even open one's lips to say a word without seeing it made the text for a scientific commentary, a grammatical observation, or a literary quotation. It's terrible.

MME. DU VERNAGE. At any rate, you

can't accuse her of not being able to converse.

LATOURNELLE. But her conversation is not conversation as I understand that art; it's lecturing.

MME. DU VERNAGE. You must consider, my friend, that my daughter is naturally anxious to spread before you all her little stock of knowledge, before you who blamed her so severely for her former ignorance. But after a while that desire will pass away and she will become calmer.

LATOURNELLE (*testily*). Perhaps so. In the mean time there is one point to which I beg you to call her attention. She ought not to try to catch me, to correct me, when I fall into some unimportant error. Such a habit would place me in a decidedly unpleasant position in society, and even before my own servants. Besides, allow me to add, dear madame, that her studies are being directed with the worst possible taste and judgment. She is taught a quantity of useless things, nay, things that are worse than useless, that deprave her mind and rob her of that air of high breeding that should characterize her as a cultivated woman.

MME. DU VERNAGE. I am entirely of your opinion. But, at the same time, I must repeat what I have already had the honor of observing—that if you had condescended to direct her education yourself, you would not only have taught her what it is desirable for her to know, but you would have taken pains to keep her ignorant of those things that she ought not to know, and all would have been well. And were it not that I might appear to be wanting in the deference due you, I would add that you seem somewhat inconsistent. When your wife appeared to be ignorant and frivolous, you cried out like a peacock. She studies, educates herself, takes infinite pains to please you, and you are even more dissatisfied than you were before. If you wish to drive her out of her senses, you are going the right way to work to secure that end. But, as you have not quite taken leave of your own, I trust that you'll soon be able to see matters in their true light. Good evening. (*She rises to retire.*)

LATOURNELLE. No, I beg of you, dear

* "My virgin soul, still wrapped in the sleep of the senses,
Is ignorant of the torment of unbridled passions."

† "And if I did not win the prize to please thee,
At least I am entitled to the credit of having striven for it."

madame, do not abandon me in so trying, so critical a situation. I acknowledge that you are an excellent counselor. Kindly deign to advise me. I really wish Odette to give up these studies, which, I repeat, are directed with the worst possible judgment. How can I intimate this to her without wounding and discouraging her?

MME. DU VERNAGE. Come down from your high horse. Appeal to her affection, let your heart speak to hers. There is no better course with us women. Shall I go, or stay?

LATOURNELLE. Stay, by all means.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Like Arnold. (*Sits.*)

[*Odette enters with note-books and rolls of paper.*]

ODETTE (*gayly laying them on the table*). In the first place, there's my diploma.

LATOURNELLE (*looking at it*). You mean to give it to me, don't you? I shall keep it as one of my most valued treasures.

ODETTE. How kind of you. Here are my notes.

LATOURNELLE (*glancing over them*). Why, little one, how you must have worked. It's really frightful, terrible! But this great roll?

ODETTE. My "relief" drawings. (*Unrolls one and shows it to her husband.*)

LATOURNELLE (*admiringly*). And pray, what is that?

ODETTE. That? An acanthus leaf from

the temple of Mars the Avenger, and this is a molding from the same edifice.

LATOURNELLE. This full relief is capital; and remarkably well done, really remarkably. (*To Mme. du Vernage.*) Is it not, madame? Look. (*Passes the drawing to Mme. du Vernage.*)

MME. DU VERNAGE. Yes, my friend, excellently.

LATOURNELLE. And say, my dear, don't you think you now know about enough?

ODETTE. Of course I don't. I must have the higher diploma.

LATOURNELLE. To please me?

ODETTE. Certainly. In the first place, to please you, and then—

LATOURNELLE. And then?

ODETTE (*coaxingly*). And then to please—myself; because I hope—in fact, I've always said to myself that the day I brought you the higher diploma, you would give me a horse, a nice little horse.

LATOURNELLE. Now if I should give you the horse to-morrow and a great big kiss now, would you be willing to give up the idea of taking the diploma?

ODETTE (*presenting her cheek*). Try me.

LATOURNELLE (*kissing her*). It's a bargain.

MME. DU VERNAGE. Well! you are not as stupid as I thought you were. You may kiss me too, my friend. (*Kisses her. Curtain.*)

THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY.

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

IN the summer of 1873 I found myself, by some chance, at a remote railroad station in Norway. It was, as far as I remember, the terminus of the road, and I was confronted with the unpleasant necessity of continuing my journey in that instrument of torture, unknown to the Inquisition, called a *karjol*. There were two other gentlemen walking up and down the platform, who were apparently in the same dilemma. Having nothing else to do while waiting for my *karjol*, I regarded them with some interest. They were both handsome men, of magnificent physique and exceptionally fine bearing. The taller of the two had a pronounced Teutonic countenance, and with his luxuriant blonde beard and frank blue eyes might

have served for a type of a *Sigfried* or a *Her-
man*. It struck me presently that his face had a very familiar look; but as I had not heard that the Crown Prince of Germany was in Norway, I supposed that the tall traveler was a German officer who, perhaps, prided himself on his resemblance to the heir of the Empire, and strove to emphasize it. I had seen before a German who was gotten up very successfully *à la Bismarck*, even to the celebrated three hairs on the top of his bald pate.

If it be true that "there is a divinity doth hedge a king," I presume it attaches in an almost equal degree to an heir to a throne. But it is possible that I was too democratic in sentiment to have this instinctive knowledge

that I was face to face with an Imperial Highness. The more of a homage it was, that, without the assistance of such knowledge, I admired the blonde Teuton more the longer I looked at him. There was an unconscious grandeur in his carriage, and at the same time a spontaneous *bonhomie* and naturalness which were very winning. Although he was dressed in a loose-fitting shooting jacket and knee-breeches, and wore a small sportsman's hat on his head, he could not disguise a certain innate distinction and a mark of blood and race which would have been scarcely less apparent, if he had been attired in sackcloth and ashes. I was just debating in my mind whether this might not, after all, be Unser Fritz, traveling *incognito*, when the subject of my debate stopped in front of me and asked me, *sans cérémonie*, if I spoke German or English. On my answering that I spoke both, he inquired in the former language if I was acquainted with the route through Numedal across the mountains to Hardanger. As I had recent knowledge of inns, guides, and means of progress in these regions, I freely imparted whatever advice I was able to give to my interlocutor. The other gentleman, who was also drawn into the conversation, behaved, I noticed, with an extraordinary deference to his companion, and when, accidentally, I caught the word "*Hoheit*," I was no longer in doubt. I knew that I had the honor of conversing with the hero of Königgratz, Weissenburgh, and Wörth. I took care, however, to show no marked change in my demeanor, and the Prince continued for about ten minutes to talk with me about the country, the facilities for hunting, the beauty of the scenery, the industrial progress, etc.

I can not recall the exact words he used; nor do I think that they were in themselves remarkable. No man talks brilliantly, even if he can, to a stranger whom he picks up at the wayside. But what I do remember vividly is the impression the Prince's personality made upon me. I can not imagine a finer combination of simplicity and dignity than was expressed in his manner. There was not the remotest suggestion of pretense or *hauteur*; not the slightest desire to impress; but an unaffected amiability and sweetness of character shone through his face as he spoke, and imparted a winning

cadence to the words which he uttered. A man who had been born heir presumptive to a throne, and perhaps the greatest throne in Europe; who had commanded armies in two great wars, and already taken his place in history; a man who, at the early age of forty-two, had such achievements behind him and yet could preserve this noble simplicity in his speech and bearing was, indeed, a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon to be worthy of study.

That this Prince is a *rara avis* among princes may as well at once be recognized. There is no other royal personage in Europe who is so universally beloved, and who deserves, in so complete a sense, the devotion of which he is the object. The loyalty which the people of Germany cherish for "Unser Fritz" is not the mere vague, patriotic feeling which, in some way, identifies the glory of the Fatherland with that of the House of Hohenzollern. The Royal House of Prussia is, indeed, all things considered, the most dignified monarchical family which now occupies a European throne. Though it has counted some rather unworthy members (and what family has not?), it has also produced some truly great kings, and its average of intellect and morality has been higher than that of any reigning house that I can recall. The Hohenzollerns have deserved well of Prussia and of Germany; and Prince Frederic William comes in for his full share of this family loyalty. But any one who has lived in Germany will have discovered that, quite apart from this, he is regarded with a closer and more personal kind of affection than even his illustrious father. A few sinister memories from 1848 still cling to the name of the venerable Emperor, although he has long since outlived the odium attaching to the deplorable occurrences in the capital on the 18th and 19th of March.

But in the Crown Prince's life there has not been a single jarring incident, not a single occurrence of which his country has not reason to be proud. From his earliest years he has been "the hope of the land." While other scions of royal houses have devoted themselves to dissipation and gallant adventures, he has seriously prepared himself by service in the field and extensive studies for his exalted duties as the ruler of a great nation. In his conduct, as in his appearance, he illustrates the best and most

typical qualities of the Teutonic race. Their painstaking diligence, conscientious thoroughness, and faithfulness to duty, their devotion to hearth and home and respect for family ties have been beautifully exemplified in the person of the Prince who, it is still hoped, will some day be called upon to lead the destinies of the German Empire.

All this must be borne in mind if one is to understand the heartfelt and universal outburst of grief which was occasioned by the announcement that the Prince was suffering from an incurable illness which must, within a brief space of time, terminate his life. I never realized how profound this grief was, until, one day last spring, I found my cook and my governess (both German), who had hitherto been separated by an insurmountable social barrier, weeping together over the sad fate of their Prince. The latter assured me with many tears that there was no hope for him, because "the White Lady," who always appears before the death of a Hohenzollern, had recently been seen by a sentinel, drifting by night through the corridors of the castle at Potsdam. She had this on the very best authority, and nothing could shake her conviction. The bulletins of Sir Morrell Mackenzie and the other physicians she received with a sad smile of superior knowledge, regarding the varying reports from day to day only as evidences of an unscrupulous plot on the part of the doctors to extort money.

The newspapers tell us that the royal patient has been deluged with medicines, herbs, and advice during his sojourn at San Remo, and although he has no doubt suffered some annoyance from the anxiety of his countrymen concerning his life, he can not, on the other hand, fail to be touched by their devotion. The old peasant woman who has an infallible household remedy which her mother and her grandmother used before her goes to the schoolmaster, and gets him to write a letter at her dictation to the Crown Prince; the young girl who believes in charms and incantations is impelled secretly to send him her panacea, and the man who has been cured of cancer by some absurdly unscientific remedy is eager to offer his services. Nay, one man who has heard that the Prince's one hope of life is in the substitution of a sound larynx for his diseased one, offers to give his own, resigning himself to

eternal silence in order that his Prince may speak. From all over Germany there arrived on Christmas Eve a multitude of the most extraordinary articles, all intended for the health and comfort of the invalid. Most of them were products of domestic industry, and testified touchingly how close the Prince is to every German heart, and how earnest is the solicitude for his recovery. Nay, even from France, where it is treason to think well of anything German, good-will has been expressed for the man who was the first to invade French territory in 1870, and sorrow at the fate which is threatening him. Of all the prominent participators in the great campaign he is the only one for whom admiration is frankly professed, and whose greatness and nobility of character are freely conceded.

It may be in order here to give a sketch of Prince Frederic William's life, tending to show how he has earned the extraordinary devotion of which he is the object. Fifty-six years ago there appeared in the Prussian *State Journal* the following important announcement:

BERLIN, October 18, 1831.

This morning at 10 o'clock, H. R. H., the Princess, spouse of H. R. H. Prince William of Prussia, Son of His Majesty, was, to the joy of H. M. and the whole Royal House, happily delivered of a Prince in the New Palace at Potsdam. This happy event was made known to the inhabitants of the city by the firing of cannon. The exalted mother, as well as the new-born Prince, is doing extremely well.

Prince William of Prussia, to whom reference is made in this announcement, was the second son of King Frederic William III. and the beautiful Queen Louise, and accordingly not the first heir to the throne. His elder brother, Frederic William IV., who succeeded his father in 1840, was, however, childless, and there was thus a strong probability that the new-born Prince, if his life was spared, would some day be called upon to ascend the throne. At all events, his education from his earliest years was framed with this end in view. He was subjected to a rigorous training, and it gives one a headache to think of all the things that his little brain was made to absorb. When he was ten years old, he was, according to family custom, appointed a second lieutenant in the Royal Guards, and was invested with the order of the Black Eagle. Every Hohenzollern has to be above all things a soldier, and

the military discipline to which a young prince of that house is subjected is not the playing at arms which brings an English prince in a few years (irrespective of ability) to the top of the military ladder. No, the Prussian soldier, be he royal or plebeian, has to shoulder his gun and go through the drill of an ordinary private, jump on one leg, run, bend forward and backward, etc., until he is ready to drop with weariness. I have often watched this relentless thoroughness, regardless of rank, with admiration, and have found in it the secret of the excellence of the German Army. A young Hohenzollern will, no doubt, be promoted more rapidly than a plebeian or a noble of the same ability; but if this ability is lacking, his royal birth will not secure for him advancement beyond a certain point, and he will never be permitted to assume any command in which his capacity for blundering might reflect upon the honor and efficiency of German arms.

At the age of thirteen Prince Frederic William received a new tutor in the person of Professor Ernst Curtius, since famous as excavator of Olympia and historian of Greece. Besides the ordinary school branches he had to take lessons in music, singing, English, French, gymnastics, fencing, dancing, and horseback riding. There is also an old tradition in the Prussian Royal family that every prince of the blood must learn a trade so well that, in case of need, he might make his living by it. This is not, as might be supposed, a wise discounting of the vicissitudes of fate; but it is merely meant to express appreciation of the dignity of labor, and the coherence of the sovereign with the body social, whose life is toil. Our young Prince selected the trade of a cabinet maker, and became in a short time quite skillful in the handling of tools. Later he also took lessons in bookbinding, from which he derived much pleasure. If his biographers are to be trusted, he must have found but little time for amusement amid all the rigid discipline to which he was subjected. But he had robust health, and a strong and supple body which was early trained to the highest degree of efficiency. Many Berlin children, who are now middle-aged men and women, remember, however, the annual attendance of the young Prince at the Christmas pantomimes at Kroll's; and the festal air which his presence gave to the occasion.

He was permitted to make excursions by rail and on foot to the Saxon Switzerland, and other picturesque regions, always accompanied by his tutor, who strove to mingle amusement with instruction.

The revolutionary movement of 1848, which was provoked by the feudal and reactionary policy of Frederic William IV. and his ministers, selected as its special scapegoat the King's brother, the present Emperor; and in order to appease the popular wrath, the latter was advised temporarily to leave the capital. His son was at that time a student in the University of Bonn, where he devoted himself with much earnestness to the study of law, history, and political economy. There was no dawdling or superficial flirting with the sciences, such as persons of high rank are apt to indulge in when they honor an institution of learning with their presence; but a serious purpose to benefit by the guidance of distinguished scholars, and penetrate into the subjects of their teaching sufficiently to warrant an independent judgment. When he was twenty-one years old, the Prince's military calling compelled him to terminate his connection with the University, and the next two years were devoted to the active duties of an officer and to the acquisition of practical familiarity with all the infinitesimal details of dress, drill, and discipline which singly seem insignificant, but which collectively make the Prussian Army the formidable engine of destruction which it is acknowledged to be.

In April, 1851, Prince Frederic William stepped for the first time on English soil, having accepted an invitation to attend the opening of the great Industrial World Exhibition in London. The idea of uniting all the nations of the world in a friendly competition in the arts of peace had first emanated from the Prince Consort, and had been eagerly espoused by the Queen. One result of the exhibition, however, which they had scarcely foreseen, was the betrothal of their daughter Princess Victoria to Prince Frederic William of Prussia. It is obvious from the very cool way in which Prince Albert writes of the event to his friend, Baron Stockmar, that the match was not thought to be a very grand one, though, on the whole, quite satisfactory. Prussia was not the power in 1851 that it is now; and the house of Hohenzollern, now the most illustrious in Europe,

was then judged by the pitiful policy of its two last representatives on the throne, who were content to play second fiddle to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. What appeared to reconcile the bride's father to the marriage was his observation that the young people seemed to like each other; and that the young Hohenzollern had "honest eyes and a frank and amiable disposition." It was not until 1855, however, that the engagement was made public; and the way it was received by the English press of that day would scarcely now be credited, if it were not a matter of history. *The Times* particularly distinguished itself by heaping coarse abuse upon the Royal House of Prussia, which it declared to be a "miserable" one; and by requesting the English people to be prepared to see their Princess return to their shores, in a not distant future, as a fugitive and an exile.

The wedding was postponed, on account of the extreme youth of the bride, until January 25, 1858. It took place in the chapel of St. James Palace, London. After the ceremony, Queen Victoria embraced and kissed her daughter and son-in-law, and turned her cheek to the latter's father, who had respectfully stooped to kiss her hand. When the young couple embarked at Gravesend in the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, there was an enormous concourse of people, who were wildly cheering, and even the river was covered for miles with boats, from which innumerable handkerchiefs waved a last goodbye to "the fair rose of England." Particularly amusing to the Prince was the homely and disrespectful advice freely imparted by the sailors and Thames boatmen who crowded about the royal yacht. "Be true to her, now," one honest fellow called out. "Keep her well," another shouted. "God bless you for it," was the greeting of a third. The railroad journey from Brussels to Berlin was a triumphal progress, full of interesting incidents.

The life of the Crown Prince, during the next twelve years, though a rich and happy one, calls for no special chronicle. The happiest nations, as is well known, are those that have no history; and in individual lives the happiest periods are often those that furnish the least material for the biographer. Prince Frederic William and his wife were sincerely devoted to each other, and the lapse of years with their vary-

ing experience brought them constantly closer together. Children were born to them, and they strove with conscientious earnestness to bring them up to be good and honorable men and women. They grappled personally with the problems of education, instead of shifting them upon the shoulders of hired tutors and governesses; knowing well that no person, however wise and well-disposed, can be to a child what its father and mother are; and that, if you wish to reap love, you must sow labor and trouble. It is here at his domestic hearth that the greatness and nobility of this exceptional Prince have shone most brightly, for I deem it a greater achievement, on his part, to have set the example, in the royal household, of virtue, sweet temper, loving devotion, and simple Christian conduct than to have invaded France and held high the standard of German glory in a hostile land. There is one incident, however, in this comparatively uneventful period which appears to me highly significant. In 1863, two years after the succession of the present King to the throne of Prussia, the notorious order of June 1st was promulgated, practically abolishing the liberty of the press. It was Count Bismarck who signalized his accession to power by this arbitrary and oppressive measure; and the Crown Prince, who was at that time on a journey of inspection in East Prussia, took occasion, in a public address which he made to the citizens of Dantzic, to express his surprise and regret. The speech naturally made a sensation, and there was even talk of disciplining the heir to the throne, in accordance with the military code. But happily gentler counsel prevailed; although the Prince, after having received a warning, declared that he could not change his opinion, nor apologize for what he had said. He placed his resignation of all his offices at the disposal of the King and offered to take up his residence wherever the latter might desire. He was not the only one, at that time, who honestly believed that Bismarck's policy would imperil the very existence of the monarchy; and it was not until after the Schleswig-Holstein War in 1864 that public opinion began to discover that the aim and object of that policy was German unity.

In the Austrian War of 1866 the Crown Prince was for the first time intrusted with a prominent command in the field. He then

held the rank of a general, and in the great battle of Königgratz, as the commander of the second army corps, arrived in the very nick of time and saved the day for the Prussian arms. He had thus signally demonstrated his ability as a strategist and warrior, and when the Emperor of the French (or should I say the Empress?) declared war against Germany in 1870, it was a foregone conclusion that Prince Frederic William was to play a conspicuous part. In fact he and his cousin, Prince Frederic Charles (the Red Prince, as he was commonly named), who then commanded the second army corps, not only maintained the ancient warlike fame of the house of Hohenzollern, but conquered for it new laurels. The events of 1870 are too fresh in the memory of all to need recounting. The rapid invasion of France by the three German armies, the marvelous skill and foresight displayed in every movement, the admirable accuracy of every strategic calculation, and the swift succession of victories which placed Germany in the foremost rank of European powers, and made its Chancellor, in a measure, the arbiter of the fate of Europe—all that we have witnessed with our own eyes and have not yet ceased wondering at. On whichever side our sympathies may be, we can not refrain from according just credit to the magnificent efficiency of a system which (whether it be intrinsically good or bad) is so perfectly adapted for the achievement of the ends for the sake of which it exists. It need not be said that the Crown Prince showed the same traits, during this season of triumph and distress, that had always characterized him. When he was compelled to use the historic halls of the royal palace at Versailles as a hospital for the wounded, he had the walls and floors covered with canvas, and issued the strictest orders that the works of art must not be injured. And, as we all know, no one would suspect to-day, from the appearance of the palace at Versailles, that it housed a hostile army. Let the French remember, when they rave about the German barbarians, how their own soldiers behaved in Germany during the Napoleonic campaigns, and how they shot at mark at the Saviour's head in Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," during their sojourn in Milan. A war is, indeed, always barbarous, and it is a sad thing to see how the half-

quenched savage passions in men are instantly rekindled, when the restraints of the law are removed and the conditions of primitive life are partly restored. The Crown Prince, however, exerted all his influence to mitigate the horrors of the war, and many are the anecdotes related which show his humane disposition and his kind and merciful heart.

The re-establishment of the German Empire in the throne hall at Versailles, January 18, 1871, was the crowning result of the Franco-Prussian War. Besides becoming heir to the Empire, the Crown Prince was raised to the highest rank attainable in the Prussian Army.

He became a field marshal. His return to Berlin with his father, the Emperor, was the occasion for the wildest rejoicing which the capital on the Spree has ever witnessed. Each year that has passed since has endeared him more and more to the German people. It is not only the Prussians who regard him with affection; but the South Germans, who were not, at first, favorable to German unity under Prussia's hegemony, have been won by his noble character (with which they had opportunities to get acquainted when under his command in the war), and are now scarcely outdone in their loyalty to him by his hereditary subjects. He has gained this great popularity, not by any political act, but by the impression of uprightness, manliness, fairness, and affability which his personality everywhere makes. The sweet and kindly spirit which sparkles in his eye when he speaks with children brings him very near not only to the hearts of his small interlocutors, but also to those of their parents. An eye-witness relates an anecdote that is charmingly characteristic. The Prince noticed, during a state banquet, that the court pages (who are boys of noble family, from twelve to fifteen years old) cast longing eyes toward the sweetmeats. He summoned half a dozen of them, made them stand in a row, and threw bon-bons into their open mouths. Having taken the edge off their appetite, he stuffed their pockets, and sent them on their way rejoicing. He has a great enjoyment of a joke, and a guest who can tell a good story well is much appreciated. Secure in his dignity, which he needs not exert himself to maintain, he can afford in his private life

to ignore the rigid etiquette which stands like an insurmountable barrier between a royal personage and the common people. Prince Frederic William is not afraid to play a prank upon a member of his court, and to take it in good part when the compliment is repaid in kind. He frequently goes to bathe in the swimming basin of the Imperial Guards at Potsdam, and is on such occasions always ready to give and to take a ducking with perfect good humor.

No anecdote is more illustrative of the Prince's character than the familiar one of the school-master at Bornstedt. This village is situated not far from Potsdam, and during a walk in the neighborhood the Prince entered the school-house, and without allowing the instruction to be interrupted sat down among the children, and listened with interest to their questions and answers. Presently a telegraph messenger arrived and handed the school-master a dispatch which he tore open and read. The Prince noticed that he turned very pale; and inquired if he had received bad news. "My mother is dying, Imperial Highness," said the teacher; "she wishes to see me, but I can not go to her."

"Why not?"

"I can not leave the school without procuring a substitute."

"Go as quick as you can," the Prince exclaimed. "I will be your substitute."

The teacher accordingly went and the Prince took his place at the desk, and taught the class for the rest of the day. The following day he procured a substitute; but continued to act as superintendent of the school until the return of the master.

One need not be a German to sympathize with the profound sorrow which has oppressed the Fatherland during the progress of the illness which is now threatening the life of this beloved Prince. It would be a calamity which would affect all civilized nations, if a life so rich in promise and in achievement should be cut off in its prime. I venture to say that I am speaking in the name of all true and patriotic Americans, when I express the earnest hope that the people of Germany may be spared this affliction. The latest bulletins seem to indicate that the disease has taken a favorable turn and that it is probably not of a cancerous nature. If this indication proves to be correct, there will be rejoicings in many lands, far beyond the boundaries of the Empire of the Hohenzollerns.

AN ODE.

TO C—UN—Y M. D—P—W, ESQ.

BY JOHN PAUL.

[If I substitute blanks for names when, in the progress of this poem, it becomes necessary to allude to individuals, it is because I do not wish to offend individuals. If relatives and near friends insist on penetrating the veil that I have thrown over my principal characters the fault is not mine.—C—AR—S H—N—Y W—BB]

I WISH I were you,
C. M. D—p—w!
Once I wished to be a king,
A Cham, or some such thing.
In my thirsting titular
I'd have even been the Tzar.
Then they spelled it with a "C,"
Now I see it's with a "T;"
But it matters very little
How they spell a fellow's title,
If he's sitting on a bomb;
And the title questioned here
He may chance to read quite clear
Next breath in Kingdom Come.

But before these bombs and "buts"—
I thought it would be nuts

Just to sit upon a throne,
In a State that was my own,
Beneath a Russian sky—
Every other man a "ski"—
And say "we" instead of "I,"
"We" to this and "we" to that—
E. g., "We smell a rat,"
And to issue "our" fiat.
Suppressing by decree
All who didn't smell like me—
Those, I mean, who'd not agree—
As the Tzar does on his throne,
And R—id in the *Tribune*.

Now rather I'd be you,
Be C—un—y M. D—p—w!
For you are "blown up" never
(E'en by thinking you are clever).

The worst that any do
Is sometimes to "interview,"
And print here—rather "skewy"—
What you say out at St. Louis!

At dinner tables, too,
They sometimes seize on you,
Compelling an oration
(Of course "no preparation," and against
your inclination).
When one gets up, hot-footed,
And says he's been deweped
To call upon D-p-w—
And then he looks at you.

Though revenge one shouldn't wreak,
Even *I'd* get up and speak!

But, on the whole, D-p-w,
I'd rather far be you
Than any king or pope I know* in all Eu-
rope.

Why, even the Tzar, wide as his Steppes are,
Can not travel so far as you in your car,
And without "change"—not a cent for fare!
He must change at frontiers, where they have
douaniers,†
While you, the gorgeousest "traveling
gent,"
Go whirling across a continent—
And all of it without costing a cent!

On the horse-cars, too,
C. M. D-p-w,
You can travel all day in a royal way.
No conductor will say:
"Move up thar, D-p-w, thar's room thar fur
two!"
Or boldly declare, long after taking your
fare
(A piece which you know was fresh from the
mint),
"This quarter yer guv's got a hole in't!"

What can one do if one isn't D-p-w?
To the passengers near
You've been "shoving the queer."
Deny it? how droll! why there is the hole!
One hasn't the nerve. Remonstrance you
cease,
And the peace to preserve just pocket the
piece.

But if rightly I read, C. M. D-p-w,
There is trouble ahead, even for you.

* Personally, that is.

† The reader must pronounce this as it is spelled and gen-

There are threats in the air, ominous threats,
And I hear, here and there, rumors and bets
Of office awaiting, at least, nominating,
"C-un-y D-p-w."
And I say in my soul: "Now they'll soon
find a hole—
A hollow in *you*"—
Though always before this treasured and
hugged,
When it comes to an office they'll say you
are "plugged."

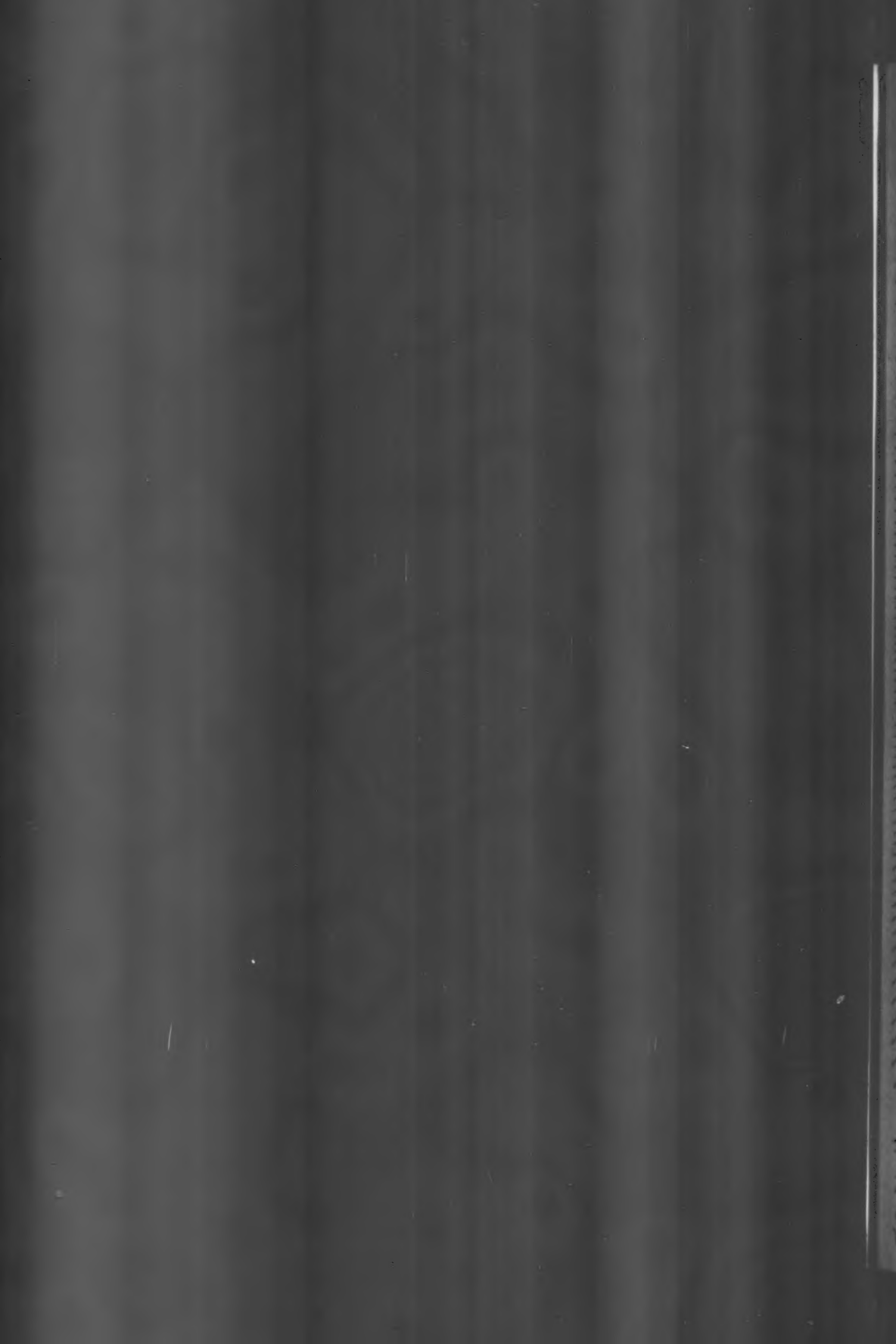
Just now all around are devoted,
Unquestioned you're quaffed to and quoted,
Still dear to the heart of the shuffling masses,
Though inter-State law has cut off all passes.
Even the press never hazards a guess
That so much as a tint of wickedness,
The faintest shade that is not true blue,
Colors D-p-w.

And watching afar the swing of your car—
Which it seemed to me you had hitched to a
star—
I have wondered what your small vices are,
If, indeed, you had any that didn't show.
Run for an office—then I'll know!
All will come out, no matter what:
Just how many wives you've got,
How many shirts and what their kind,
Whether they button before or behind,
What brands you smoke and what brandy
you drink,
If you've wartonly spilled either blood or
ink.
There's nothing ever you've said or done
That'll not be shown to the noonday sun.
Of course you have never done anything
bad,
But were you, indeed, Sir Galahad,
Or even I—but I'll nothing add.

I will only say, as I make my adieu,
If you leave the "lines," where you run
"clean through,"
To be run on a dirty political track,
Where black is white and white becomes
black,
On the wish I've expressed I shall surely go
back;
And I *wouldn't* be you,
C. M. D-p-w.

erally pronounced by travelers, "domaineers," else it
won't rhyme.





(vol 4)

complete

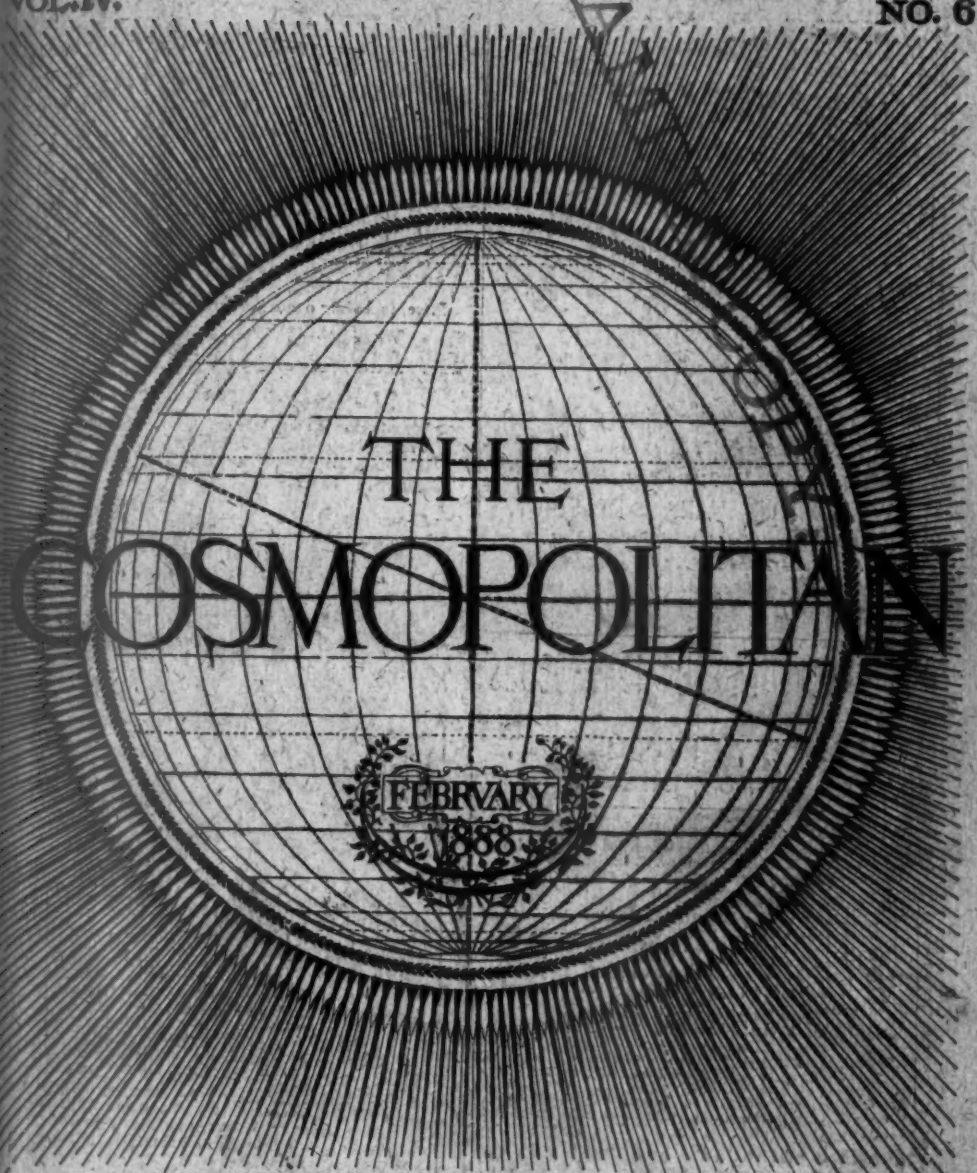
6

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS
THE BALLET IN PARIS,

By THEODORE CHITTENDEN
Profusely Illustrated in Color.

VOL. IV.

NO. 6



AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH
TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR TWENTY CENTS PER NUMBER
SCHLICHT & FIELD CO PUBLISHERS NEW YORK

We give to every purchaser the privilege of RETURNING THE MACHINE within thirty days if not ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY in every respect.



REMINGTON Standard Typewriter.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT,
339 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Lines Papers and Typewriter Supplies of all kinds.

NOTE.—Our unqualified challenge for a test of all Writing Machines remains unaccepted. Send for copy if interested.

FOUR · POPULAR · HOLIDAY · BOOKS

PUBLISHED BY

NIMS & KNIGHT,
TROY, N. Y.

Wayside Flowers and Ferns.

With ten colored plates from original drawings by ISAAC SPRAGUE. Text by the Rev. A. B. HERVEY.

One vol., large quarto, cloth, beveled and full gilt, \$3.75.

Beautiful Ferns.

Containing ten superbly colored life-size plates of our American ferns. Plates from original drawings by C. E. FAXON and J. H. EMERTON. Text by Prof. D. C. EATON, of Yale College.

One vol., large quarto, cloth, beveled and full gilt, \$3.75;
one vol., large quarto, Spanish calf, a new and elegant binding, \$7.50.

Beautiful Wild Flowers of America.

With colored plates, from original drawings after nature by ISAAC SPRAGUE. Text by the Rev. A. B. HERVEY, containing extracts from Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Holmes, and others.

One vol., large quarto, cloth, beveled and full gilt, \$3.75;
one vol., large quarto, Spanish calf, a new and elegant binding, \$7.50.

Flowers of the Field and Forest.

A new series of colored plates of our native wild flowers. By ISAAC SPRAGUE. Uniform with "Beautiful Wild Flowers." With illustrative text and selections from our great poets.

One vol., large quarto, cloth, beveled and full gilt, \$3.75;
one vol., large quarto, Spanish calf, a new and elegant binding, \$7.50.

We will send the above four books, in cloth binding, to any address, express paid, on receipt of Ten Dollars.

"HAMMOND"



Price, including one extra type wheel, \$100.

The Hammond Type Writer Co.,
77 Nassau Street, N. Y.

309 Washington Street, Boston.
119 South 4th St., Philadelphia.
206 La Salle Street, Chicago.
215 Chestnut Street, St. Louis.
128 Walnut St., Cincinnati.
617 Seventh St., N. W., Washington.
15 North Charles Street, Baltimore.
443 Wood Street, Pittsburgh.
158 Public Square, Cleveland, O.

Send for Catalogue and Price List.

Scott's EMULSION

OF PURE
Cod-Liver
OIL
AND
HYPHOPHOSPHITES

ALMOST AS PALATABLE
AS MILK.

The oil is so disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it without the slightest repugnance.

Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

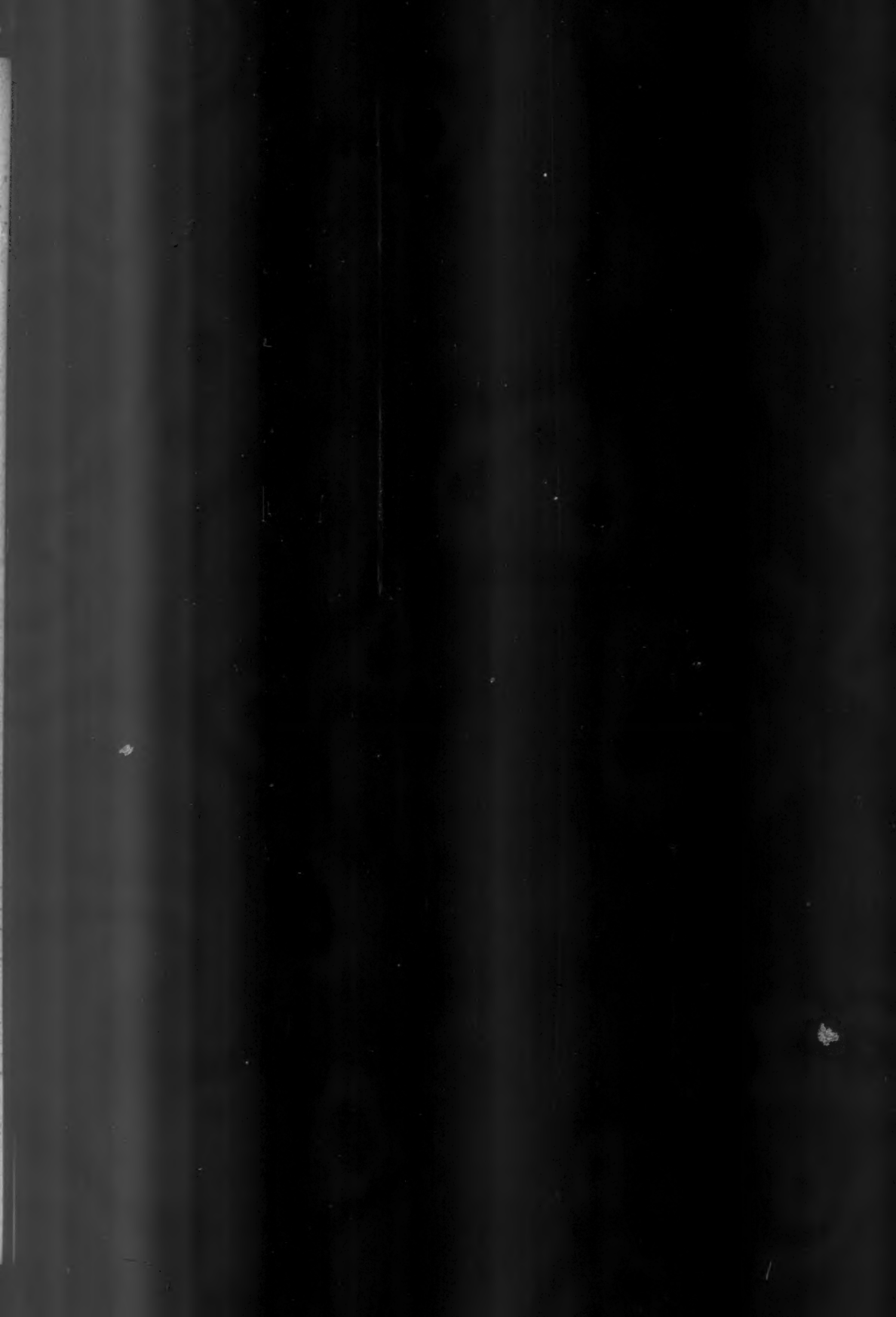
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by numerous Physicians in the United States and many foreign countries to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class.

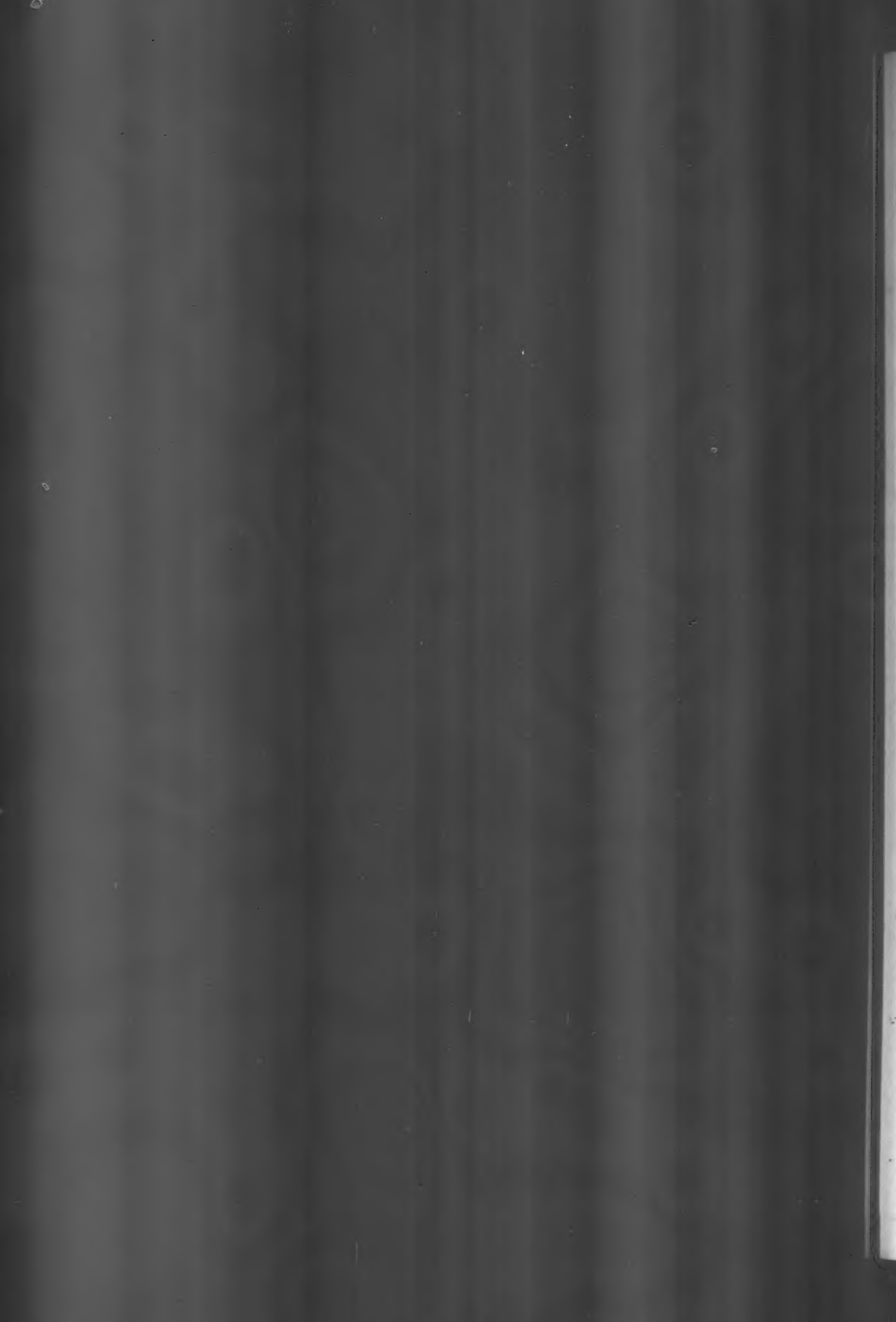
— FOR THE CURE OF —
CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.

For Sale by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York







THE COSMOPOLITAN.

CONTENTS, FEBRUARY, 1888.

The Ballet School.....	421
<i>From a painting by V. PALMAROLI.</i>	
The Ballet in Paris.....	THEODORE CHILD 423
<i>Illustrated. By PAUL RENOUD.</i>	
The Villain Rargoff.....	ALEXANDER L. KINKEAD 440
A Tartar Tea-Party in the Desert....	DAVID KER 447
Are Women Companionable to Men?.....	JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE 452
Mountain Life in Tennessee.....	LEE MERIWETHER 457
Hunting and Trapping in Canada.....	J. MACDONALD OXLEY 460
<i>Illustrated. By GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS and EDWIN J. MEEKER. Engraving. By A. GAMM and W. J. DANA.</i>	
The Campaign of Potiphar McCray and Others.....	RICHARD M. JOHNSTON 472
Understood.....	EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER 477
Wintering in the White Zone.....	FREDERICK SCHWATKA 478
<i>Illustrated. By W. P. SNYDER.</i>	
A Defense of the Eighth Command- ment.....	HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN 485
Scylla and Charybdis, a Lesson for Husbands.....	OCTAVE FEUILLET 490
The Crown Prince.....	HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN 497
An Ode to C-un-cy M. D-p-w, Esq....	JOHN PAUL 503

20 CENTS PER COPY, \$2.00 PER YEAR.

SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., PUBLISHERS.

29 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

A COPY OF A \$100,000 PICTURE FREE!

While some other parties are offering certain small reproductions, in color or in engraving, of

MUNKACSY'S GREAT PAINTING,
"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE,"

the offer of the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY to its subscribers, old and new, is of a

MAGNIFICENT PICTURE,

28x40 inches, in fourteen oil colors, accurately reproducing the original. This is about double the size of the other representations now being offered, giving ample opportunity for a vigorous exhibition of the figures of the original, and with all the richness of coloring of Munkacsy's work.

This really SPLENDID PICTURE is practically free to our subscribers, for they receive the worth of their money in the paper itself, which has been permanently enlarged to sixteen pages, and will be improved in every practical way.

Send \$2.50 to THE CANFIELD PUBLISHING CO., 95 Chambers Street, New York, and receive the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY for one year, and have your name registered for this

SUPERB PREMIUM.

WE WANT AGENTS in every town and city to take subscriptions for this paper in combination with this premium; also for our other publications. Full description and agents' terms sent free on application. Address as above.

ALBANY PERFORATED WRAPPING PAPER CO.,

Manufacturers of Writing, Wrapping, Toilet, "Anti-Rust," and Medicated Papers.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, ALBANY, N. Y.

Branch Offices:

NEW YORK,

CHICAGO,

BOSTON.

MANILLA, WHITE,

AND COLORED

Wrapping

Papers,

IN ROLLS,

ALL SIZES

AND

WEIGHTS.



A. P. W. PAPER CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

PRICE REDUCED
50%

This Fixture Heavily Plated
AND
Four, Thousand-Sheet Rolls
BEST STANDARD BRAND
(NOT MEDICATED)
DELIVERED FREE
Anywhere in the United States on
receipt of
ONE DOLLAR.

LONDON,

British Patent Perforated Paper Co.,

Limited,

Banner Street,
St. Luke's, E. C.

ANTI-RUST

Wrapping Paper

FOR

BRIGHT GOODS.

PERFECT PROTECTION

AGAINST

INJURY

FROM

DAMPNESS

OUR MEDICATED PAPER for sufferers from Hemorrhoids has proved a most successful vehicle for emollient and astringent remedies, affording a means of securing for chronic cases that regular, persistent treatment, without which the advice and remedies of the ablest physicians fail to relieve.

This paper, heavily charged with an ointment approved by the profession, offers a method of treatment free from the inconvenience and annoyance attending the use of other remedies. The itching type of the disease quickly yields to its influence.

We submit a few extracts from the many letters we receive as to the value of our Medicated Paper. The originals may be seen at our office.

A. P. W. PAPER CO. 31 SOMERSET ST., BOSTON, MASS.
GENTLEMEN:—Your Medicated Toilet Paper is useful in the treatment of Anal diseases, allaying to a great extent the intense itching, is a remedy easily applied, and a trial is convincing of its merits.
F. M. JOHNSON, M.D., July 1, 1885.

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 2, 1886.
It is a decided pleasure to find an advertised article possessing real merit. I enclose \$1 for a further supply.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1886.
FROM A PHYSICIAN.—I am much pleased with your sample of Medicated Paper. Please send me eight packages and pocket case for \$1 enclosed.

NEWBURY, May 17, 1886.
My physician recommends your Medicated Paper, and I enclose \$1 for eight packets with pocket case.

NEW YORK, April, 1885.
Your Medicated Paper has been used with most gratifying result. It is a splendid remedy and has my unqualified endorsement. Please send two 1000-sheet rolls.

LISBON, D. T., April 30, 1886.
Your Medicated Paper is a bonanza in my family; has relieved two cases of long standing. I enclose \$1 for two rolls.

A. P. W. PAPER CO. NORRISTOWN, PA., Dec. 15, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—Having recommended your Medicated Paper to a number of my patients suffering with Hemorrhoids, I find it of great benefit in preventing the intense itching, and in some cases has made a permanent cure.

NEW HARTFORD, IOWA, Aug. 11th, 1887.
We cannot do without your Medicated Paper. Send two dollars' worth at once.

PITTSBURGH, PA., Aug. 7th, 1887.
I enclose Postal Note for four rolls Medicated Paper, the best remedy we have ever found.

CUSTOM, IOWA, Aug. 3d, 1887.
I have tried your Medicated Paper, find it good, and enclose one dollar for further supply.

ARIZONA, FINAL CO., ARIZONA, June 14th, 1887.
Please send me ten rolls of your most excellent Medicated Paper.

GRETNIA, IOWA, Aug. 1st, 1887.
I have suffered for years until relieved by your Medicated Paper. Enclosed find two dollars for more of it.

UNIVERSITY, MISS., July 8th, 1887.
I have had great benefit from your Medicated Paper, and enclose Postal Note for another roll.

SEDALIA, MO., July 15th, 1887.
I enclose one dollar, for which please send me pocket packages of your most excellent Medicated Paper.

DEMOPOLIS, ALA.
I find your Medicated Paper better than any I have ever used. Send me one dollar's worth in small packages, as I carry it with me.

DENVER, COL., April 19th, 1887.
I have found your Medicated Paper superior to any I ever saw, and enclose one dollar for more of it.

Pocket Packet,	\$0 10
Price, per Roll of 1,000 Sheets, securely wrapped in Tin Foil,	0 50
Eight Packages and Nest Pocket Case,	1 00
Two 1,000-Sheet Rolls and Nickel Fixture,	1 30

Delivered Free, anywhere in the United States, on receipt of price. Address

ALBANY PERFORATED WRAPPING PAPER CO., - - - ALBANY, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1876.

THIRTEENTH YEAR.



Portland-Oregon.
L. Samuel-Publisher.

THE WEST SHORE is the only illustrated magazine published on the Pacific coast which makes a specialty of Western literature, the illustration of Western scenery and industries, and the description of Western resources, cities, and towns. It devotes its attention to Oregon, Washington, California, Utah, Montana, Idaho, British Columbia, and Alaska. Aside from its literary features, its object is to convey information, by both pen and pencil, of the great resources of this region, and the progress of their development. Special illustrated articles appear each month, also several pages of notes of the progress being made in every section. The subscription price is \$2.50; sample copy, 25c. Address,

L. SAMUEL,
Publisher "West Shore,"
PORTLAND, OREGON.

READ WOMAN.

65,000 Circulation Guaranteed.



A MONTHLY
MAGAZINE.

Each Number of "Woman" Contains

Stories, Home Decoration, Christian and
Benevolent Societies, The Table,
Essays, Poems,

EVERYTHING
OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

ONLY THE BEST
Contributors, Readers, Advertisers.

VALUABLE
PREMIUM LIST
ON APPLICATION.

To every Subscriber we will GIVE any one of a large list of standard works. Send stamp for Lists.

2 AGENTS, \$2.50 A YEAR.
PUBLISHED BY
THE WOMAN PUBLISHING CO. N.Y.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



Stands without a Rival as the Oldest, Best, and Most Progressive Illustrated Weekly Paper in the World.

Its past history is secure. Its future, judging by the past, is established. Within its pages, as the weeks go by, will be found comprehensive and interesting illustrations of all passing events of note, together with pictures of distinguished personages and places, no country being too remote for its comprehensive enterprise; no domain that is elevating and educating, coming within the province of such a paper, being left unentered.

Aside from the abundance in these directions to be relied upon each week, extra supplements will be issued from time to time without additional charge, while the reading-matter of the paper will maintain the same high standard of intelligence and interest that is now everywhere so well known.

By special arrangement with the London Publishers, advance plates of the whole paper are promptly forwarded to this country every week, thereby enabling the Illustrated News Co. of New York to publish the

AMERICAN EDITION

about one week later than the same number is issued in London, while the retail price for the complete number in America is **TEN CENTS** instead of Twenty-five Cents as before. The subscription rate for one year is **FOUR DOLLARS**; and sample copies will be mailed upon receipt of Ten Cents.

"The Strange Adventures of a House-boat," an illustrated serial by William Black, commenced January 7th, 1888, and is one of the Special Attractions of the paper during the year.

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS COMPANY, Publishers,
POTTER BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Outing Outing Outing

A Feast of Sports in the February Number.

THOMAS STEVENS in **China**. The Bicycle afloat and ashore. Replete with thrilling adventure and desperate peril.

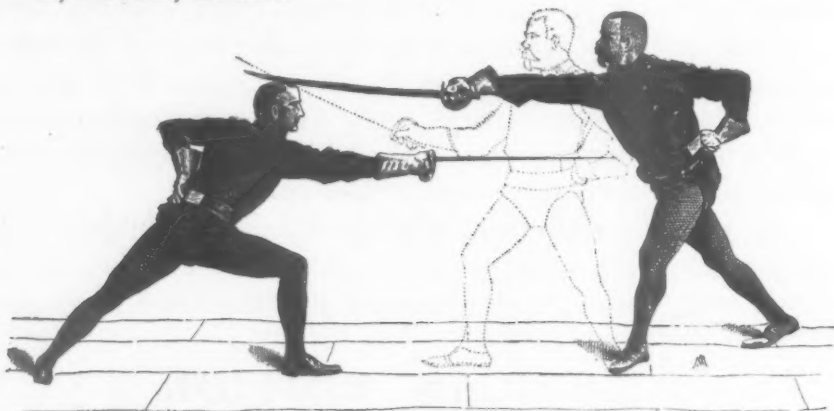
GEN. R. B. MARCY among the **Bears of America**. Splendid sport. Bright anecdotes. Useful information.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. Original Dead Letter Episode. Romantic lore and rich literature.

CHAS. E. CLAY. Exciting scenes while boating by moonlight. Glorious haul and capture of fish for midnight supper.

C. BOWYER VAUX. The pleasures and beauties of Ice Skating. Fancy figures and how to cut them on ice.

EUGENE VAN SCHAIK. How to handle a broadsword. The exercise technically and clearly described.



Cut No. 5. Withdraw the Leg. From *A Bout with Broadwords*. By EUGENE VAN SCHAIK.

ALLEN IRWIN. A grand field day in Australia. Exhilarating sport among Kangaroos and Wallaby.

THOMAS DEAN. Pleasant cruise in Eastern waters.

PRESIDENT BATES. A thoroughly enjoyable incident of bicycle adventure. Interesting, unique, and captivating.

G. O. SHIELDS. Hunting the Buffalo on the plains of Texas. A sportsman's luck, full of adventure and narrow escapes.

A thoroughly excellent number. Good illustrations and taking stories.

Buy It and Read It!

Twenty-Five Cents a Copy. Three Dollars a Year.

140 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

'88.

FOR the year 1888 FRANK LESLIE'S "POPULAR MONTHLY," which has been aptly styled "The Monarch of the Monthlies," will be better than ever. Articles upon topics of current public interest; sketches of eminent persons; strong and brilliant stories, and poetry of a high order, profusely illustrated by the best artists, and all by writers of recognized merit, will fill its pages. To the old and favorite corps of contributors will be added writers of promise, and no effort will be spared to keep the magazine in the foremost rank.

In the November number was begun an earnest and powerful tale,

"PRINCE LUCIFER," by Etta W. Pierce,

which has already attracted widespread attention and charmed multitudes of readers. Subscriptions may begin, if desired, with the November number.

Each issue contains a

Full-Page Picture in Colors,

the series of twelve forming for the year a beautiful collection of gems of modern art.

The "Popular Monthly" contains 128 large octavo pages, nearly twice the matter of similar publications, and is not only the best, but by far the cheapest of any of the magazines for the people.

\$3.00 Per Year; 25c. Per Copy.

Specimen Copies, 15 cents.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, 53, 55 and 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

THIS IS JUST WHAT YOU WANT!

An Illustrated Family Newspaper

AND

An Illustrated Family Magazine.

And it is the Greatest Bargain You Ever Had Offered to You.

THE WORLD AND COSMOPOLITAN, \$2.25

THE WORLD has the largest circulation of any Newspaper published in America, and this has been obtained by making it THE BEST NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED. Note its marvelous growth:

Year.	Yearly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	8,151,157	22,331
1883.....	12,235,238	33,541
1884.....	28,519,785	77,922
1885.....	51,241,267	140,387
1886.....	70,126,041	192,126
1887.....	83,389,828	228,465

The Weekly Edition of THE WORLD has no equal as a Family Newspaper. It skims the cream of the seven grand Dailies, and adds several pages of features all its own that make it specially valuable to each member of a family. Its illustrations of the news of the day are unique, and something never before attempted. Send for a specimen copy, and see for yourself what it is.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is the cheapest illustrated Magazine that is published. What it is you know.

A REMARKABLE OFFER.

THE WORLD and COSMOPOLITAN agree to furnish Subscribers with The Weekly World (price \$1.00 per year), either of The World's Great Premiums (price \$2.00 each), and the Cosmopolitan Magazine (price \$2.00 per year), for \$2.25.

With every Subscription to THE WEEKLY WORLD and the COSMOPOLITAN is given either of The World's Great Premium Books, bound in Leatherette Tree Calf, gilt, viz.:

1. THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.
2. THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
3. EVERYBODY'S GUIDE (Moore's Universal Assistant).

Domestic Postage on the Magazine, Newspaper, and Book is included in the subscription price of \$2.25.

THE WORLD's premiums cannot be purchased for less than \$2.00 each. Subscribers must announce their choice in their letter of transmittal. If they fail to do this, "Everybody's Guide" will be sent. Premiums are sent by mail at the subscriber's risk. If lost in the mails they will not be replaced. They will be sent by registered mail if 10 cents extra is forwarded.

The right is reserved to withdraw this offer at any time, and without previous notice.

Address all orders and remittances,

THE WORLD, New York.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST FOR 1888 (ENGLISH OR GERMAN.)

HAVING
A FARM,
A GARDEN,
A VILLAGE LOT,
A HOME IN THE CITY,
OR VILLAGE, OR COUNTRY,

or expecting to have one,

IT WILL

PAY
YOU WELL

to secure the invaluable HELP, the BEST INFORMATION, the Thousands of Plain, Practical, Useful Hints and Suggestions given in the

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST,

all prepared by thoroughly experienced, intelligent Men, who KNOW well what they talk and write about.

Twelve Hundred Engravings in the Volume for 1888 bring clearly to the understanding a great variety of Labor-Saving, Labor-Helping Plans and Contrivances, Illustrations of Animals, Plants, Buildings, Household Helps and Conveniences, Pleasing pictures for Old and Young, etc., etc.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for Any One to consult these pages without gathering many Hints and Suggestions, EACH one of which is worth many times the small cost of this periodical for a whole year—only \$1.50, or four copies for \$5.00—Single numbers, 15c.

Send six cents for mailing you the Premium number of the *American Agriculturist*, just out, containing four hundred Editorial, Contributed and Premium Descriptive Articles, written by 55 different contributors, representing 22 States and Territories, and the Provinces and Europe, and 240 illustrations by 20 different Artists, such as Forbes, Cary, Bennett, Mueller, Payne, Thompson, Faunce, Flohr, and Lyons, etc., whose work was done expressly for this number.

A Valuable Portfolio of Engravings FOR EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

For years the *American Agriculturist* has spent thousands of dollars in supplying its subscribers with the very best works of art, at no expense beyond the cost of mailing, whose possession would otherwise require a considerable expenditure of money. We now offer to every subscriber for 1888, who sends \$1.50 for his subscription, plus fifty cents, making \$2.00 in all, the following Engravings, gotten up expressly for the Publishers, and worthy of a place in any household in the land. All the engravings are executed on heavy plate paper, 18 x 24 inches in size, for portfolios or for framing, and forwarded in tubes. In writing mention the COSMOPOLITAN.

No. 1.—JEFFERSON'S HOME, MONTICELLO, VIRGINIA.

Embracing 1st, Front View of Residence; 2d, Rear View of Residence; 3d, View from Moore's Creek; 4th, Carter's Mount; 5th, Jefferson's Mill; 6th, Jefferson's Tomb, together with accompanying description by JAMES PARTON.

No. 2.—JACKSON'S HOME, THE HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, TENN.

Embracing 1st, The Hermitage; 2d, Original Home; 3d, The Tomb, together with accompanying description by JAMES PARTON.

No. 3.—WASHINGTON'S HOME, NEAR MOUNT VERNON.

Embracing 1st, Mount Vernon; 2d, His Library; 3d, Birthplace; 4th, Headquarters at Tappan, New York; 5th, The Tomb, together with accompanying description by DONALD G. MITCHELL.

No. 4.—GARFIELD'S HOME, NEAR MENTOR, OHIO.

Embracing 1st, Lawnfield; 2d, His Library; 3d, Birthplace; 4th, On the Towpath; 5th, As a Young Man at the Plow; 6th, In the Field with his Sons just before his Nomination; 7th, Monument at Cleveland, Ohio, together with description by J. M. BUNDY.

No. 5.—GENERAL GRANT'S FARM LIFE.

Embracing 1st, Grant's Father's Landing in Ohio on a Flatboat; 2d, Grant's Birthplace; 3d, Dressing Hides; 4th, The Dent Farm House; 5th, Hardscrabble, Grant's Farm House near St. Louis; Hauling Timber for his House; 7th, Running a Bark Mill; 8th, A Hard Rider; 9th, Grant's Tomb at Riverside, together with accompanying description by CHESTER P. DEWEY.

No. 6.—MAGNIFICENT ENGRAVING OF GENERAL GRANT.

From his last sitting, executed especially for our subscribers.

OUR OFFER.

The American Agriculturist (English or German) for 1888, . . . \$1.50
With above engravings, all postpaid, 2.00
The American Agriculturist, Engravings, and the Cosmopolitan for 1888, all postpaid, . . . 3.00

O. JUDD CO., DAVID W. JUDD, Prest.,

Publishers and Importers of all Works Pertaining to Rural Life.

751 Broadway, N. Y.

Send for Catalogue of our 300 Works on Rural Life.

SUBSCRIPTIONS CAN BEGIN AT ANY TIME.

Judge

An Illustrated, Satirical, and Humorous
Weekly. Contains the best Caricatures
of Political and Social Life published.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Price, **10** cents. Subscription, \$4.00 per year.

The best medium for Advertisers, and has
the largest circulation of all humorous
weeklies.

SEND FOR RATES.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO.,

38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK CITY.

Magazines, Books, Newspapers,

From 15 to 65 Per Cent. Discount.

The Publishers of the COSMOPOLITAN, in order to get everybody to subscribe to their magazine, will undertake to buy

AT WHOLESALE PRICES,

Any Book, Magazine, Newspaper, Periodical,
Pamphlet, Etc.,

FREE OF CHARGE,

If you will send \$2.00 for one year's subscription to the COSMOPOLITAN. The cheapest illustrated magazine published. 20 cents per copy. \$2.00 per year.

SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., Publishers, 29 Park Row, New York City.

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Leading American Microscopes,

OBJECTIVES and ACCESSORIES,

AND THE

NEW AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHIC LENSES,

GUARANTEED EQU-L TO THE VERY BEST OF THE EUROPEAN.



"Universal"

Ask Stockdealers of Photographic Supplies for descriptive circulars and prices, or send to us.

FACTORY and MAIN OFFICE:

ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

531-539 North St. Paul Street.

P. O. Box 354.

BRANCH OFFICE:

NEW YORK,

48 and 50 Maiden Lane.

P. O. Box 432.

LYON'S KATHAIRON

FOR THE
HAIR

EFFECTUALLY
PROMOTES
THE
LUXURIANT
GROWTH AND
BEAUTY
OF THE
HAIR

PREVENTS
THE
HAIR
FALLING
OUT OR
BECOMING
GREY



LYON'S KATHAIRON IMPARTS A RICH GLOSS TO
HAIR OF ALL SHADES

★ LYON'S KATHAIRON ★
PREVENTS DANDRUFF ALLAYS IRRITATION
KEEPS THE SCALP COOL

Imperial Granum

THE GREAT

Medicinal Food.

**"SUPERIOR
NUTRITION.
THE LIFE."**

**"A PRECIOUS BOON TO
CHRONIC DYSPETICS"**

*This Original and World
Renowned Dietetic Preparation is
a substance of Unrivalled Purity and
Medicinal Worth.*

*A solid extract derived by chemical process from very
superior growths of wheat—nothing more.*

It has justly acquired the reputation of being—

The Savior for Invalids and the Aged, an incomparable Aliment for the growth and protection of Infants and Children, a superior Nutritive in continued fevers, and a reliable Remedial Agent in all Diseases of the Stomach and Intestines, often in Instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition that the Granum was the only thing the stomach would tolerate, when life seemed depending on its retention.

**"ON SOME OTHER PLANET THERE MAY BE A BETTER DIETETIC
PREPARATION THAN Imperial Granum BUT NOT ON THIS."**

The American Analyst, New York.

**SHIPPING DEPOT,
JOHN CARLE & SONS,
NEW YORK.**



SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Hubison Chemist.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.
DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES
 AS WELL AS
 BEAUTIFIES THE SKIN
 No other cosmetic
 will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the *haut ton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use

them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Manager, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Also found in N. Y. City at R. H. Macy's, Stern's, Ehrich's, Ridley's and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of base imitations. \$1000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

Mention this paper, and we will

Men of all stations, you should know
 The price of Pants is very low.
 Only three dollars for Custom-made Pants
 Fit for the work-shop, church, or dance.



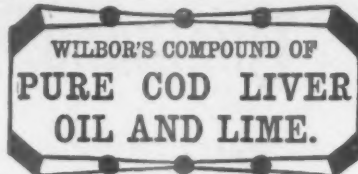
Vests, \$2.25; Coats, \$8.00.

By reason of late purchases of large lots of
 Woolen Cloths, we can surprise you by the su-
 perior quality of Woolen Goods in our \$3 Pants.
 Reference, American Express Co.

BAY STATE PANTS CO., Custom Clothiers,
 34 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

Send 5c. for Samples, and rules for measuring.

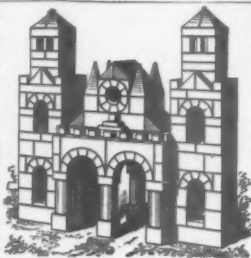
Send you an Artistic Calendar for 1888.



Cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Scrofulous Humors.

To Consumptives.—Many have been happy to give their testimony in favor of the use of "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime." Experience has proved it to be a valuable remedy for Consumption, Asthma, Diphtheria, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

WARREN'S FEATHERBON DRESS STAYS.
 Soft, Pliable, and absolutely Unbreakable.
 Standard Quality, 15 cents per yard. Cloth covered, 20 cents.
 Satin covered, 25 cents. For sale everywhere. Try IT!



THE Toy
 the child
 likes best!

We take pleasure in
 informing our pa-
 trons that our stock
 of the celebrated

**ANCHOR
 STONE
 BUILDING
 BLOCKS,**

completely sold out before Christmas, is now replenished
 and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders.
 The price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to

F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
 NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON, E. C.,
 1 RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.

CARNRICK'S
SOLUBLE FOOD

Perfectly nourishes the child from
 birth, without the addition of cow's
 milk, and digests as easily as hu-
 man milk. Send for "Our Baby's
 First and Second Years," by Marion
 Harland. REED & CARNRICK, N. Y.

BURPEE'S SEEDS, BULBS, PLANTS, FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888
 Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a
 Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illus-
 trations, Colored Plates, and tells all about the
BEST GARDEN, FARM and FLOWER
 and Valuable New Books on Garden
 VEGETABLES and FLOWERS, of real value, which cannot
 be obtained elsewhere. Send address on a postal for the most com-
 plete Catalogue published, to **W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

"The Diane."

Particular attention is invited to our new French Corset, "The Diane," ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$5.50 each. Our customers are cordially invited to examine these most excellent Paris-made Corsets, which combine new features in style and shape, and are absolutely controlled by us for the United States.

James McCreery & Co.

Broadway and 11th St.,
NEW YORK.

L. SHAW,
54 West Fourteenth Street,
Near Sixth Avenue,
NEW YORK.



THE SKELETON BANG
(PAT. NOV. 15, 1887).

The greatest comfort of the age. Elegant, natural, and durable. For sale at this establishment only, from \$3 upward. Infringers will be duly prosecuted.

The most beautiful
SWITCHES,
naturally wavy or straight, all long convent hair, from \$5 upward; not our own make, \$7.50 upward.

Gray and White Hair
A SPECIALTY.

The finest and largest assortment in the country, at prices below those of any other house.

Hair cutting and curling by best French artists. Shampooing and hair dyeing on the premises, any desirable shade.

Eugenie's Secret of Beauty, or C. B.
World-renowned for the Complexion. Warranted perfectly harmless. Superior to all other preparations. Tested and applied free of charge. \$1 per box.

The Genuine Auburnine,
Wonderful preparation for coloring any shade of hair Golden Auburn. Price, \$2.

Turkish Rose Leaves,
Indelible Tint for the Face and Lips. Exquisite in color; fine as the blush of the rose. \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle.

Monte Cristo Medicated Gloves,
For Beautifying the Hands. Superior to all others. \$1.50 per pair. Rubber Gloves, \$1.25 per pair. Imported Gloves, \$2 per pair. Illustrated catalogue free.

Elegant assortment of Perfumery. All choice odors.

It Leads Them All.

Waterman's

FOUNTAIN PEN.

"The best pen in the World."
—W. L. ALDEN, New York Times.

Because

1st. "It is always ready for duty."—Col. H. V. C. DEMING, Stenographer, Harrisburgh, Pa.

2d. "It writes freely and never overflows."—BENJ. NORTHROP, New York Mail and Express.

3d. "Never out of order in a year's use."—Rev. W. L. HARRIS, D.D., Bishop M. E. Church, New York.

4th. "There is no fussing—No inking fingers."—Advertiser, E. L. ADAMS, ED., Elmira, N. Y.

5th. "I would not be without it for many times its cost."—Rev. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D., New York.

See Advertisement in previous number.

It is made in four (4) styles and seven (7) sizes in each, and you can have your choice.

It is warranted (unconditionally) and guaranteed to meet all the requirements, or the money will be refunded.

Send for illustrated price-list, with testimonials.

AGENTS WANTED.

Mention THE COSMOPOLITAN.

L. E. WATERMAN CO., Sole Mfrs.,
155 Broadway, New York.

The Ideal Pocket, for pens and pencils. Price of pocket, nickel, 15 cents; with leather cover. 30 cents.



Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE
FERRY'S SEEDS



D. M. FERRY & CO.
are admitted to be
The LARGEST
SEEDSMEN
in the world.

D. M. FERRY & CO.'s
Illustrated Descriptive Printed

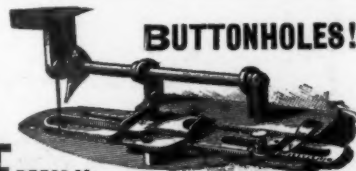
SEED
ANNUAL

For 1888
Will be mailed
FREE to ALL

applicants, and to
last season's customers
without ordering it.

Available to all. Every one
desiring to order should send for it.

Address D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.



BUTTONHOLES!

FAMILY Buttonhole Attachment.
ELEGANT and DURABLE BUTTONHOLES in a fraction of a minute. Record of 2 years in actual use. Price within reach of all. Endorsed and for sale by sewing machine dealers generally. THOUSANDS IN USE among dressmakers and families. Write and enclose testimonials will be sent you. Address,

THE SMITH & EGGE MFG CO., 16 East 14th St., N. Y.

EQUIPOISE.



DRESS REFORM.

ALPHA UNDERGARMENTS OF JERSEY-FITTING MATERIAL MADE TO ORDER

Vest and drawers separate or in one. Scarlet and white all wool. Heavy and light merino. Samples of material sent on application. **READY-MADE UNION UNDERGARMENTS**—Vest and Drawers in one. Equipose, Emancipation, Dress Reform, and Comfort Wais. *Corded Wais a Specialty.* Shoulder Brace and Corset combined. Obstetric Bandages, Shoulder Stocking Supporters, Sanitary Napkins, etc. *New Illustrated Catalogue Free.* Agent for the JENNIES-MILLER SYSTEM PATTERNS.

MRS. A. FLETCHER, 6 East 14th St., N. Y.



SEND 10 CENTS for the **TENNIS WALTZ**; the latest and prettiest Waltz written for the Piano. Elegant lithograph title-page. The Excelsior Music Co., 174 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED

Ladies and Misses to do Crochet Work at home, city or country, steady work.
WESTERN LACE MFG. CO.,
218 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.



GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.

Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and PREMIUMS. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

PERFO-STAMPING PATTERNS.

Our illustrated Catalogue shows **3,500 Choice Designs** to order from. Teaches Stamping, Kensington and Lustra Painting. Sent free for 10 cts. to pay postage, if you mention this publication.

M. J. CUNNING & CO. 143 W. 5th St. Cincinnati, O.

BARNES' POPULAR HISTORY OF THE U. S.

Including Cleveland's Administration. 700 pages. 8vo; cloth; richly embossed; 320 wood engravings. For young and old in every family. Price, \$3.50. Agents wanted. A. S. BARNES & CO., 111 William St., N. Y.

OSGOODBY'S Method for HOME-INSTRUCTION. Manual, \$1.50; Reader, \$1.50; Epitome, 25c.; Dictionary, \$2.00.

SPECIAL INSTRUCTION SHORTHAND By Mail, Six Dollars. Stenographic Miscellany, per year, \$1.50. Send 2c. stamp for Synopsis. W. W. OSGOODBY, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

Jarvis-Conklin Mortgage Trust Co.

Offers its **SIX PER CENT.** Debenture Bonds of \$500, \$1,000, and \$5,000, running ten years, to TRUSTEES, GUARDIANS, and INDIVIDUAL INVESTORS. Secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate worth three times the amount of the bonds. Secured also by the entire paid-up capital of \$1,000,000. It also offers **GUARANTEED SIX PER CENT.** first mortgages on improved farms in Kansas and Missouri. JARVIS-CONKLIN MORTGAGE TRUST CO., 239 Broadway, New York; 27 Custom House Street, Providence, R. I.; 144 S. 4th St., Philadelphia; 95 Gresham St., London, England.

IMPORTANT NEWS FOR LADIES!



**NO MORE WRINKLES.
NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS.
YOUTH AND BEAUTY
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING**

PASTA POMPADOUR.

No discovery in toilet chemistry has ever obtained a greater acknowledgment and so much popularity throughout the civilized world as

PASTA POMPADOUR.

The World-Renowned Beautifier, and no other toilet preparation has made itself so indispensable on the toilet tables of Europe as well as in every family where they appreciate the value of a pure complexion. Thousands of letters of recommendation prove the astonishing results of the Pasta, which not only eradicates all the impurities of the skin, such as pimples, scales, freckles, small-pox marks, sun, sunburn, red skin, black-heads, redness of the face and hands, liver spots, etc., etc., but gives the complexion a freshness and brilliancy which cannot be obtained even by the dangerous use of arsenic. It removes wrinkles and prevents their reappearance after such removal. Faded complexions speedily resume their pristine freshness under its wonderful restorative action. PASTA POMPADOUR is not a paint or powder. Intended to cover up and shield the impurities and defects of the skin, but a remedy that naturally heals and perfectly converts the same to veritable beauty. For sale by all first-class druggists, perfumers, and hair-dressers throughout the world, or sent on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box. Full directions accompany each box. Money refunded unconditionally if results are not satisfactory.

CONSULTATION FREE in regard to beautifying and preventing the Complexion, Hair, Hands, Nails, etc., at our Toilet and Manicure Parlors. Inquiries answered by mail; money returned for reply. *Attention the Reader.* **BEAUTY AND THE ART OF ITS PRESERVATION**, a hand-book of inestimable value for the citizen, the preservation of Health and Beauty, sent to any address on receipt of stamps.

POMPADOUR TOILET CO., 45 East 20th St., New York.

INVALID ROLLING CHAIR.

(RECLINING)



A Priceless Boon to those who are unable to walk. Largest Factory and BEST CHAIRS in



the World. Send for circular to only manufacturers of reclining rolling chairs. **BEST CHAIR CO., New Haven, Ct.**

LADIES! Write for terms. \$1 sample Corset free. LEWIS SCHIELE & CO., 890 Broadway, N. Y.

WEDDING

**INVITATIONS,
RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS,
Fine Correspondence Stationery
ELEGANT STYLES. LOWEST PRICES.
— Send for Samples —
S. D. Childs & Co., Chicago, Ill.**

THE AUTOMATIC SHADING PEN



Makes a Shaded Mark of Two Colors at a Single Stroke. Sample set of three sizes by mail, \$1.00. Circular and sample writing FREE. **J. W. STOAKES, Milan, O.**

GREATEST MAGIC LANTERNS TO BEST STEREOPTICONS

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS
OPTICAL, MUSICAL, ELECTRIC, MECHANICAL, WORDLESS
— (Magic Lanterns Wanted.) Catalogue FREE.
HARBACH ORGAN CO., 308 Albert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED TO Sell Our BOOKS & GAMES

HOLIDAY \$75 per week to workers. Send for Circulars and list of Agents. **American Publishing Co.,** HARTFORD, BOSTON, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS or CINCINNATI.

TURKISH RUG

Patterns. Catalogue Free. E. S. FROST & CO., 22 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

WILBUR'S GOGOA-THETA

The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. *Buy of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can.* **H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.**

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS

Has attended the introduction of Dr. Scott's Genuine Electric Appliances in the United States. Year after year their popularity grew with unprecedented rapidity, until to-day their merit and reputation are known throughout the whole civilized world. They are simple and agreeable remedies, supremely efficacious, durable, and convenient. They do not injure, like medicine, and can be worn with good effect and intense satisfaction by the most feeble as by the robust.

THEY PREVENT AS WELL AS CURE. For this reason they should be worn by all.

The mind becomes active, the nerves and sluggish circulation are stimulated, and all the old-time health and good feeling come back. They are constructed on scientific principles, imparting an exhilarating, health-giving current to the whole system. Professional men assert that there is hardly a disease which Electricity or Magnetism may not benefit or cure, and they daily practice the same, as your own physician will inform you.

Here are a few of the Testimonials which the mail brings us every day:

Robinson Bank, Robinson, Ill.
Their quick cures of rheumatism, liver and kidney troubles, and debility are wonderful. It gives me pleasure to recommend them to suffering friends.

A. P. WOODWORTH, Cashier.

Peoria, Ill.
I suffered from kidney, liver, and nervous troubles for twelve years. Dr. Scott's Electric Belt entirely cured me after all other remedies had failed. His Electric Hair Brush has cured my Neuralgia.

C. W. HORNISH.

Baltimore, Md.
Intense nervous debility has been my trouble for years. Physicians and their medicine did not help me. I finally derived great relief from Dr. Scott's Electric belt.

L. H. MILLER.

East Berlin, Pa.
Your Belt has cured me of Insomnia and Nervousness, and has also had wonderful effect on Neuralgic affection of the chest.

B. SELL.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. SCOTT: A month ago I bought one of your Belts, and must say it has helped me largely to recover from severe Nervous Debility. Yours truly,

JOHN TAYLOR.

CAUTION.—ASK FOR DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC; NONE OTHERS ARE GENUINE. There are many so-called "Electric" and Magnetic Belts on the market, some of which retail as high as \$10.00 to \$25.00, but we challenge the whole world to produce so powerful and effective a Belt as our \$3.00 one. Ours is good value for the money; hence we sell fifty to one of any other make. Our prices are as follows:

PRICE LIST.

Regular Standard Belt.....	\$ 3.00
Extra-fine Red Satin.....	highest power..... 10.00
Nerve and Lung Invigorator.....	"..... \$5 & 10
Corsets.....	\$1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00
Hair Brushes.....	1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 3.00
Flesh Brushes.....	3.00, 5.00
Chest Protector.....	full power..... 3.00
Throat.....	"..... 2.50
Sciatic Appliance.....	"..... 8.00
Leg.....	"..... 5.00
Shoulder.....	"..... 5.00
Knee Caps.....	"..... 5.00
Anklets.....	"..... 3.00
Wristlets.....	"..... 2.50
Insoles all sizes, per pair.....	"..... .50
Office Caps.....	\$3.00 Sleeping Caps..... 3.00
Suspensory, the Genuine Article, full power.....	5.00
Hair Curler.....	.50 Cts. Tooth Brush..... 50

Dr. Scott's Improved Elastic Trusses. Single, \$3.00; Double, \$5.00.

We have a physician in attendance to select and place on appliances; also a lady attendant to wait on ladies. Call at our elegant parlors, 842 Broadway. Even though you do not desire to buy, come and examine our goods; you are always welcome.

We will send either article to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, with 20 cents added for packing or registration, and we guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Remit in Post-office Money Order, Draft, Check, or in currency by Registered Letter at our risk. In ordering, kindly mention this MAGAZINE, and state exact size of waist when ordering Belt or Corset. Make all remittances payable to

GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway New-York.

N. B.—Each Corset is stamped with the English coat-of-arms, and the name of the proprietors.
THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION.

A POSITIVE CURE
PROMOTES HEALTH STRENGTH & ENERGY.

DR. SCOTT'S GENUINE ELECTRIC BELT & CORSET.
NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

A celebrated New York physician lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

Streator, Ill.
Dr. SCOTT: Your Electric Corsets are beautiful in appearance, wonderful in effect, and elegant in fit and finish. Mrs. M. J. BRIGGS.

Chambersburg, Pa.
I found Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets possessed miraculous power in stimulating and invigorating my enfeebled body, and the Hair Brush had a magic effect on my scalp. Mrs. T. E. SAWYER, Fancy Goods Dealer.

Newark, N. Y.
Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have entirely cured me of Muscular Rheumatism. It has also cured a severe case of Headache and female troubles of eighteen years' standing. Mrs. L. C. Spencer.

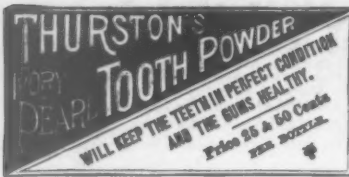
Niles, Mich.
Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have cured me of Acute Dyspepsia, from which I had suffered for eight years. His Electric Hair Brush cures my Headache every time. Mrs. WM. H. PEAK.

Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dr. SCOTT: I have worn your Belt for some time for Spinal trouble, which eminent surgeons failed to alleviate. Your Belt has given me great benefit. I am gaining both in health and strength. Very truly yours, J. B. WALKER, JR.

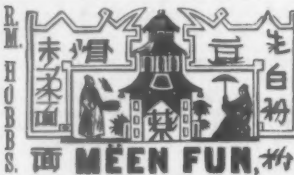
The prices of Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets are as follows: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 for the Corsets, and \$3 each for the Belts. The accompanying cuts represent our No. 2, or \$1.50 Corset, and Gents' Belt. We have also a beautiful French-shaped Sateen Corset at \$3; a Sateen Abdominal Corset at \$3, and a short Sateen Corset at \$2. The \$1 and \$1.50 goods are made of fine Jean, elegant in shape, strong and durable. Nursing Corsets, \$1.50; Misses', 75c. All are double-stitched. We have a fine linen netting Ventilating Corset at \$1.50. We make all the above from 18 to 30 inches. The Abdominal only are made as large as 38. Gents' and Ladies' Belts, \$3 each; we make all these Corsets in dove and white only. They are sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass, by which the Electro-Magnetic influence may be tested. Send for pamphlets.

Ladies' Abdominal Supporter, An Invaluable Article, \$12.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE.



THIS is a most excellent article for Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth. It hardens the gums, sweetens the breath, and beautifies the teeth. It contains no acid or harsh, gritty substance—nothing that can injure the enamel in the slightest degree. By its constant use teeth retain their efficiency and beauty even to the extreme duration of life. It is put up in bottles, which prevents its being spoiled by exposure to the atmosphere, preserving its original combination of parts and its delicious flavor. At Fancy Drug Stores and Druggists. Family size Bottles \$1.00.



The celebrated CHINESE Skin and Toilet POWDER, For preserving, restoring, and beautifying the complexion. Boxes, 25 cts. Sold by all druggists and Fancy Goods Houses.

BLAIR'S PILLS.



Great English Remedy for Gout, Rheumatism, and Kidney Complaints, sure, prompt, and effective. Oval box, 34 pills. Round, 14 pills. At all Druggists, and 224 William St., New York.



ANDREWS' NEW UPRIGHT CABINET FOLDING BED

THE MOST POPULAR BED.

Simple! Noiseless! Perfect!

All Styles. All Prices.

Catalogues on application.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

JUST THE THING FOR STUDENTS.

A. H. ANDREWS & CO.,

686 Broadway, N. Y. City.

195 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

CARDS Book of HIDDEN NAME Cards, 18 Funny Stories, 500 Verses, Songs, Riddles, Poems, Etc., and a copy of our newly illustrated, HOME AND YOUTH, Cadiz, Ohio. Paper, all for a 10 stamp.



A GOLDEN GIFT.

Every person sending 25 c. for a three months subscription to the ILLUSTRATED COMPANION will receive as an Absolute Free Gift the Elegant Parisian Diamond Ring represented by this illustration. This ring is of new and very beautiful pattern guaranteed Solid Rolled Gold Fists and will wear well. The stone with which it is set is very clear, brilliant and sparkling. This ring is of such value that any lady possessing it will be the envy of all her friends and it is to all appearances a very valuable article. Send a slip of paper the size of the Ring you wish. The ILLUSTRATED COMPANION is a large 64 col., 16 page paper finely illustrated by full page engravings of artistic merit and contains Stories, Sketches, Anecdotes, Wit and Humor, and in fact all that goes to make up a complete family publication. Wherever it is once taken it is universally popular. We know you will like it. The regular price is \$1.00 per year. The above described Parisian Diamond Ring in a Fine Velvet Lined Case, and the ILLUSTRATED COMPANION for three months for 25 cts. is too liberal an offer to be passed by. Full satisfaction guaranteed. This is a special offer so WRITE TO-DAY. Cut this out and send with order, a Club of Five for \$1.00. Stamps taken. E. F. NASON, Publisher, 111 Nassau St. N. Y.

150 SCRAP-BOOK PICTURES, 12c.; 150 transfer pictures, 10c.; 40 Gem Chromes, 10c. or the lot for 25c. ALBANY SUPPLY CO., Albany, N. Y.

390 Funny Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and nice Sample Cards for 2c. HILL PUB. CO., Cadiz, Ohio.



INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE.

Published Monthly, devoted to Art and Fancy Work.

48 PAGES EACH MONTH (same size page as "Century"). FINELY ILLUSTRATED.

LIDA AND M. J. CLARKSON, The Popular Authors of BRUSH STUDIES, etc.,

Write exclusively for this Magazine. If you want to keep posted on FANCY WORK, PAINTING, etc., you should subscribe for Ingalls' Home Magazine! The following departments are Leading Features of the Magazine:—Brush Studies (with full-page illustrations), Household Decoration, Decorative Embroidery and Painting, Easy Lessons in Drawing and Painting, Darned Lace and Crochet Patterns, The Household, Correspondence, Queries, Illustrations of New Embroidery Designs, etc.

PRICE, only ONE DOLLAR per year, WITH PREMIUM.

PREMIUM OFFERS: WE WILL SEND FREE to each person sending us ONE MAGAZINE, their choice of any one of these premiums. Order by number.

PREMIUM NO. 1.—LIDA CLARKSON'S ART BOOKS: BRUSH STUDIES, First Series, price, 35 cents.

BRUSH STUDIES, Second Series, price, 50 cents. HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, price, 30 cents.

PREMIUM NO. 2.—THE CLARKSON STAMPING OUTFIT. This Outfit contains Book of Instruction for Stamping, Box Powder, Pad, and full-size new and original Perforated Patterns for Painting and Embroidery, designed especially for this Outfit by the MISSES CLARKSON.

PREMIUM NO. 3.—INGALLS' FANCY WORK BOOKS. COLORS OF FLOWERS, price 35 cents. DARNED LACE PATTERNS, price 25 cents. WORSTED CROSS-STITCH PATTERNS, price 25 cents. CROCHET AND KNITTED LACE, price 30 cents. KENSINGTON PAINTING, price 25 cents.

PREMIUM NO. 4.—INGALLS' PREMIUM CERTIFICATE. This Certificate entitles the holder to select 60 Cents' Worth of goods from INGALLS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, your own selection.

PREMIUM NO. 5.—INGALLS' PATTERN CERTIFICATE. This Certificate entitles the holder to select \$1.00 Worth of INGALLS' PERFORATED PATTERNS from his BIG CATALOGUE, or from the Illustrations of Perforated Patterns that appear in the Magazine from month to month.

Send 3 two-cent stamps (6 cents), for sample copy, if you wish to examine the Magazine before subscribing.

Address all orders to J. F. INGALLS, Publisher, LYNN, MASS.

DEVOTED TO

WHILE IT ALSO

NEW CLUB RATES FOR 1888.

Twelve Subscriptions " " 18

SPECIMEN COPIES FREE.

LADY AGENTS WANTED for the VAN ORDEN CORSETS. Every lady wishing good health and a beautiful figure buys them. Quick sales. Good pay. Descriptive circular mailed free. Van Orden Corset Co., 32 Clinton Place, N. Y.

70 SOUVENIR CARDS with name written on, inclosed in a Beautiful Shell Box, and sent postpaid for 20 cents. Address
ACME CO., Clintonville, Conn.



NOVELTIES of the NEW YORK, PARIS,
and BERLIN shops are illustrated promptly.
Send 25 cents for a 6 Months' Trial.
Address The DORCAS MAGAZINE,
239 Broadway, New York.

[illegible]

GRAPE VINES **ELLWANGER & BARRY**

A PAIR OF SHOES COSTING TEN DOLLARS is a good thing, but a pair of James Means' \$4 Shoes and six extra dollars in your pocket are better. These shoes are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO DO
WITHOUT THEM.



Ask for the James Means \$2 Shoe for Boys

Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by the best retailers throughout the United States, and we will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will send us a postal card mentioning THE COSMOPOLITAN.

JAMES MEANS & CO., 41 Lincoln Street,
Boston, Mass.

MEDICATED ELECTRICITY

CARRIED TO EVERY PART OF THE SYSTEM.



CURES
HEADACHE,
CATARRH,
NEURALGIA,
HAY-FEVER,
COLD IN THE HEAD,
ASTHMA, &c.

A VALUABLE POCKET COMPANION.

Conveys the Balsamic Vapor to the remotest parts of the Air Passages and intricate structure of the Mucous Membranes, thereby healing and restoring them to health. Especially recommended to those subject to headache and faintness as a convenient and instant relief.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.

Liberal terms to Agents and Druggists.

Sent by Mail on receipt of Price.

TRUESDALE MAN'G CO.,
No. 104 Fulton Street,
NEW YORK.

Briggs Pianos.



Graceful in Design,
Thorough in Construction,
Matchless in Tone,
Beautiful in Finish.

INDORSED BY OUR BEST ARTISTS.

Catalogue mailed on application.

C. C. BRIGGS CO.,
No. 5 Appieton St., Op. No. 440 Tremont St.,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE HAND-BOOK OF VOLAPÜK,

By CHARLES E. SPRAGUE,
Member of the Academy of Volapük,
President of the Institute of Accounts.

1 vol., 12mo, bound in cloth.
Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

The Leading American Text-book of the International Language, comprising Grammar, Reading Exercises, Historical Sketch, and Glossary.

A course of easy lessons in Volapük, with special reference to Commercial Correspondence, is now running in THE OFFICE. There is also presented the news of the movement. The only American journal treating of Volapük.

THE OFFICE is a 32-page monthly illustrated journal, devoted to Accounting, Office Routine, Business Management, and the Art of Advertising. Subscription, \$1.00 a year. Single copies, 10 cents. Circulars on application.

THE OFFICE COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS,
37 College Place, New York.

GEM RINGS.

The Solitaire Diamond.
Diamond and Ruby.
Sapphire and Diamond.
Emerald and Diamond.
Diamond and Opal.
Pearl and Diamond.
The Solitaire Pearl.

Precious Stones of the highest grade, imported and mounted by us in designs by our own artists.

Goods sent on approval upon receipt of satisfactory reference.

**Bailey,
Banks &
Biddle,**
Chestnut St.,
Cor. 12th,
Philadelphia.

**200 Letters Copied in 10
minutes by the Rapid
Damp-leaf Copier.**



IT IS ALWAYS
READY.



AUTOMATIC IN
ACTION.



FOR SALE BY

NEW YORK FILE AND INDEX CO., Limited, 52 and 54 Reade Street, New York.
PENNSYLVANIA FILE AND INDEX CO., Limited, 30 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
WESTERN FILE AND INDEX CO., 109 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
WESTERN FILE AND INDEX CO. (Southwestern Office), Opera House Building, Dallas, Texas.
WESTERN FILE AND INDEX CO. (Northwestern Office), 2 Hennepin Block, Minneapolis, Minn.
THE SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., Limited, 31 Adelaide Street, E., Toronto, Ontario.
SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., 623 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
GEO. H. RICHTER & Co., 171 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.

SCHLICHT & FIELD CO., Rochester, N. Y.

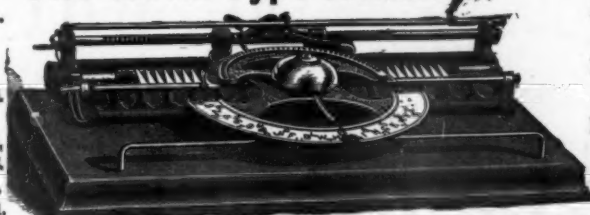
\$8.00. A LEADING HOLIDAY PRESENT. \$8.00.

Indorsed by
Leading
Business Men.

Agencies.

N. B. Clondman,
Hartford, Conn.
C. O. Danforth,
306 Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.
H. C. McKnight & Bro.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

The World Type Writer.



Agencies.

A. J. Thorpe,
Cincinnati, O.
Barker & Creamer,
London, O.
Bowen, Merrill & Co.,
Indianapolis, Ind.
G. W. Duffus & Co.,
Chicago, Ill.

MACHINES GUARANTEED.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

Our Sales equal the Combined Sales of all other Type Writers.

GEO. BECKER & CO., 30 Great Jones St., New York.



SHANNON FILEDRAWER CABINETS

Are the Best in the market,
made in any desired size or style.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

SCHLICHT & FIELD CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Head-ache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

AS A NERVE TONIC, It Strengthens and Quiets the Nerves.

AS AN ALTERNATIVE, It Purifies and Enriches the Blood.

AS A LAXATIVE, It acts mildly, but surely, on the Bowels.

AS A DIURETIC, It Regulates the Kidneys and Cures their Diseases.

Recommended by professional and businessmen.

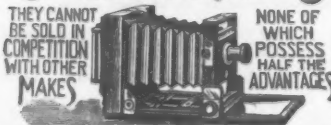
Price \$1.00. Sold by druggists. Send for circulars.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors.
BURLINGTON, VT.



will give the greatest amount of satisfaction to the Photographer seeking enjoyment with the Camera, because all the desirable qualities are in a nutshell.

BLAIR'S
CAMERAS AND OUTFITS
HAVE NO EQUAL



THE BLAIR CAMERA CO.,

208 State Street, | 819 Arch Street,

CHICAGO.

PHILADELPHIA.

Send 4 cents for Illustrated Catalogue. Factory at Boston.

THE FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS

Full Suits and

Overcoats.



It has been hard work to make people believe that we can cut, and make to order, a good pair of pants for \$3. Pants that will look well, fit well, and wear well. By persistent advertising, we have induced a great many people to risk \$3, upon our

**DO YOU WEAR
PANTS**

agreement, endorsed by the American Express Co. (capital \$20,000,000), to refund money for any cause. Then doubt yields to surprise and the question everywhere is asked "How can we do it?" In that way we are building up and holding a large trade scattered from Maine to California, that is buying everything from us, Suits, Overcoats, and Pants. For 6c. we mail you 20 samples to select from, and self-measurement blanks, so accurate that we can safely guarantee a fit; also a good linen tape-measure, if you mention this magazine, or if you would save time and leave choice of goods you prefer, send us your waist, inside leg, and hip measures, together with \$3, and 35c. to prepay express or postage and packing, and we will forward the goods, guaranteeing safe delivery and perfect satisfaction or money refunded.

Write the American Express Co., Boston, about us, and they will reply at once.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,

18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

\$1. WHY NOT

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE

PRACTICAL FARMER

Is 33 years old, has 16 Pages, is published Every Week in the year, contains 14 Departments, treating of every phase of Farm Work and Farm Life, by Practical Farmers and the Best Writers in the country. Has the best Market Reports. 30,000 Subscribers pronounce it the Best Weekly Agricultural Journal in the country. Only

\$1 PER YEAR, POSTAGE PAID.

If you will send \$2 at once, we will send both THE COSMOPOLITAN and PRACTICAL FARMER for one year.

THE FARMER CO.,

1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PLANTS AND TREES NEEDS ROSES PLANTS

GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
Rarest New. Choicest Old.

The aim of **THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.** is to keep abreast of the times and supply their customers all that is new and desirable in their line; and it is conceded by all that no house in America carries a more varied and complete stock. If you want **Choice Tested FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEED** sure to give satisfaction, **Grand Roses and Beautiful Plants**, the best of **Apple, Peach, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Quince, Grapes, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees or Shrubs**, for lawn, garden, park or street, do not fail to send for their **Valuable CATALOGUE**, containing about 140 pages and hundreds of illustrations. They are conducting business on a magnificent scale, growing a quarter of a million of **Roses and millions of Fruit Trees and Plants** annually. Have been in business over a third of a century and have won a reputation of which they have reason to be proud. Have 24 large **Greenhouses** heated with hot water and steam, and are using 700 acres of land. If you want the best at honest prices, order directly of them and save all commissions. **Address THE STORRS & HARRISON CO. LAKE CO., OHIO.**

LADIES' FANCY WORK.

SEND US ONE 2c. STAMP and we will send you **INGALLS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE** of **SILK, FELT and LINEN STAMPED GOODS, FANCY WORK MATERIALS, STAMPING OUTFITS, BRIGGS' TRANSFER PATTERNS, FANCY WORK BOOKS, etc.**

CRAZY Patchwork!

25 **SKEINS** Imported Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 15c. **25** skeins Imported Floss, assorted colors, for 17c. **25** skeins Shaded Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, for 20c. A package of **Ingalls' Waste Embroidery Silk**, assorted colors, for 25c. A package of **Plush and Velvet Pieces for Crazy Patchwork**, for 30c. A package of **Ribbon Remnants** for 20c.

INGALLS' HOME MAGAZINE!

A MONTHLY, devoted to Art and Fancy Work.

LIDA and M. J. CLARKSON,

The Popular Authors of **BRUSH STUDIES**, etc., write exclusively for this Magazine. If you want to keep posted on **Fancy Work, Painting, etc.**, you should subscribe for **Ingalls' Home Magazine**. Send 6c. (three 2-c. stamps) for Sample Copy, Premium Lists, etc. **J. F. INGALLS, Pub., Lynn, Mass**

LADIES' FANCY WORK.

Humorous Column,
 Edited by **S. W. Foss**, the well-known contributor to all leading American Humorous Publications.

150,000 READERS EVERY WEEK

Fancy Work Department,
 Edited by **EVA M. NILES**, the leading American authority on Fancy Needle Work Designs.

THE YANKEE BLADE

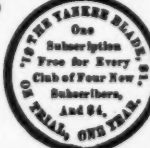
Is now in its forty-seventh year, and is unquestionably the Largest, Brightest, Handsomest and Cheapest Weekly Family Story Paper in America. The publishers of **THE YANKEE BLADE** are aiming for the **Largest circulation in America**. With this object in view they make a special offer to new subscribers. Send a trial subscription, and be prepared to know what paper to order for the coming year. All who subscribe at once will receive **THE YANKEE BLADE** 6 weeks for 10 cents; 13 weeks for 25 cents; six months for 50 cents; one year, \$1; two years, \$1.75. A Subscription FREE for Every Club of Four NEW Subscribers. Don't miss it!

5 WEEKS

—FOR—

10 CENTS

The
POPULAR AMERICAN WEEKLY.



13 WEEKS

—FOR—

25 CENTS

understand our offer. The regular subscription price of **THE YANKEE BLADE** is \$2, but to introduce our paper everywhere it will be sent on trial during the continuance of this offer for the special prices named above. **THE YANKEE BLADE** can be procured through any newsdealer at 5 cents a copy. Remittances should be made in Money Orders, Express Orders, or Registered Letter at our risk. Postal Notes are no safer than bills. Stamps taken (one cent preferred) when more convenient. All Postmasters are required to register letters when requested. Address,

Household Department,
 Edited by **TREBOR OHL**. Containing only authorized reports of the Boston Cooking School.

POTTER & POTTER, Pub's.
 43 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Fascinating Stories
 Of Adventure and Travel for Men. Stories of Love and the Family Fireside for the Ladies.

A. H. ANDREWS & Co.,

Manufacturers of

Fine Commercial Furniture

BANK, OFFICE, AND LIBRARY FITTINGS,



Office Desks

(200 Kinds)

Revolving Chairs,

Library Tables,

Bank Counters,

Screens and Railings

Of best kiln-dried lumber.

A. H. ANDREWS & CO.,

656 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY. 195 WARREN AVE., CHICAGO.

OUT OF PAPER?

Mail rates, 16 cents per lb. Express often cheaper.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
**WEDDING & VISITING
CARDS, STAMPING, Etc.**
SEND FOR SAMPLES.

Ask your
Stationer
for the

**Boston Linen,
Boston Bond,
Bunker Hill Linen,
Fine Papers and Envelopes.**

If he does not keep them, send us 3 two-cent stamps for samples of these and other Writing Papers, representing more than

**250 VARIETIES
WHICH WE SELL
BY THE POUND**

FROM 15 CENTS UPWARDS.

SAMUEL WARD COMPANY, (Incorporated)
178 to 184 Devonshire Street, Boston.

When you want to **BUY, SELL, or EXCHANGE**, send 2 cents for a sample copy of the
AMERICAN EXCHANGE AND MART (free on mentioning **COSMOPOLITAN**), the only
Want and Bargain Paper in America.

All bargains classified under proper illustrated headings. Bargains of every description weekly, as

Axes or Armor.
Books or Bicycles.
Coins or Canoes.
Dogs or Diamonds.
Eggs or Engines.
Farms or Flowers.
Guns or Goldfish.

Houses or Horses.
Images or Ivory.
Jellies or Jerseys.
Kids or Kangaroos.
Lathes or Lichens.
Muffs or Monkeys.
Nets or Necklaces.

Owls or Oysters.
Pianos or Parrots.
Quilts or Quilts.
Rackets or Roses.
Saws or Slippers.
Trunks or Tulips.
Urns or Umbrellas.

Vases or Violins.
Watches or Wagons.
Xebers or Xyoters.
Yachts or Yawls.
Zebras or Zithers.

Advertising free, with subscription, \$1.00 a year.

17 Congress Street, Boston.

THE SHANNON LETTER AND BILL FILE.



THE MOST
COMPLETE FILE
MADE.

For sale by all first-class
Stationers.

SCHLICHT & FIELD CO.,
Rochester, N. Y.

THE JAMES GOULD CO., ESTABLISHED 1813.

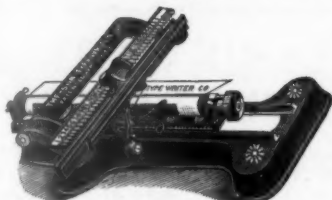


Builders of Fine Carriages and Sleighs,
ALBANY, N. Y.

DO NOT BUY A TYPE-WRITER

until you have seen and tested

The Sun Type-Writer.



Price, Twelve Dollars.

It has been remodeled and greatly improved, and is now the most perfect machine, both for ease of manipulation and excellence of work. (Weight, 7 pounds, packed.)

If you think it is too cheap to be good, order one to be sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination, so that, in case it does not prove satisfactory, you can return it by merely paying express charges both ways.

THE SUN TYPE-WRITER CO.,

No. 319 Broadway,

Entrance on Thomas St.

NEW YORK.

DR. LYON'S

TOOTH TABLETS

A compressed tooth-powder.
Made by a practical dentist.
Absolutely pure and harmless.
Thoroughly cleanses the teeth.
Approved by leading dentists.
Used by people of refinement.
Convenient for travellers.

Sold everywhere. Sent by mail on receipt of 50 cts.

I. W. LYON, D.D.S., Proprietor,
88 Maiden Lane, New York.

186

COMPARISON DESIRED. COMPETITION DEFIED.

PIECES

We wish it distinctly understood that we give you just what you expect to get, and we will at once refund price paid to any one who is in any way dissatisfied with this great bargain.

THE Cornucopia of Music

◀[VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL]▶

Printed from extra large sheet music on heavy paper, and containing over \$50.00 in sheet music. Read this

CONTENTS.	Comin' thro' the eye.	Gavotte de Vestrie.	Jordan is a hard.	My pretty pearl.	Rocket galop.	Speed the plough.
Alas! those chimies.	Coquette.	German, The.	Keelrow reel.	Now, was I wrong?	Mory O'Mori.	Spirits of France.
Annie Laurie.	Cuckoo, The.	German redowa.	Keep the horeshoe.	Oh, carry me back.	Rosebud reel.	Sun of my soul.
Arkansas traveller.	Dear heart.	German waltz.	Kendall's hornpipe.	Old oaken bucket.	Rustic reel.	Tempest, The.
Auld lang syne.	De banjo am.	Giziana waltz.	Kitty O'Neil jig.	Old rosin, the beau.	Red lion hornpipe.	Tempest, La.
Basket of loves.	Devil's dream.	Giri I left behind.	Ladies' triumph.	Old alp corn.	Rock of ages.	There is rest.
Battle prayer.	Drunkies sailor.	Go to the D—	Lady of the lake.	Only.	Rocka, La.	Thunder hornpipe.
Beau of Oak Hill.	Durang's hornpipe.	Happy new year.	Lancashire clog.	On the banks.	Russian march.	Tired.
Beaux of Albany.	Eight-hand reel.	Harp that once.	Land of sweet Erin.	Opera reel.	Sailors set on shore.	Uncle Dan's.
Beautiful castle.	Ermine gavotte.	Heel and toe, polka.	Larry O'puff.	Our first and last.	St. Patrick's day.	Uncle Sam's farm.
Belle Claudonnie.	Ermine lullaby.	Hey, daddy.	Le Petro's hornpipe.	Oyster water.	Scottish dance.	Up the hills.
Bonnie blue flag.	Esmeralda, The.	Highland fling.	Light artillery.	Perplexity.	Shells of ocean.	Virginia reel.
Bonnie Doon.	Fairy dance.	Home, sweet home.	Liverpool hornpipe.	Petrouille.	Sicilian circle.	Watchman, tell us.
Boston dip waltzes.	Fairy varouenna.	Hull's victory.	Lord's my shepherd.	Petrouille.	Sicilian circle.	Watch on Rhine.
Boulangers, La.	Fireman's dance.	Imperial, L'.	Madriaine, La.	Polly wolly doodle.	Silent night.	White cockade.
Cachaca, La.	First love redowa.	Irishman's heart.	Mary of Argyie.	Portland fancy.	Six-hand reel.	Widow Macbree.
Chained at last.	Fisher's hornpipe.	Irish trot.	Minnet.	Prince or peasant.	Smith's hornpipe.	Wind that shakes.
Chinese march.	Four-hand reel.	Jesus, lover of my.	Miss McCleod's reel.	Quitting party.	Snuff-box waltz.	Within a mile.
Chorus jig.	Fitter's lullaby.	John Anderson.	Money Musk.	Ricket's hornpipe.	Soldier's joy.	Zulu.
College hornpipe.	Constitution hornpipe.	Flowers of Edinburgh.	Mother's song.	Robin bluff.	Spinn dances.	
Barney from Kildare.	Cricket on the hearth.	Fra Diavolo quickstep.	Jolly dancers medley.			
Blue bells of Scotland.	Dashing white sergeant.	Fred Wilson's clog.	Kathleen Aroon.	Minnie Foster's clog.	Newport or Narrangas's.	Somnambula quickstep.
Campbells are coming.	Dick Sand's hornpipe.	Good for the tongue.	Kathleen Mavourneen.	Oh, you little darling.	Pop goes the weasel.	Sparkling dewdrop echo.
Campdown hornpipe.	Don't drink, to-night.	Gorilla, original.	Lady Walpole's reel.	Shunter's hornpipe.	Sir Roger de Coverly.	Steamboat quickstep.
Can you keep a secret?	Douglas's hornpipe.	Haste to the wedding.	Lamplighter's hornpipe.	Shunter's hornpipe.	Sir Roger de Coverly.	Tea time, we're fading.
Carillon de Dunkerque.	Electric light galop.	In time of apple blow'ns.	Last rose of summer.	Sir Roger de Coverly.	Sir Roger de Coverly.	Vinton's hornpipe, No. 1.
Charley over the water.	Flowers of Edinboro.	Irish washerwoman.	Light in the window.	Smash the window.	Soft music is stealing.	Vinton's hornpipe, No. 2.
Chinchasi hornpipe.			Maid in pump-room.	Soft music is stealing.		Where man's mansions.

OUR OFFER: If you will send us SIXTY CENTS for Six Months subscription to the GALAXY OF MUSIC, we will give you free of all expense a copy of the "Cornucopia."

The GALAXY contains each month from 40 to 48 pages of New, Choice and Popular Music, thus giving its readers 500 pages Full Size Music a year. We will send it Six Months for regular price, 60 cents, and give you free ALL of above 186 pieces. Sample copy of GALAXY, 10c. Send Postal Note or one cent stamps to GALAXY OF MUSIC, 408 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

MUSIC

FREE

"Fine Gardening marks the progress of civilization."—BACON.



"It will eclipse anything of the kind done in this country."—W. A. MANDA, *Harvard Botanic Gardens*.

"I cannot begin to tell you how much I have enjoyed it, as a rest from professional reading."—Dr. C. R. SUMNER, *Rochester, N. Y.*

"The specimen number has been received. Inclosed please find subscription for one year."—GEO. F. EDMUNDS, *Senator from Vermont*.

"I inclose \$1 subscription for year 1888 to THE AMERICAN GARDEN. I have sold out in the country and am done for the present with greenhouse and garden, but haven't quite lost my interest in fruits and flowers."—THOS. JEWELL, *Surgeon-General, U.S.A.*

1872. The American Garden. 1888.

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of the Garden, Orchard, House, Lawn, Farm, and Nature, with which has been incorporated THE GARDENER'S MONTHLY, long recognized as the oldest and ablest of horticultural magazines.

Though difficult to chronicle its rapid advances, some of the notable features for '88 follow:

IN LANDSCAPE GARDENING we will show how to make use of the simple plants and forms which nature places at our doors, before buying costly plants of doubtful value, and to preserve the natural surface of the earth before expensive grading. This department is in charge of an experienced landscape gardener. Among the famous places to be illustrated and described are Tuxedo Park, and several fine seats along the Hudson, etc.

NEW OR RARE PLANTS will be described by W. A. MANDA, of Harvard Botanic Gardens, WM. FALCONER, and other noted specialists.

ORCHIDS AND ROSES will have special departments, and special articles are in preparation on the Geranium, Carnation, Iris, Trees, etc.

CHARLES BARNARD, Supt. Chautauqua Town and Country Club, will describe his work in the culture of a village lot, of special value to professional men, mechanics, and beginners.

THE HOUSE GARDEN deals with plant and floral decoration of house and table, floral fashions, proper use of orchard and garden products in cookery, preserving, etc., etc., by "SHIRLEY DARE," author of *Anna Maria's Housekeeping*.

GREENHOUSE construction and management will be discussed at length.

SCHOOL GARDENING will have continued careful attention.

VEGETABLE GARDENING will have extensive and practical treatment.

WINDOW GARDENING, which so often tries the hearts and nerves of persistent flower lovers, will have as much light thrown upon its mysteries as successful amateurs can shed from their experience.

FRUIT CULTURE will have the work of practical growers and experimenters in all sections.

PROPAGATION will receive special attention by skilled cultivators, and include all classes of plants.

Price, only One Dollar per Year. Single Copies, 10 Cents.

E. H. LIBBY, Publisher, 751 Broadway, New York.

HEALTH, COMFORT, AND ECONOMY.

—ASK YOUR DEALERS FOR—

Hough & Ford's Perfect Fitting Shoes.



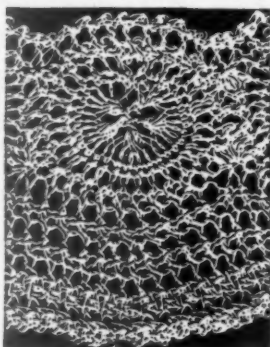
LADIES', MISSES', CHILDREN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SHOES
MANUFACTURED AT OUR FACTORY, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ladies desiring stylish dress shoes, with faultless fit, should buy our Shoes. A size once fitted to the foot can always be relied on to fit afterward. Send a postal card to our address for the name of the dealer in your place selling our shoes.

New York Office, 133 Duane St.

HOUGH & FORD, Rochester, N. Y.

ELEGANT LACES MADE AT HOME!



THE CRUSH LACE PIN

is a new patented article, invented by a lady who is an expert in fancy work, by the aid of which, combined with the use of an ordinary crochet hook, the most beautiful and elaborate laces ever seen, either in Linen, Thread, Silk or Worsted, may be quickly and easily made by any one. It is so simple and so easily understood that even a child can use it successfully, and is without question one of the greatest and most wonderful inventions ever offered to the women of America. We give a small illustration of a single pattern of lace made with the Crush Lace Pin, but the number of beautiful designs and kinds and varieties of lace that may be made with it is only limited to the ingenuity of the operator. Hand-made laces, such as may be made with this article by any lady with great rapidity in her own home, cannot be purchased at stores at any price—they are vastly superior to the machine-made laces sold in stores—in fact there is no comparison between the two. The work produced by this implement is also in every way superior to any of the hand-made crochet laces now in use, being of much finer texture and capable of much more elaborate and elegant designs. This Pin produces an entirely new kind of Thread Laces. Almost every lady crochets or knits lace for trimming undergarments or children's clothing, and knows that thread trimmings outwear any other kind that money will buy. The Crush Lace Pin, in the hands of every lady who makes crochet work, will pay for itself twice over in one day's work. The article consists of a series of polished silver pins 7 inches in length, joined together by handsome and elaborate silver clasps. It is warranted not to rust or tarnish. Every kind, quality and variety of lace may be made with it with the greatest rapidity and ease. This great invention opens up a way by which every industrious lady may greatly add to her income by work at home, for such beautiful laces as the Crush Lace Pin produces command a ready sale at high prices either in stores or private families. Ladies may also make money rapidly by taking an agency for the Pin, for hardly any lady will refuse to buy it when she sees what beautiful work it will do. We will send the Crush Lace Pin, together with a fine steel Crochet Hook and a Book of Complete Directions, so simple a child may understand them, containing also numerous designs and patterns for making a great variety of beautiful laces, likewise terms to agents, all packed in a handsome box, upon receipt of only Twenty-five Cents, or five for \$1.00, and every sale is made with the distinct understanding that if the article is not found precisely as here represented—it will not do exactly as we say—the money paid for it will be refunded at once. Ladies, send for the Crush Lace Pin, and be the first to introduce this beautiful home-made lace in your vicinity. Please mention this paper when writing. Address: S. H. MOORE & CO., 87 Park Place, New York.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

Mixed Flower Seeds (500 kinds), with PARK'S Floral Guide, all for two stamps. Every flower-lover delighted. Tell all your friends. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.

Be prompt. This offer appears but once more.

PLAYS! PLAYS! PLAYS!

THE BEST EDITION PUBLISHED!
Also Wigs, Beards, Face Preparations, and all articles needed for Amateur and Parlor Theatricals. Catalogues sent free on application to DE WITT, Publisher, 33 Rose Street, New York.

CARL L. JENSEN'S CRYSTAL-PEPSIN

* TABLETS *



Front View of Bottle.

FOR Dyspepsia or Indigestion.

Eminently appreciated all over the world as the most scientific remedy for Dyspepsia or Indigestion, giving instant relief when other remedies have failed. Ladies especially were not slow to discover the healthy and clear complexion acquired by the use of these tablets.

DOSE: One or two Tablets after each meal, or oftener. Unlike medicines in general, this Pepsin can be freely partaken of without injury to the stomach.

Originated and put up by
Carl L. Jensen,
Manufacturing Chemist,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BRANCHES:

New York City. Toronto, Canada. London, England.
Dresden, Germany. Geneva, Switzerland. Paris, France.
Copenhagen, Denmark. Moscow, Russia. Cuba,
South America, and Mexico.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE F. P. ROBINSON CO.

CLEANFAST

Black Stockings.

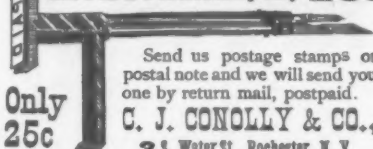


Trade Mark.

ton, Mass.; 107 S. State St., Chicago, Ill. Send for Price List. Darning Cotton of our Dye.

The only dye ever invented that positively will not STAIN or FADE. Soap can be used freely in washing them; it gives them a luster. All of our goods warranted as represented. None genuine without our label on every pair. A complete assortment of Ladies', Men's and Children's Cotton and Lisle Thread for sale by the CLEANFAST Hosiery Co., 927 Broadway, New York City; 49 West Street, Boston, Chicago, Ill. Send for Price List.

Your Name and Address on this Pen & Pencil Stamp only 25c



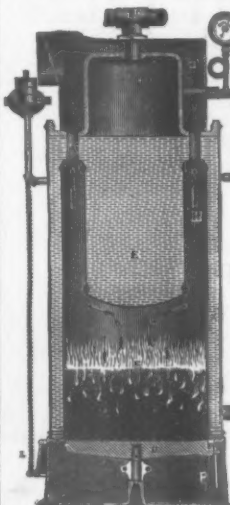
Send us postage stamps or postal note and we will send you one by return mail, postpaid.

C. J. CONOLLY & CO.,
3 S. Water St., Rochester, N. Y.

Stencil & Stamp Works.

Boys' Printing Presses & Type a Specialty.

GOOD STEAM HEATING SAVES YOUR HEALTH.



Simplest in Construction

Largest Steaming Capacity

Greatest Economy in Fuel

No Engineer or
skilled labor
is required.

MANUFACTURERS, UNDER

FISKE'S PATENTS.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Send for New
Illustrated Catalogue
and References.

DUPLEX STEAM HEATER CO.

No. 10 Barclay Street, New York.

WE DO WEAR THE N. Y. STANDARD \$3.00 CUSTOM PANTS MADE

But it takes something more than low prices to make our goods sell as fast as we can make them up. We only use all wool cloth of the latest design and pattern. It is very strong. **FIRST**, as to feel: it is firm and unyielding. Not coarse, because of the wiry, tight twist of the wool. It wears like leather.



NEXT, as to our low prices. That comes from our handling such enormous quantities and asking such small profits. We are now taking the entire produce of three mills, and that hardly satisfies our demand.

**New York Styles,
AVOID IMITATORS.
Always in the Lead.**

NEXT, we make goods only to order, and by our scientific measurement blank can fit you as well 1,000 miles away as we can at our store. We send our goods to customers both by mail and express, at buyer's option.

NEXT, by sending six cents in stamps you will receive by return mail a package of twenty samples of cloth for Pants, Suits, and Overcoats, and if you mention this paper, 50-inch Tape Measure Free. Also full set of measurement blanks. Try this and convince yourself.

OUR GUARANTEE! We never permit any one to be sorry he dealt with us, for we always have and always will refund money for any cause.

REFERENCES.—American Express Co., New York City, with whom we do an enormous business.

Send for samples and call at our Store! Act now, and begin to save One-Half the cost of your clothing for the balance of your life. Call or address.

N. Y. STANDARD PANT CO., 66 University Place, N. Y. City, Near Union Sq.

THE CALIGRAPH WRITING MACHINE

Price, \$85.00

It Stands at the Head!

20,000 in daily use.

For printed matter, etc., address



—THE MOST—

**Practical,
Durable
and Rapid
WRITING MACHINE**
FOR THE
Office, Library, and
Family.

THE AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO.,

New York Branch, 237 Broadway.

HARTFORD, CONN.

Barnes' Patent Foot Power Machinery.

WORKERS OF WOOD OR METAL.

without steam power, by using outfit of these Machines, can bid lower, and save more money from their jobs, than by any other means for doing their work. Also for

Industrial Schools or Home Training.

With them boys can acquire practical journeymen's trades before they "go for themselves." Price-List Catalogue Free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.,

No. 568...Ruby St., Rockford, Ill.



Do Your Own Printing

Card Press \$2. Circular Press & Newspaper size \$44. Type setting easy, printed rules. For business, homes, old or young. Send 3 stamps for catalog Press, Type, Cards, to Factory Kelsey & Co. Meriden, Conn.



A THOROUGH FRENCH AND ENGLISH HOME SCHOOL. Under the charge of Mme. Henriette Clerc and Miss Marion L. Pecke. French warranted to be spoken in two years. Terms, \$300 a year. Address MME. H. CLERC, 4313 and 4315 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE 32 COLUMN ILLUSTRATED PAPER.

BOOK OF LOVELY SAMPLE CARDS. Alphabet of flowers, 500 Comedians, etc. Big lot of humorous stories and full outfit, all for only 2 cents, and our splendid paper for young people with 30 fine engravings sent free. HILL PUB. CO., Cin. Ohio

SHORTHAND

Pamphlet free. Complete course self-teaching lessons, reporting style, mailed for 50c. Lingle's College, 1491 Chestnut St., Phila.

FREE

Samples beautifully colored Ring Patterns to introduce. Send 10c. for postage and packing, to GIBBS MFG. CO., Chicago, Ill. Agents Wanted.

“THE BEST CURE IN THE WORLD for coughs, colds, and consumption is Cutler Bros. & Co.'s Well-known Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balm.”

GAME

OF CHECKERS, Game of Nine Penny War Game of Fox and Geese, The Star Puzzle, The Great Triple Prize Puzzle, and Graphic Book of Logic and Vining Cards. All for only a 5-cent stamp. CAPITAL CARD CO., Columbus, O.

941

HIDDEN NAME CARDS. Group pictures, puzzles, games, etc. 2 tricks, money making cards ever issued. All for a 5-cent stamp. Steam Card Works, Boston 18, U.

BOOK

OF BEAUTIFUL SAMPLE CARDS. 21 tricks in Magic, the Caligraph Album Volume, 50 Amazing Games, 48 Ways to Make Money. All for a two-cent stamp. EAGLE CARD WORKS, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

ONE

PACK May 10 U. S. News Cards, One Push Smart Cards, One Push Fiction Cards, One Push Hold-to-the-Light Cards, The Magic Cards, with which you can tell any person's age and large sample book of Hidden Name Cards. All for only a 5-cent stamp. Steam Card Co., Cin. O.

WANTED MAN

To take the agency of our safes; size 28x18x18 inches; weight 500 lbs.; retail price \$35; a rare chance to create a permanent business in his own city or locality. These safes meet a demand never before supplied by other safe companies, as we are not governed by the Safe Pool. Address ALPINE SAFE COMPANY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHONOGRAPHY

HONETIC SHORT HAND Self-taught. Send for Catalog. Address: The Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.

Ring Free

With every set of samples of NEW Cards. Send address & two stamps postage. Splendid new terms to agents. We print 100 nice assorted cards, your name on, 10c. 1 doz. Rich Silk Cards \$1. HOLLY CARD CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

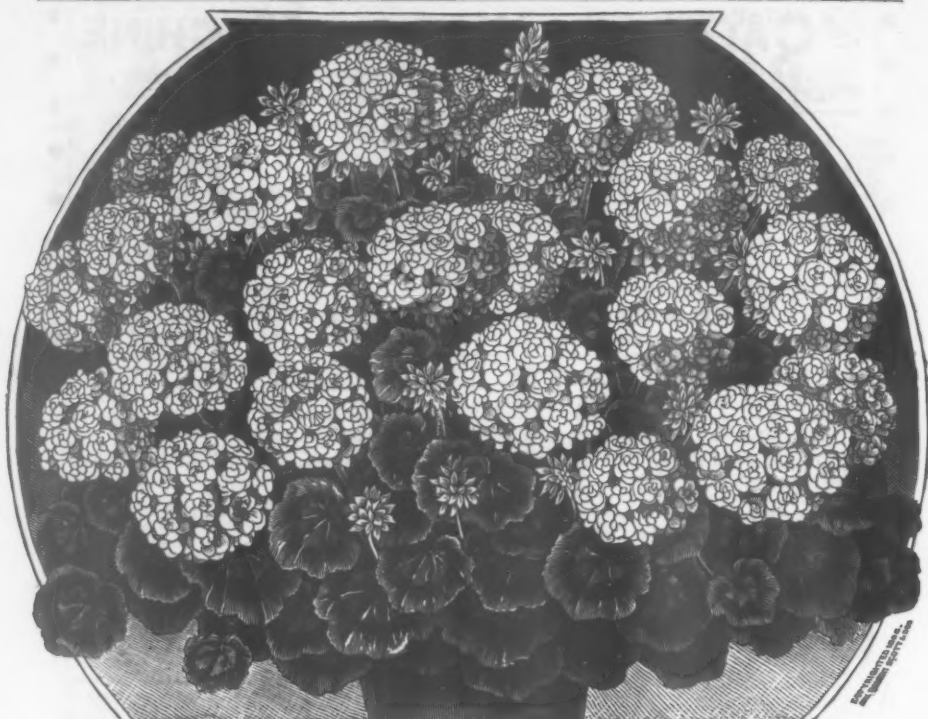


THE PARKER GUN.

STRONGEST AND BEST SHOOTING GUN MADE.

PARKER BROS., Makers, Meriden, Ct.

Send for Catalogue.



NEW DOUBLE GERANIUM, WHITE SWAN.

In the White Swan we have the finest double White Geranium ever introduced; it is suitable for bedding, and flowers as profusely as the best single varieties. It is of dwarf, compact growth, with handsome, banded foliage. The perfect double flowers are unsurpassed; they are borne in large trusses, and are spotless, snowy white, retaining their pure whiteness even in the heat of summer. Unlike most illustrations of highly lauded novelties, the above engraving does not exaggerate the profuse flowering character of a well-grown plant—*100 trusses and buds having been counted by us upon a single exhibition plant*, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition in England. On our grounds the plants of this variety were one mass of buds and bloom. This White Swan is sure to astonish and delight all who grow it, and having many thousands of strong, healthy plants, we offer at the following **Low Prices**,—25 cents each, 5 for \$1.00, 12 for \$2.00, or 25 for \$4.00, neatly boxed, and sent by mail, post-paid; 50 for \$6.00, or 100 for \$12.00, by express, at expense of purchaser.

SCOTT'S SUPERB NOVELTY COLLECTION FOR 1888.

\$1.00 The greatest special offer of the season, includes one good, strong plant each of the grand new *Rose, Princess Beatrice*, color distinct from all other roses (see colored plate in our Catalogue); New *Rose, The Meteor*, intense, dark, rich, velvety crimson (these two roses cannot be bought elsewhere for less than one dollar); New *Double Geranium, White Swan*, the finest double white Geranium ever introduced; New *Carnation, E. G. Hill*, the finest scarlet *Carnation*, of very large size and perfect form; New *Fuchsia, Perle Von Braun*, a beautiful novelty, flowers as large as *Storm King*, but pure, snowy white in color, while the plant is erect and pyramidal. One good strong plant each of the **Five Novelties** named above. **ALSO**, one packet each of **Five Novelties in Flower Seeds**, including the new *Giant-flowered Verbena*, New *Giant Mammoth Zinnia*, New *Crown Prince Fanny*, *Diamond Asters* and *Superb New Varieties of Sweet Peas*—in all, worth over \$2.50 at our moderate catalogue prices—will be mailed, post-paid, neatly boxed, for **One Dollar**. Do not fail to order this collection. We guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the liberality of this offer, and will refund price paid, if not perfectly satisfied. We have grown many thousands of these finest novelties in plants, so as to make this a most popular collection for the purpose of advertising our Plants and Seeds.

THE MOON FLOWER GRATIS! To every one who sends **One Dollar** (cash or stamps) for **Scott's Superb Novelty Collection for 1888**, and mentions **COSMOPOLITAN**, we will give free, one good strong plant of the famous *Moon Flower*, so widely advertised. We have grown thirty thousand *Moon Flowers* to give away!

We are determined to introduce **Scott's Roses** and other **Plants and Seeds** to thousands of new customers this year. To attain this object, we offer the above grand collection at less than half its real value, at retail prices. While this is **OUR GREAT COMBINATION OFFER**, yet in our New Catalogue for 1888 we make other special offers in New and Standard *Roses, Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Gladioli, Flower Seeds*, etc.;—offers and collections that will delight and astonish all purchasers.

We grow the choicest specialties so extensively that we are able to sell them below the usual wholesale prices. Do not fail to carefully examine every page of our new Catalogue.

SCOTT'S Catalogue of FLOWERS for 1888, with elegant illustrations and a lovely Colored Plate of Three beautiful New *Roses*, will be sent **FREE**, to any address, on request. We grow and sell **FLOWERS ONLY**. **39 YEARS'** experience enables us to select the *Best Varieties*, and our unsurpassed facilities to produce the *Finest Plants and SEEDS at the Lowest Prices*. Write immediately for our Catalogue.

ROBERT SCOTT & SON, PENROSE NURSERIES,
19th and Catherine Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS



FOR THE HAIR.

Has almost a miraculous effect on the scalp, destroying scurf and dandruff, and causing a splendid crop of Hair to spring up and flourish where before all was barren.

MRS. E. M. VAN BRUNT'S Dress Reform Parlors,

No. 39 EAST 19th STREET,

Bet. Broadway and 4th Ave., New York City.



HYGIENIC AND ARTISTIC UNDERWEAR
FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Sole Agent for Miss C. Bates' Dress Reform Under Garments.

FALL AND WINTER

Jersey-fitting Undergarments, in

SILK, JAEGER WOOL, AND MERINO,

In stock and made to order.

Good Sense Waists, Corded Waists, Breakfast Corsets, Skirt and Stocking Supporters, Sanitary Towels, Corsets for Equestriennes, Dr. Warner's Corsets, Jackson Waist, Dress Reform Patterns.

SEND FOR DRESS REFORM QUARTERLY, MAILED FREE.
Purchasing Bureau. Orders by Mail a Specialty.

ATTENTION, HOUSEKEEPERS!

(FAC-SIMILE OF PACKAGE.)

CHINESE FORMULA FOR PREPARING.

SMALL SPONGE FOR EACH CUP.

PLACE IN TEA-POT, POOR OR BOILING WATER.

LET STAND FOR TEN MINUTES IN A WARM PLACE.

KIND THE CHINESE DRINK

TRADE MARK



公 大 興 號

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

THE SOLE IMPORTERS OF BLENDED TEAS ARE
F. A. CAUCHOIS & CO. THE FULTON MILLS NEW YORK.

公 大 興 號

BLACK AND UN-COLORED GREEN
THIS POUND 60 CENTS

CAUCHOIS' BLENDED— TEAS

"ALWAYS THE SAME"
CONTAINS NO COLORING MATTER
NET WEIGHT GUARANTEED

公 大 興 號

A Sample Package GIVEN AWAY on receipt of two 2-cent stamps for postage.
F. A. CAUCHOIS & COMPANY, 67 Fulton Street, NEW YORK.



AMERICAN OPERA STILL SHINES.

TOMKINS DE RUFFLEFRONT.—By Jove, that was a brilliant performance! Greatest effort of your life, wasn't it?

DANSEUSE (of American Opera Co.)—No, Monsieur! *Pas du tout, ze greatest effort of my life was ven I do try to clean house vithout SAPOLIO!* (*Curtain. Green Lights. Slow Music.*)

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for Sapolio to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist upon having just what you ordered.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

OLD GOLD.

In every household old-fashioned and worn jewelry and plate accumulate, becoming "food" for burglars or petty thieves.

For many years I have made a specialty of paying cash for **DIAMONDS, OLD GOLD and SILVER**, and **DUPLICATE WEDDING PRESENTS**. Every mail and express bring packages from all sections of the Union. I send a check by return mail for full value. Established 1844. Price List free if you mention **COSMOPOLITAN**. **DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE**. A store full of Bargains constantly.

J. H. JOHNSTON, 150 Bowery, New York.



POND'S EXTRACT.

For Forty
Years
Used and
Endorsed
by
Eminent
Physicians,
Surgeons,
Hospitals,
and the
People
throughout
Europe
and
America.



Invaluable for Piles, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Diphtheria, Inflamed Eyes, Sore Throat, Toothache, Old Sores, Wounds, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, and all Pain.

THE BEST RECOMMENDED and Best-known Remedy in Use. The Pulpit, the Bar, the Bench, the Army, the Navy, and distinguished people in all the ranks of life unite in praising it.

See Trade-mark on Bottle above. Name on every bottle. Beware of Imitations.

POND'S EXTRACT, PRICE, 50 Cents, \$1.00, and \$1.75. FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

Send for History of POND'S EXTRACT CO.'S Preparations; sent free on application to

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OUR EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN MANUAL OF



is this season the grandest ever issued, containing three colored plates, and superb illustrations of everything that is new, useful, and rare in Seeds and Plants, together with plain directions of "How to grow them," by PETER HENDERSON. This Manual, which is a book of 140 pages, we mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents (in stamps). To all so remitting 25 cents for the Manual, we will, at the same time, send free by mail, in addition, their choice of any one of the following novelties, the price of either of which is 25 cents: One packet of the new Green and Gold Watermelon, or one packet of new Succession Cabbage, or

one packet of new Zebra Zinnia, or one packet of Butterfly Pansy, or one packet of new Mammoth Verbena (see illustration), or one plant of the beautiful Moonflower, on the distinct understanding, however, that those ordering will state they saw this advertisement in THE COSMOPOLITAN.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 and 37 Cortlandt Street,
NEW YORK.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alums or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.
BAKER'S
Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1876.

BAKER'S



Vanilla Chocolate.

Like all our chocolates, is prepared with the greatest care, and consists of a superior quality of cocoa and sugar, flavored with pure vanilla beans. Served as a drink, or eaten dry as confectionery, it is a delicious article, and is highly recommended by tourists.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Frauds in Porous Plasters.

Those who cannot originate, imitate, and all so-called Porous Plasters are only fraudulent imitations of **ALLCOCK'S**. If you want the genuine article, be certain not only to ask for

"ALLCOCK'S,"

but look well at the Plaster and see that this



Trade

Mark

is on every one. None are genuine without it.

"SHADELAND" THE MOST EXTENSIVE PURE-BRED LIVE STOCK

ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD.

NEW IMPORTATIONS

arriving from time to time.

Rare individual excellences and choicest breeding.

Clydesdale Horses

Percheron Norman, or French Draft-Horses, English Draft-Horses, Standard-Bred Trotters, Cleveland Bays and French Coachers, Saddlers and Carriage Horses, Iceland and Shetland Ponies, Holstein-Friesian and Devon Cattle.

Our customers have the advantage of our many years' experience in breeding and importing; superior quality; large variety and immense collection; opportunity of comparing different breeds; and low prices because of our unequalled facilities, extent of business, and low rates of transportation.

No other establishment in the world offers such advantages to the purchaser. PRICES LOW! TERMS EASY! Visitors welcome. Correspondence solicited. Circulars Free.

POWELL BROS.,
SPRINGBORO, CRAWFORD CO., PA.

When you write, mention THE COSMOPOLITAN.

HARDMAN PIANO

Hardman, Peck & Co.
Warehouses:
133 FIFTH AVENUE,
Between 13th & 14th Sts.,
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES

Strengthens the Intellect, Builds up Worn-Out Nerves, Promotes Good Digestion, Restores Lost Functions, Cures all Weaknesses and Nervousness. Has been used by Physicians for fifteen years. 56 West 25th Street, New York. For sale by Druggists, or by mail, \$1.00.

